

# ★ PHOTOPLAY

*combined with Movie Mirror*

15¢

*June*



OLIVIA de HAVILLAND  
BY PAUL HESSE

THE  
HOLLYWOOD MEN  
I'D LIKE  
TO BE MARRIED TO  
by  
Dorothy Kilgallen

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MRS C SLOSBERG  
7 CLEVELAND RD  
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# Easy Way TINTS HAIR



AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES, LIGGETT'S, WALGREEN'S, WHELAN'S, MOST DRUG STORES AND 5 & 10c STORES

## New TINTZ Color Shampoo

*Black • Brown • Auburn or Blonde* TINTS AS IT SHAMPOOS

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades: Black, Dark, Medium, or Light Brown, Auburn (Titian) or Blonde. Only 50c (2 for \$1.00).

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**Just mail coupon on guarantee results must delight you or no cost...**

Take advantage of this offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c (\$1 for two) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. But if for any reason you aren't 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don't delay. Order today!

IF NOT  
AT  
YOUR  
DEALER'S

*Mail this Coupon Today—Sure!*

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 1-B, 205 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.  
Canadian Office: Dept. 1-B, 22 College St., Toronto, Can.

Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I am not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES \$1  
(If C. O. D., postage charges extra)

(Tintz pays postage if money with order)

Check shade:

- ☐ Blonde
- ☐ Black
- ☐ Light Brown
- ☐ Medium Brown
- ☐ Auburn (Titian)
- ☐ Dark Brown

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**A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS—ACT NOW!**



# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

You can triumph with a sparkling smile!



**Make a lovely smile your conquering charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage!**

**F**ACE THE WORLD, Plain Girl — *and Smile!* The spotlight doesn't shine only on the prettiest girls. You can win your share of compliments and admiration. You can take a leading part in romance *if your smile is right.*

So smile, Plain Girl, Smile! Not just a shy, uncertain smile—but a smile that flashes with magic charm—gay, bright, enchanting! But remember for that kind of smile you need sound, sparkling teeth.

And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

## Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become sensitive—denied exercise by today's soft foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little

Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Today, start with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.



*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*Start today with*

## IPANA and MASSAGE



The Picture's Gay and bright for the girl with a sparkling, attractive smile. Help keep your smile radiant and winning with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!



# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs".

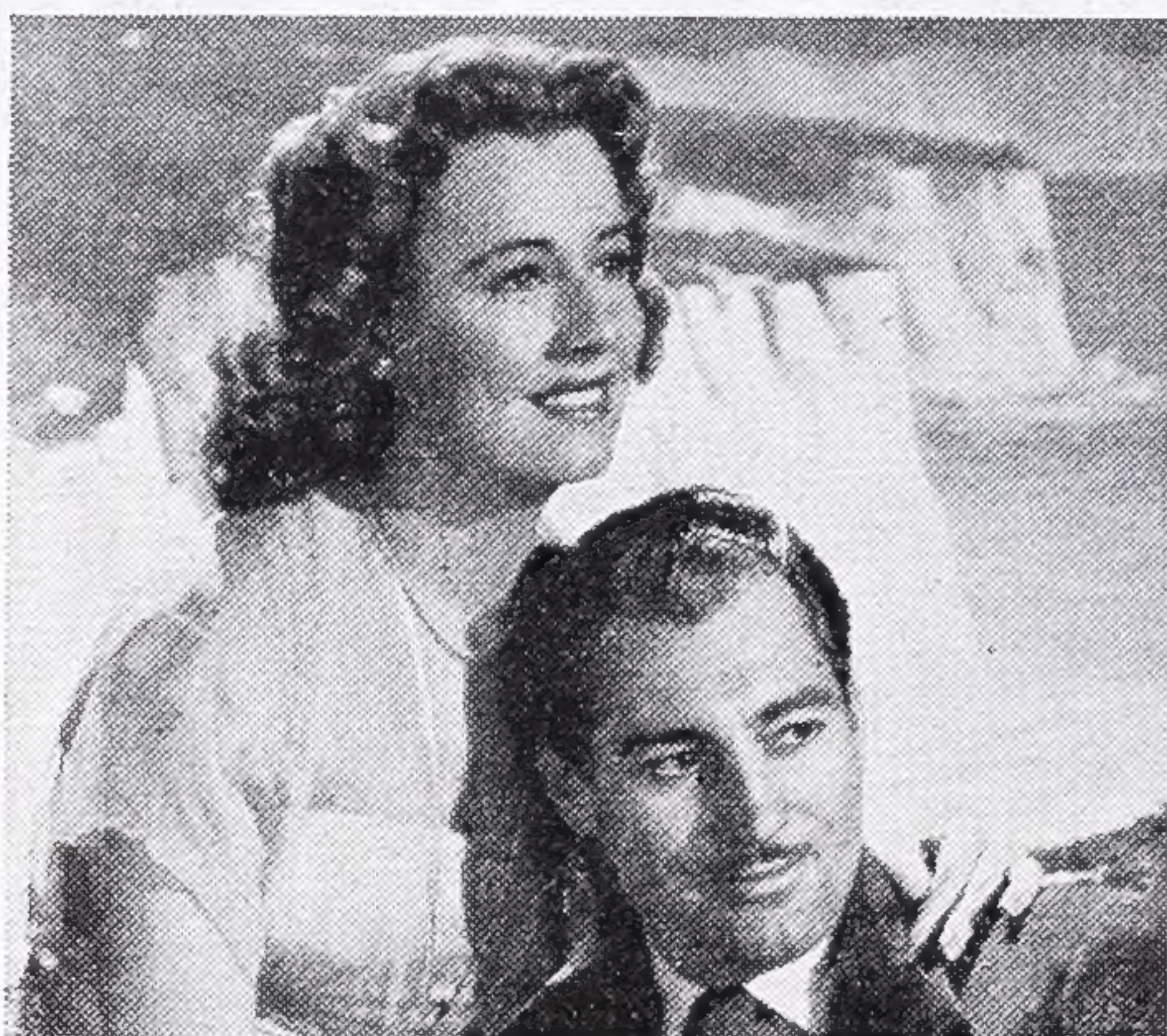
In filming this living symbol of British heart and heroism, the Studio which produced the great "Mrs. Miniver" continues a tradition—making of "The White Cliffs of Dover" another great and important picture.

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

The canvas is large—the story is simple and personal. Centering around an American girl—played by the charming Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into "The White Cliffs of Dover"...in the screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.



The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are...Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

Just as "Mrs. Miniver" moved us, so will "The White Cliffs of Dover". A heart-warming reception is its sincere due.



Paws across the sea — *Leo*

# PHOTOPLAY

Presents for June

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COVER: OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND—Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse  
Miss de Havilland's dress from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills

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M.G.M.'s *SHIP-SHAPELY MUSICAL!*

Big! Beautiful! Ro-  
mantic! Joy ahoy!  
"See the world"  
of fun and love  
and melody in  
this mighty  
musical!

# TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR

VAN JOHNSON  
JUNE ALLYSON GLORIA DeHAVEN  
JOSE ITURBI

Hear these song-hits:  
"Sweet And Lovely"  
"Granada"  
"The Trembling Of A Leaf"  
"Take It Easy"  
"My Mother Told Me"

JIMMY DURANTE  
GRACIE ALLEN LENA HORNE  
HARRY JAMES XAVIER CUGAT

AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS  
WITH HELEN FORREST  
AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
WITH LINA ROMAY

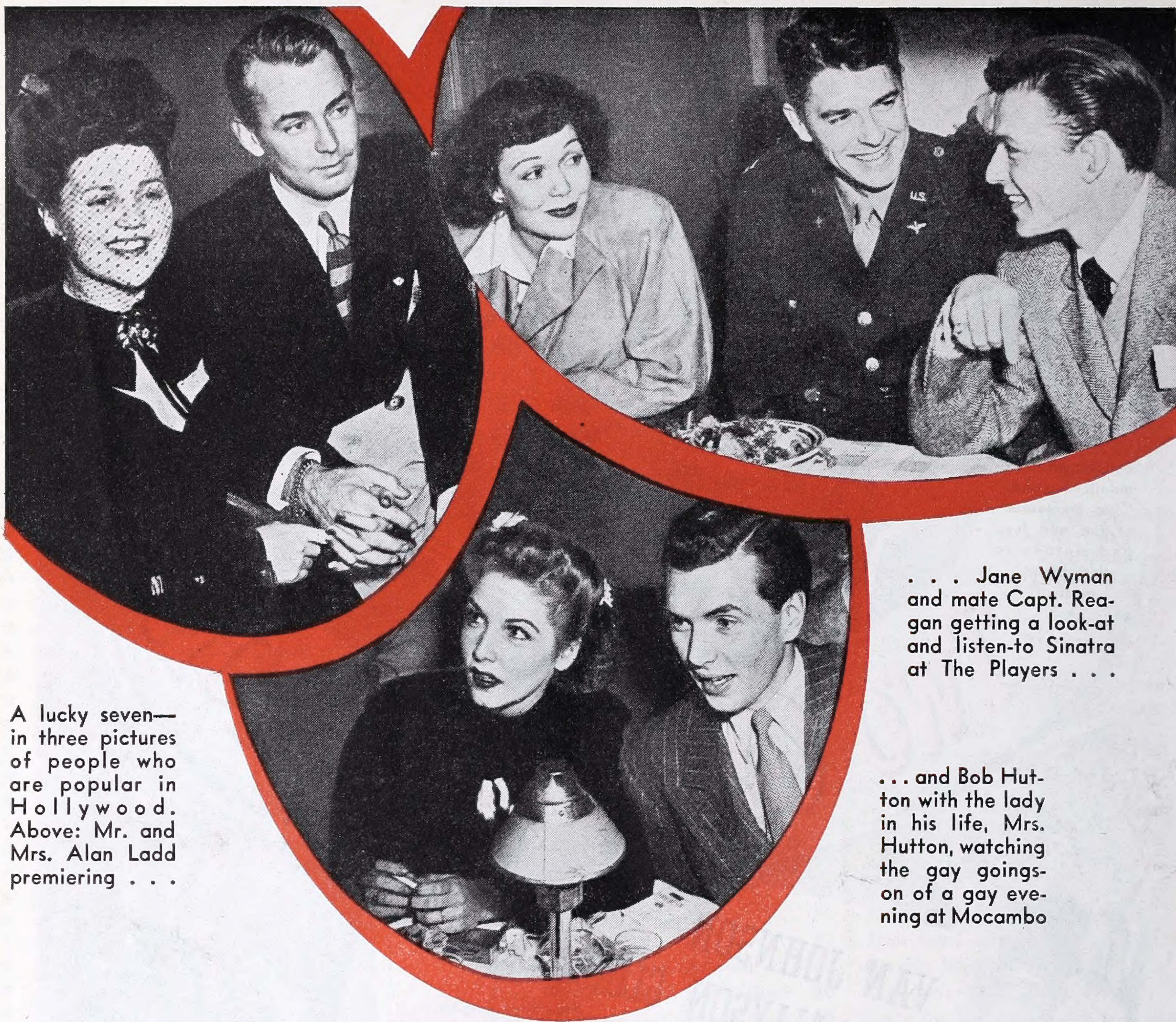
★ TOM DRAKE ★ HENRY STEPHENSON ★ HENRY O'NEILL  
★ BEN BLUE ★ CARLOS RAMIREZ ★ FRANK SULLY  
★ ALBERT COATES ★ DONALD MEEK ★ AMPARO NOVARRO  
★ VIRGINIA O'BRIEN ★ WILDE TWINS



Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE  
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK  
Directed by RICHARD THORPE







A lucky seven—in three pictures of people who are popular in Hollywood. Above: Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ladd premiering . . .

. . . Jane Wyman and mate Capt. Reagan getting a look-at and listen-to Sinatra at The Players . . .

. . . and Bob Hutton with the lady in his life, Mrs. Hutton, watching the gay goings-on of a gay evening at Mocambo

**IT'S A FACT:** Michele Morgan, the French actress, received her citizenship papers and couldn't be happier. And with their first baby on the way, her handsome husband, Bill Marshall, couldn't be happier, either.

Universal wishes Turhan Bey would forget he's played opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Dragon Seed" and behave himself on his own lot, especially on the set of "The Climax."

Madeleine Carroll is now in Algiers as a Red Cross hospital aide.

Loretta Young is expecting a baby in August. Her husband is Colonel Tom Lewis. Loretta has one child, a little girl called Judy.

Judy Canova, hillbilly singer, married to Sergeant Chet England, will also become a mother in August. And Cal wishes people would stop those gags about there'll always be an England.

**Hollywood Knows, But Do You?** That when Alan Ladd bought some War Bonds for his baby girl and then some in the name of Alan Ladd Jr.

# Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

Hollywood buzzed with reports of another expected heir? It forgot that Alan Jr. is his son by a former marriage.

That after "Cover Girl" Gene Kelly is hailed as the greatest dance sensation since Fred Astaire and Mr. Astaire, cold to the press and aloof with the natives where Gene is warm and friendly, is looking slightly worried? He should.

That Ida Lupino's temporary retirement from the screen is due to worry caused by the serious illness of her husband, Captain Louis Hay-

ward? Captain Hayward contracted his illness in the South Pacific.

That Laird Cregar was known as Sammy Cregar to all his friends at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, which is even more frightening than Laird as a killer somehow?

That Orson Welles, of the intellect, calls his wife, "My little Rita, my little one, my little baby," when things go wrong with her, which is one reason Hollywood believes that marriage will last — longer than usual, at least?

That Veronica Lake is in dutch with her studio bosses for causing them so much trouble by showing up late, refusing to pose for publicity pictures when they want her, etc.?

**The Bride Honeymoons Alone:** Twelve short hours as man and wife and the honeymoon was over for Donald O'Connor and Gwen Carter, with the bridegroom making a mad dash from his limping, crippled car that fairly crawled the miles from San Diego to near- (Con't on page 6)



**4... COUNT 'EM... 4  
HEAVENLY HONEYS**

(And One Lone Wolf)

**In A Heavenly  
Musical Laugh Hit  
FROM PARAMOUNT**

**WITH THE STARS OF 3 GREAT  
1944 PARAMOUNT COMEDIES  
UNITED IN ONE SUPER SHOW!**

**DOROTHY LAMOUR**

of "Riding High"

**FRED MACMURRAY**

of "No Time For Love"

**BETTY HUTTON**

of "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" ... with

**Diana Lynn**

Sassy Sensation of "Morgan's Creek" ... and

**Mimi Chandler**

**And The Angels Sing**

**AND THEY SING AS PRETTY  
AS THEY LOOK!**

"It Could Happen To You" • "For The  
First Hundred Years" • "His Rocking Horse  
Ran Away" • "How Does Your Garden  
Grow" • "Bluebirds In My Belfry" by  
Burke & Van Heusen — 3 Other Songs

**The swingy, zingy story of 4 singing sisters  
and the big, bad band leader who tried  
to make love to the whole darn family!**

with

**RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.**

**Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL**

Screen Play by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama

Based on a story by Claude Binyon





# Romantic

as Texas moonlight!



# Thrilling

as a stampede!

# Big

as the mighty state it honors!



Here's America's favorite entertainer in a musical adventure you won't want to miss!

## ROY ROGERS

King of the Cowboys

and

## TRIGGER

Smartest Horse in the Movies

in

# Yellow Rose of Texas

DALE EVANS

George Cleveland

Harry Shannon

Grant Withers

BOB NOLAN

and the

SONS OF THE

PIONEERS



### Songs

"Take It Easy"

"Lucky Me, Unlucky You"

"Song of the Rover"

"Down In The Old Town Hall"

"Western Wonderland"

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



Decorating a gay Mocambo table: Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts

Fair samples of a Mocambo crowd: Janet Blair and Carole Landis



CAL YORK'S  
*Inside Stuff*

(Continued from page 4) by Fort MacArthur for his induction. But love goes right on for the happy pair, with the telephone wires zooming and the mailmen tramping off their weary feet bearing letters from Donald, now an Air Cadet in basic training at Amarillo, Texas, to his young wife.

Very pronounced across the envelope of each letter are the written words—"Mrs. Donald O'Connor (my sweetheart)." What the postal authorities think of that we'd like to know. And what's more, they arrive two and three times a day and are answered just that many times.

Seventeen-year-old Gwen, a senior at Los Angeles High, who still lives with her mother, is still much the little girl telephoning her mother to know if she minds if she, Gwen, will be just ten minutes late for lunch or a few minutes late for dinner. And once when Gwen wrote Donald she was dieting a bit the phone nearly jerked off the hook with the loud ring from Donald down in Texas.

"Don't pay any attention to what anyone says about your figure," he shouted. "It's the way I like it and I'm the one that has the say-so." Mrs. O'Connor, you'll be relieved to hear, ceased dieting.

**Goddard Does China:** It was cute the way our boys in Free China fought for the privilege of flying Paulette Goddard from U. S. Camps to U. S. outposts during her trek through that country. It was finally decided that the boys pulling the lucky numbers out of a hat should win. A California boy, Staff Sergeant Dan Darling, drew a lucky card and got in on the deal. Some of the disappointed ones offered as high as \$200 to the winners of the lucky numbers, but no dice.

**Can This Be Cupid?** John Payne came back to Hollywood on a furlough but it was Sheila Ryan (romantically interested in that handsome producer Bill Girard) who gave him a welcoming home party and not Elyse Knox, his former sweetheart. It seems Elyse has finally settled on hero Lieutenant Tom Harmon as her true heart. Lieutenant Harmon, former football star, is now back in the States for a while after two harrowing escapes from death, once fighting his way through the Burma jungle for thirty-seven days. It was a hard choice, we admit, between John or Tom.

Alan Curtis seems mighty interested in Marilyn Maxwell, who formerly accompanied (Continued on page 8)



So big and so wonderful

that as we go to press, in the 200 cities known as the nation's principal amusement centers, theatre programs have been switched to make way for immediate special limited engagements ahead of the regular runs later in the season!

So Lovable and so LAUGHTER-filled

that when it comes your way you'll cherish it in your memory along with 'Sergeant York' and 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' as one of the very, very best of all WARNER BROS. entertainments!

# THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN



Starring  
**FREDRIC MARCH**  
**ALEXIS SMITH**

with  
**DONALD CRISP • ALAN HALE**  
C. AUBREY SMITH • JOHN CARRADINE  
BILL HENRY • ROBERT BARRAT  
WALTER HAMPDEN • JOYCE REYNOLDS  
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

**JACK L. WARNER**  
Executive Producer  
Produced by  
**JESSE L. LASKY**

The *greatest*  
American!

Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandler • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company, and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.





**T**HE good word about Tampax spreads quite rapidly among the members of the Modern Set . . . Not only do these young women want to be up to date but they are particularly interested in clothes and style and "costume silhouette." And Tampax comes to their aid in a timely way, for this form of monthly sanitary protection is worn *internally* and *cannot* cause a single bulge, ridge or wrinkle!

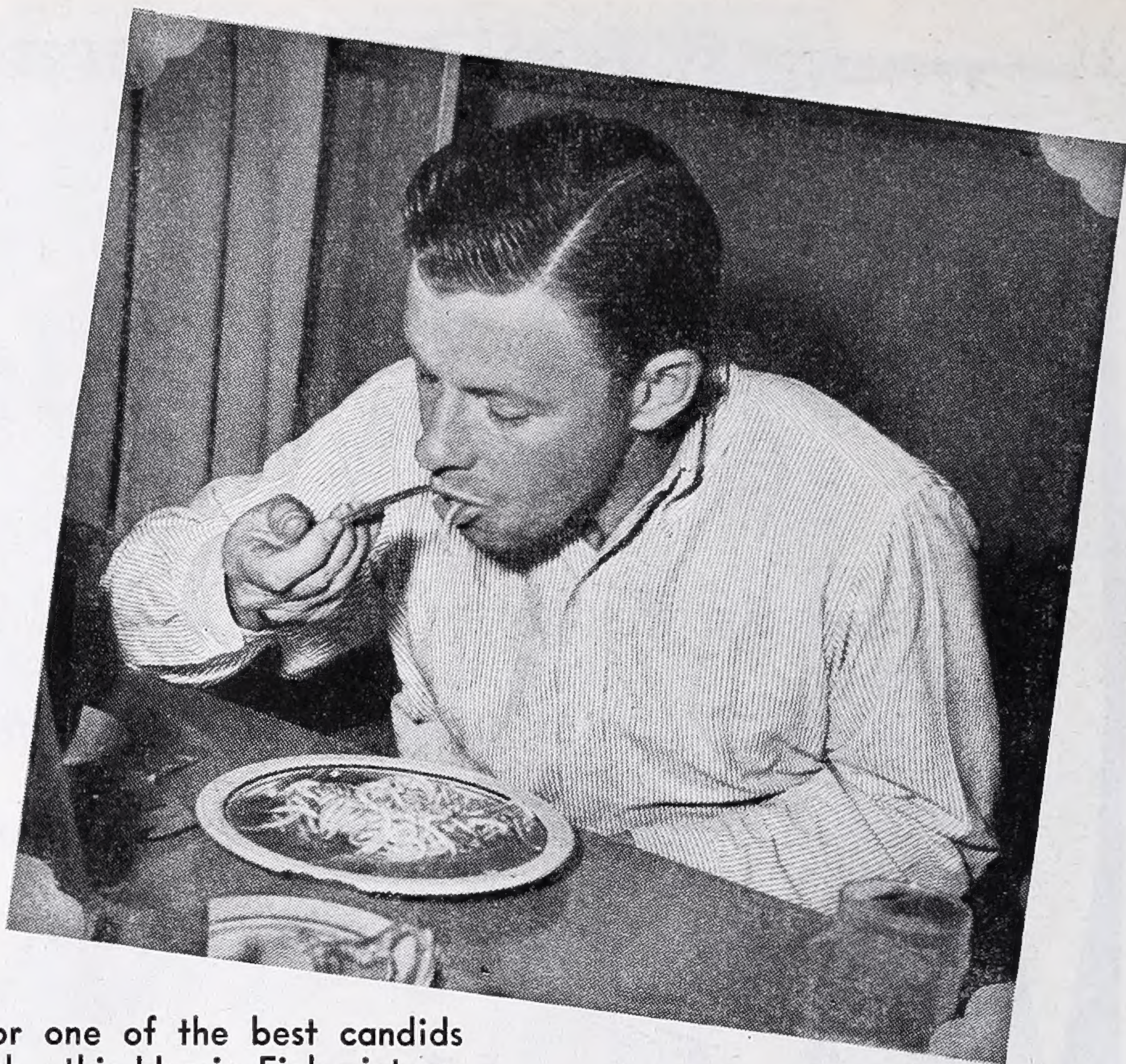
Tampax is dainty, convenient, doctor-invented. Made of pure absorbent cotton, compressed into neat patented applicators. No belts, pins or external pads—and no odor. It comes in 3 *different absorbencies* to meet varying needs: Regular, Super and Junior. It may be changed in a jiffy without any embarrassing disposal problem.

Discover Tampax for yourself; that's the only way! So dainty your hands needn't touch it at all. And so comfortable it isn't felt while worn! . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Average supply for one month, 29¢. Economy package for 98¢ provides 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**3 Absorbencies**  
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SUPER JUNIOR

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY  
Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
IF DEFECTIVE OR  
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Nominee for one of the best candids of the month—this Hymie Fink picture. Nominee for one of the best all-around fellows in Hollywood—George Murphy

(Continued from page 6) Frank Sinatra here and there. Frank and Marilyn were old friends in New York.

Mickey Rooney had those pre-draft yens for Universal's Ramsay Ames sooo badly his studio was wondering.

Kay Kyser finds Anne Shirley mighty good company.

Rudy Vallee and his bride, Bettejane Greer, separated for one day and then decided to continue together. Cal hears the rift was caused by Vallee's restriction on Bettejane's allowance, but golly that couldn't be, could it?

At an Army and Navy dinner dance recently Cal sat kitty-corner from Captain Clark Gable who had pretty Kay Williams as his girl friend. Cal thought the two a handsome pair but couldn't help comparing the quiet, almost demure, Kay to the vivid, magnetic Carole. What a contrast.

Judy Garland once again approached Dave Rose, now in the service, about that divorce, but Cal hears he flatly refused to give his permission and one must have a service man's permission before divorcing him. Someone told Cal Dave was afraid Judy might make another mistake in marriage. Well—that's another way of putting it.

**We're Telling You:** Ginny Simms is plenty burned over Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's attempts to link her name romantically with Mickey Rooney.

If Red Skelton's studio had permitted him to make overseas jaunts as he wanted to instead of spending every free moment in unheralded camp tours, he might not have felt called upon to volunteer as a private, for Red's a lad badly needed as a morale-builder-upper for our boys. Incidentally, before going in, Red sold his Brentwood house and moved into the Beverly Wilshire Hotel on the floor just above Edna,

who is now his ex-wife.

Lum and Abner (Chet Lauck and Norris Goff) have very red faces. Abner may be drafted any minute and since both boys, around thirty-seven, play old men, both on the air and in pictures, they're going to have to do some mighty tall explaining to those who take the characters seriously. And the boys assure Cal there are plenty that do. Imagine Lum without Abner. Why it's like ham without eggs or Olsen without Johnson.

All seems not to be too well between Merle Oberon and her producer husband Sir Alexander Korda. One hears rumors of this-a and that-a. Here's hoping matters were patched up between Sir Alex and his lady on their recent New York visit.

**Betty Gets a Shock:** Betty Grable was sure surprised to read in print that she was being paid for every minute she was off the screen up until and past the time her baby arrived. Not mad y'see—just verree surprised. Because actually, she didn't get and won't get one penny until she goes back to work in "The Dolly Sisters." And even though the studio hopes to get going with this one sometime this summer, Betty is determined to just be a momma until November. Meanwhile, being off salary shouldn't worry her much. Because even though Harry James is liable to be in khaki by the time you read this, he makes thousands of dollars a week. Which is plenty to keep Betty in bustles or any little things she might care for.

**Bits and Pieces:** Linda Darnell (wait until you see the real acting she does for the first time in "Strange Confession") Pev Marley, Jess Barker and Bonita Gran- (Continued on page 10)



Of course it couldn't happen... *But it did!*



*Cary*  
**GRANT**

Me?... I'm a  
full-time genius!



ALEXANDER  
HALL'S

# Once Upon A Time

with

**JANET BLAIR**

JAMES TED  
GLEASON · DONALDSON

*A Part-Time Broadway  
Genius Muffs His Cue!*

...Since the first time a guy  
sold the Brooklyn Bridge, and  
another guy the Aquarium,  
this is the most fabulous of  
all fame-and-fortune ideas...  
whimsical...different...chuckle-  
some...and you'll never guess  
what it is!



Screen play by  
Lewis Meltzer and Oscar Saul  
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL  
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



# What a difference

in the way you **LOOK**  
in the way you **FEEL**

"Losing 33 pounds was only the beginning of what the Success Course did for me"

—says Mrs. Dorothy Roush of Akron, Ohio



Before



After

LOST 33 POUNDS  
HEIGHT—AFTER 5' 4½"  
WAIST 10" LESS  
ABDOMEN 6" LESS  
LOWER HIP 6½" LESS  
THIGH 2¼" LESS

Dorothy Roush weighed 148 pounds—far too much for her height. "I had a lumpy, top-heavy figure," she says, "and a deplorable complexion. That's no way to look!"

"Through the DuBarry Success Course I lost 33 pounds, now have the slender figure I've always wanted. My skin is clear and lovely, and I learned to work wonders with make-up and hair styling. I feel that I have really found the way to successful living!"

**HOW ABOUT YOU!** Maybe you don't need to lose 33 pounds. But the DuBarry Success Course will show you how to bring your weight to normal, how to care for your skin and hair and use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this Course can do for you? Just paste it on a penny postal and mail.



DuBarry Beauty Chest Included

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

*DuBarry Success Course*  
ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

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Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Two marrieds set cameras clicking at a big premiere: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Van Eyck



Two about-to-be-weds rate smiles from the Mocambo set: Elyse Knox and fiance Tommy Harmon

(Continued from page 8) ville make a pretty constant foursome around Hollywood. But Susan Hayward is giving Bonita a lot of competition these nights for dates with the town's eligibles. . . . Buddy Rogers' bedroom is a hep-cat's heaven. Besides other musical instruments within arm's reach, there are two grand pianos in Buddy's boudoir. And the other night when there was a small but gay party at Pickfair, Maria Montez, Norma Shearer, Reggie Gardiner, Janet Gaynor, Cary Grant (who hits a mean ivory himself) Freddie Astaire and others gathered around "the crates" while Buddy and other piano-pounders gave out—two at a time. . . . When Georgie Raft went to Europe to entertain the boys, he left two gals behind him. One in Hollywood and one in New York. Of course, he dated a lot of gals besides these two in particular, but Miss New York is Peggy Ellis, who swore she wouldn't have another date while George was away. And Miss

Hollywood is Virginia Maples. George left his car with her while he was gone. But Virginia wasn't riding around in it alone.

**Our Boys in Service:** Desi Arnaz, now a sergeant, is in Special Service connected with the Van Nuys Hospital near Hollywood.

Lieutenant John Carroll, aide to General Morris in Italy, sends words of greeting to his mother through every Hollywood entertainer who passes that way.

Major James Stewart, commanding a Liberator Squadron, has been awarded the Air Medal for five combat missions. Jimmy had a total of eight to his credit at the time.

Lieutenant Commander Douglas Fairbanks Jr., in the Naval Reserve, has been presented with the Silver Star for service during the Salerno landings.

Farley Granger, the sensational new find of "The (Continued on page 12)





*Days of danger...  
one night of love*

They could plan no tomorrows  
... for life was theirs to give  
... not to keep. Yet this night  
was theirs ... and love was  
not to be denied ... by two  
so young, so vital, so eager to  
live out each reckless moment!

A CASEY ROBINSON production

# DAYS OF

*Starring the screen's fascinating NEW lovers*

TAMARA  
TOUMANOVA  
GREGORY PECK



ANOTHER  
OF THE  
GREAT  
R K O  
RADIO  
PICTURES

# GLORY

with ALAN REED • MARIA PALMER • LOWELL GILMORE  
Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR • Produced and written for the screen by Casey Robinson



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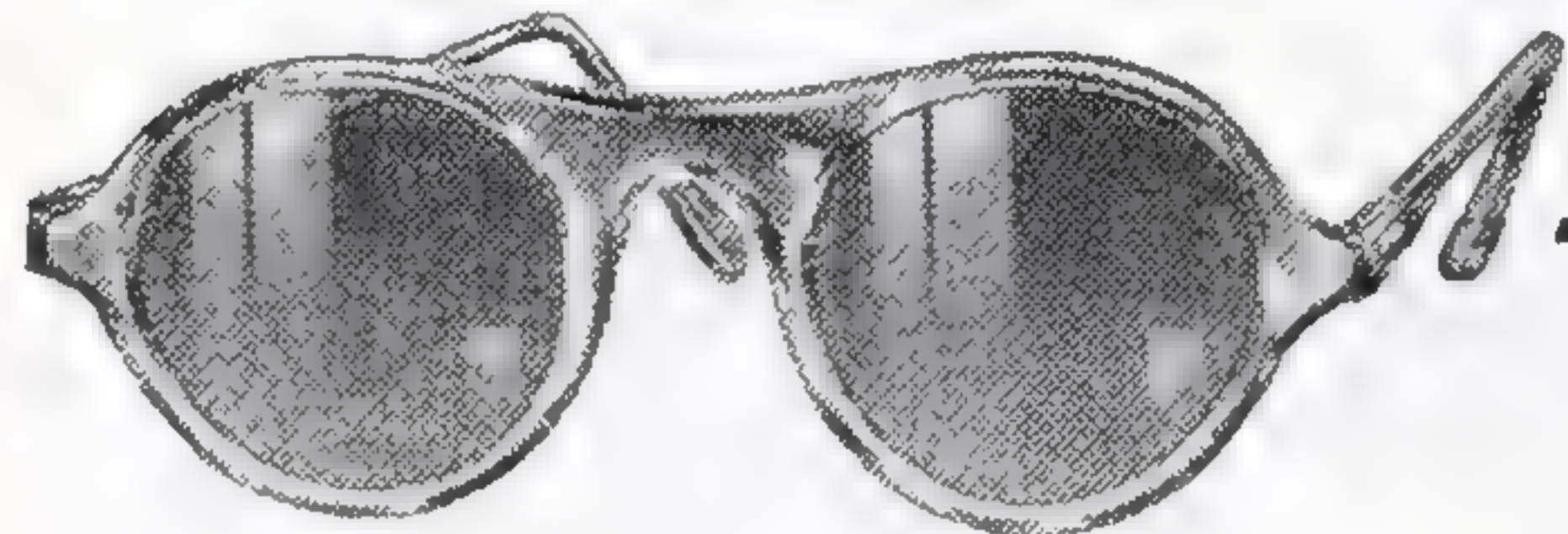


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## DAY GLASSES



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BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Grins plus glamour at The Players: Bill Holden and wife Brenda Marshall; Alan Ladd and wife Sue Carol

(Continued from page 10) North Star" and "The Purple Heart," is an apprentice seaman at Camp Farragut, Idaho, and Lon McCallister is a buck private at Camp Crowder, Missouri.

John Shepperd, that splendid Twentieth Century-Fox actor who was among the very first to enlist (remember John in "The Loves Of Edgar Allan Poe," "Ten Gentlemen From Westpoint," "Chetniks"?) is now a lieutenant (j.g.) somewhere out there with our Navy. His wife is in Hollywood awaiting their first child. He has never been back in Hollywood during his two-years' enlistment.

Melvyn Douglas is a Special Service Officer in India teaching those American boys who can neither read nor write how to do so. Seems incredible in this land of free education there are those who are completely unlearned.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Henry Fonda graduated from Air Combat Intelligence in Quonset Point, Rhode Island, and will be assigned to active duty any minute.

Second Lieutenant Tyrone Power graduated from the Corpus Christi Naval Training School and also goes into active duty almost immediately with the Marines.

Seaman Second Class John Sutton is at the Naval Training Station in San Diego.

Lieutenant Dan Dailey Jr. is in the Tenth Cavalry Regiment at Camp Lockett, California.

Jackie Coogan is a Flight Officer in the First Air Commando Force—somewhere over there.

Lieutenant Tom Brown is also over there doing his bit with the Army.

Lieutenant Jean Pierre Aumont, who won the Croix-de-Guerre in France at the beginning of the war, is in the Motorized Division of the Free French Army. Having completed a special mission at the front, Lieutenant Aumont is now in London awaiting his next assignment.

Lieutenant Jeffrey Lynn, also in England, is with the Intelligence Division of the Air Corps.

Captain Lee Tracy, honorably discharged from the Military Police Division of the Army, stationed in Wash-

ington, D. C., is back in Hollywood and ready for picture work.

Lieutenant Commander George O'Brien, after duty in the Pacific area, is training in amphibian boat landing at San Luis Obispo, California.

**Hollywood—This Month:** The town is dusting off the Welcome Home mat for Myrna Loy who will divorce her wealthy husband, John S. Hertz, and return from New York to make another "Thin Man" picture with Bill Powell. Ironically enough, the picture is entitled "The Thin Man's Return." Shouldn't it be "The Thin Man's Wife Returns?"

People are talking about how happy Irene Dunne is looking these days. Radiant, as a matter of fact, with two good pictures behind her, "The White Cliffs Of Dover" and "A Guy Named Joe" and several others ahead. And after a two years' off-screen silence at that.

The risks taken by Darryl Zanuck in showing the tortures of our boys at the hands of the Japs in the picture "The Purple Heart" were terrific. You see, the papers hadn't broken the story yet of those atrocities when the picture began so Mr. Zanuck took quite a long chance not knowing if his picture could ever be released. And then came the headlined stories just as the picture was finished and all was well. Of course, when the newspaper stories told of a second Jack The Ripper at work in Europe just as Twentieth's picture "The Lodger," a story of the first Jack The Ripper was released, folks insisted the whole thing was a plant. So much coincidence couldn't happen, they felt. But it did. And is Twentieth that pleased! Hollywood is calling it Twentieth Nostradamus-Fox these days.

Our stars going into politics have created quite a stir. Helen Gahagan, wife of actor Melvyn Douglas, is planning to run for Congress and Albert Dekker and Lucille Gleason are determined to run for State Assembly. And the Republican and Democratic factions are already getting ready for their conventions. The Communists among us are (Continued on page 14)





# Be the Thrill in his Furlough!



**It's a super-special date!** He's your hero come home! So make a smooth start with a refreshing bath. Your spirits soar! Then—one step more—one quick, easy step to make sure of charm—to *prevent risk* of underarm odor in the hours ahead.



**You want to stay appealing**—thrillingly nice to be near—so use Mum after every bath. Takes only 30 seconds, yet keeps you flower-fresh all evening long. Without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin, or harming clothes, Mum guards charm—faithfully!

**Make sure of your Charm.**  
**Every day, after every bath, use**  
**quick, dependable Mum!**

**Y**OUR loveliness can make that furlough a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. But loveliness isn't looks alone—it's also the magic a girl uses to keep herself sweet and appealing—to guard charm. Be sure your charm is safe—don't give underarm odor a chance. Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

You see, a bath only washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum is so easy to use . . . so quick! Smooth it on each underarm and your daintiness is sure all day or evening. Get Mum today!

\* \* \*

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Product of Bristol-Myers

## Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration



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difference  
is

**IMRA**  
COSMETIC DEPILED

Keep your legs glamorous, free of unwanted hair, with IMRA\*. This exquisite cream depilatory removes superfluous hair sweetly! No bad smell. No razor nicks. No ugly razor bristle.

Just smooth it on. Later...rinse it off. Such a difference! Skin is hair-free as alabaster. Lovely!

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ARTRA Cosmetics, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.



Famous foreground: Norma Shearer, Moss Hart, Steve Crane, Lana Turner at Mocambo



Envy of the Hollywood teen-agers: Roddy McDowall's sister, flanked by Farley Granger and her famous brother

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

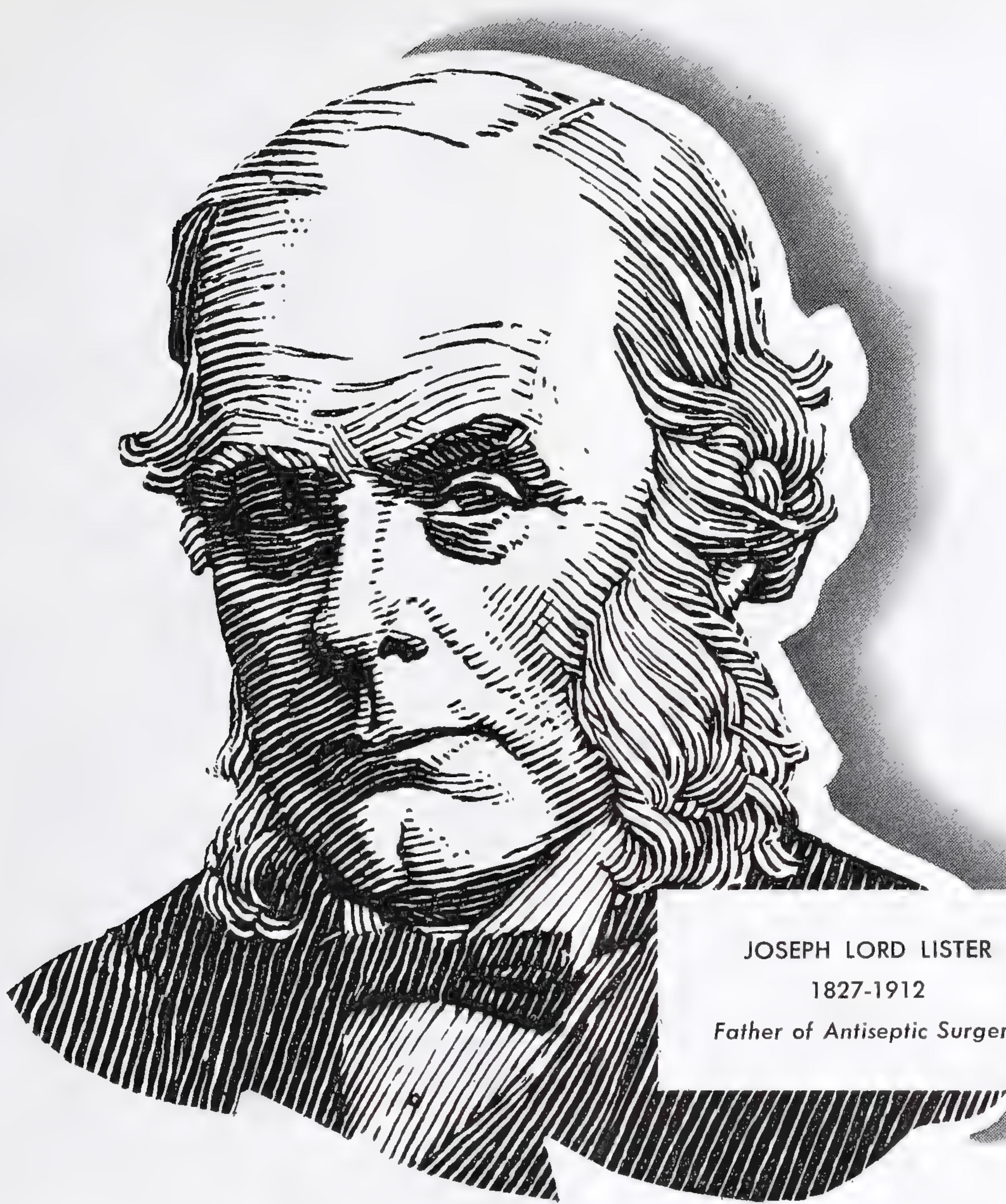
(Continued from page 12) perpetually cowering, it seems. After a year's absence Gene Tierney arrived in Hollywood without her baby. The baby arrived several weeks later from Washington, D. C., with a nurse. Gene has spent most of the time with her husband Lieutenant Oleg Cassini at Junction City, Kansas. The night before she left for Hollywood Gene decided to have a farewell party but most of her household goods had been sold so the hostess had all the guests bring their own knives, forks, spoons and plates and set to work cooking a dinner for thirty-six people. That's how our glamour girls are taking this war—cooking, washing, ironing, sweeping and cleaning odd little rooms in out of the way places to be near their men.

People are talking of Dana Andrews' clear-cut performance in "The Purple Heart" and the promise of Farley Granger, once he learns to smile. They're still chortling over Danny Kaye's performance in "Up In Arms" and trying to forget his sulky manners at Goldwyn's famous Pin-Up Party. Cal recalls one day in the Goldwyn lunch

room when Danny and Dinah Shore insisted upon going into their riotous routine between courses. Even Sam Goldwyn, who doesn't know comedy any better than Florenz Ziegfeld did, wore a worried snicker. At any rate, Kaye is big news in this town, and Hollywood is thrilled to have him.

**Sirens and Shy-stars:** Frank Ross, Jean Arthur's attractive husband, is going to produce a movie of "The Robe" from the great book. And he wants Hedy Lamarr to play the role of *Salome*. Now, the siren's role isn't a very big one, but Hedy is dying to do it just the same. And she'd be so perfectly suited that her studio bosses may permit it. . . . Reminds us that Jean Arthur, who used to be so uppity about having her picture snapped when she was out places, has certainly changed her tune! One night at Mocambo, when she was there with a big party the cameramen, who hadn't even bothered to *try* to turn a camera her way, took her picture for the first time in a night club in two years! And she was sweet as pie about it. Four bulb-snappers almost fainted!





JOSEPH LORD LISTER  
1827-1912  
*Father of Antiseptic Surgery*

## AN INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF GOD...

*"As an instrument in God's hands, Lister has wrought more for the relief of suffering, for the security of life, for the prevention of anxiety, and for the promotion of happiness, than any one man who has ever trod this earth." So spoke one of Lister's associates, a doctor of international fame.*

ALMOST alone and single-handed this great, good man, the "father of antiseptic surgery," brought health and life out of a morass of suffering and death.

But for his unshakeable faith in a "fantastic" theory, initiated by the immortal Pasteur, and his tireless efforts to prove its truth in the face of derision and mockery, the fatalities of today, both civilian and military, might reach appalling proportions.

For it was Lister's fierce conviction that fatal infections were caused, not by atmospheric changes or mysterious conditions set up by the wound itself, but by the

definite tiny germs carried by the air into the wound. The world laughed at him.

And it was Lister, using the crudest kind of carbolic acid as an antiseptic, who proved that by killing or controlling these germs in sufficient numbers at every stage—before, during and after an operation—Death could often be averted.

Though all England rang with his fame as a surgeon, it was years before hostile critics accepted his practical life-giving methods, the simple essence of which was absolute cleanliness.

It was for this benefactor of mankind that Listerine Antiseptic was named. Today, as in its early years, it is recognized as a dependable and delightful first-aid, providing rapid germ-killing action with complete safety.

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**BECAUSE OF WARTIME** restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

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up that creates a fresh, captivating  
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Girl Cake Make-up! Available in  
four flattering shades: Natural, Ra-  
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proudly display on all occasions.

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Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, six shades, 10c-25c

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Available at 5¢ and 10¢ stores



## BRIEF REVIEWS

Romance with a  
Sanders-Darnell  
twist. George  
and Linda are  
in the Angelus  
picture "Good-  
bye My Love"



✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓**ACTION IN ARABIA**—RKO: George Sanders plays an American foreign correspondent whose friend is found slain in a Damascus camel market. So, with Virginia Bruce, he uncovers a plot hatched up by the Swastika boys to incite the Arabs against the Allies. Gene Lockhart is the fat old traitor, Lenore Aubert a shapely sheikess, and Robert Armstrong goes along for the ride. (May)

✓**ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES**—Universal: You can relax at this little number that must have been made just for the fun of it. Jon Hall is the young Caliph of Baghdad who joins the band of Forty Thieves and leads them in their daring deeds against the cruel Mongol Khan. Maria Montez is the beauty who's supposed to marry the Khan but instead is captured by Hall. Turhan Bey is the faithful slave. (April.)

**BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE**—Bogaus-U. A.: Two outstanding performances by Louis Calhern and Akim Tamiroff occasionally highlight this heavy and wearisome story of five people who are plunged to death when the bridge gives way. Donald Woods is the priest who investigates the lives of the five victims, Lynn Bari isn't quite up to her role, nor is Francis Lederer; but Nazimova is excellent. (May)

✓✓**BROADWAY RHYTHM**—M-G-M: A lavish musical, with George Murphy's dancing, Ginny Simms' singing, Rochester's clowning, Lena Horne's warbling, Tommy Dorsey's tooting, Gloria De Haven's trekking to stardom and Dean Murphy's impersonations. The songs are very good and so is everybody, but we could use a little more story and a few less people. (April.)

✓✓**BUFFALO BILL**—20th Century-Fox: A magnificent Western with color emphasizing the breath-taking beauty of the great West, this tells the life story of Bill Cody, played by Joel McCrea, with all its joys and defeats. Maureen O'Hara is his wife who leaves him, Linda Darnell the young Indian girl, Thomas Mitchell is Bill's newspaper friend, and Anthony Quinn and Edgar Buchanan round out the cast. (May.)

**CAREER GIRL**—P.R.C.: Frances Langford, stage-struck singer from Kansas City, is about to give up trying to crash Broadway and marry Craig Woods when her girl friends decide to finance her career for another try. She clicks, of course, and carries off Eddie Norris, playboy businessman, in the clicking. (March.)

✓**CASANOVA IN BURLESQUE**—Republic: Joe E. Brown, who teaches Shakespearean drama in an exclusive college by day, performs as a low comedian in burlesque at night. All goes well until the

burlesque queen threatens to expose him just as he's about to launch his Shakespearean festival. June Havoc, Ian Keith and Marjorie Gateson join in the fun. (April.)

**CHARLIE CHAN IN THE SECRET SERVICE**—Monogram: *Charlie Chan*, the Chinese detective, played well by Sidney Toler, is in Washington this time to solve the murder mystery of the noted inventor of an infernal machine destined to end the U-boat menace. Gwen Kenyon, Marianne Quon and Benson Fong are also in the cast. (April.)

✓**CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK**—Universal: Donald O'Connor meets up with Ann Blythe, mem-  
(Continued on page 113)

## SHADOW STAGE

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Anita Colby, Columbia Pictures "Cover Girl" — Ensemble by Bergdorf-Goodman

# Helene Curtis's Cold Wave

...the Permanent of Professional Beauties — Acclaimed as the "possessor of the most beautiful face in the last 2,500 years," Anita Colby, featured in the Columbia picture "Cover Girl," makes beauty her career. To this exquisite Cover Girl, soft, easy-to-manage, hair that looks *naturally* lovely is a must. Small wonder she treasures the perfection of her HELENE CURTIS Cold Wave Permanent.

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## THEY'RE DOING THIS!

Some wartime "miracles"  
—with Akim Tamiroff  
giving you your cue

BY VIVIAN COSBY



**A**T the peak of his career, Akim Tamiroff suffered complete nervous exhaustion from overwork. In desperation he made a trip to New York to consult a well-known psychologist. Under the doctor's care, and through his own staunch courage, he recovered. Some day, he hoped, he would be able to help others who were going through the horrible nightmare of a nervous breakdown.

The actor's opportunity came last year when he was visiting the Army camps. At Camp Edwards in Massachusetts, where Akim was entertaining the soldiers, a doctor whom he had known during his illness asked him to visit a boy whose nervous system had completely cracked up.

They found the boy lying on his back staring at the ceiling. Tamiroff sat beside the bed and began to talk to him.

"I know at times you feel terribly despondent," said Akim. "You cry and you don't know the reason why—you feel a great loneliness inside—even though people are all around you."

He then went on to tell the boy of his own illness and assured him that with plenty of rest and determination he too would be well again.

It was the hope and understanding the boy sorely needed.

Back in Hollywood Tamiroff determined to visit more boys like the one at Camp Edwards and see if he could help them on their road to recovery.

At various rest homes he discovered some interesting cases. One was a boy who had lost a hand and with that lost his interest in everything.

With a little tactful probing Tamiroff found out that before the war the boy had wanted to be a professional skater. One day the actor and the boy went for a walk. By premeditated coincidence on Akim's part, they passed a skating rink. At his suggestion they went in. It worked. The next time they went to the rink the boy skated a bit. For the first time in months a sparkle came into his eyes.

Now he practices every day and his friend Akim Tamiroff is always there with the understanding that gives him the courage to go on.

So when Akim Tamiroff, that personable star of "His Butler's Sister," is seen at the Brown Derby and other famous Hollywood spots with a soldier in tow, you may be sure it is a boy to whom the actor is trying to give back confidence in himself and courage to start life again.



# The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

## ✓✓ The White Cliffs Of Dover (M-G-M)



Heart appeal: Alan Marshal and Irene Dunne in "The White Cliffs Of Dover"

THOSE who read Alice Duer Miller's exquisite poem, "The White Cliffs Of Dover," need have no fear this film version has disturbed its charm and dignity. On the contrary, the living, breathing poem that emerges from the screen is in every way worthy of the work. The emotional depths of the lines find true expression through the work of Irene Dunne, the American small-town girl who goes to England for two weeks' visit and remains a lifetime. Never, to our notion, has Miss Dunne given a finer, truer, deeper performance. And never before have pictures presented Alan Marshal so advantageously—his charm, his good looks, his easy natural good-humored Englishness. Together Alan and Irene comprise a team that should call forth "encore, encore" from every fan. She meets Alan, the Sir John Ash-

wood of the story, at a party on her very last night in London. He never lets her leave although she tries, once before their marriage and once after he has lost his life in World War I and a second war threatens the same fate for her son, Roddy McDowall.

Frank Morgan, as Miss Dunne's father, has never been better and Roddy McDowall is natural and convincing in every scene.

Gladys Cooper, as Lady Jean Ashwood, the mother of Marshal, is excellent. Peter Lawford, the son grown up and Van Johnson the disappointed American suitor are outstanding.

To say the story is touching is merely understating. Words cannot express its tender beauty. Your own heart, we feel, will write this review for you.

Your Reviewer Says: A poem come to life.

## ✓✓ Days Of Glory (RKO)

READERS and friends of this column, may we present to you two new vibrant screen personalities you will be delighted to know—Toumanova, the ballerina, and Gregory Peck. We speak of them before the picture, not because it's a weak or inconsequential story, but rather that its theme has graced several movies before and the newcomers somehow outglow and outshine their material.

Toumanova has an interestingly lovely face and takes to the screen in this, her first role, with all the authority of a veteran. Peck is a find, a combination Gary Cooper and Cary Grant, an actor with depth of feeling and emotional strength—who plays so convincingly the comrade-commander of a Russian guerilla band.

Carried to the hideout of the guerillas when her ballet troupe is overrun by the Nazis, Toumanova becomes one of them

and, of course, her love soon finds a response in the commander's heart.

Other members of the band are Maria Palmer, the brave and fearless fighter who has lost her heart to Peck and later loses her life to the Germans, Lowell Gilmore, the intellectual, Glenn Vernon, the sixteen-year-old lad who gladly sacrifices his life, his little sister Dena Penn, Alan Reed who nips too frequently and his quarrelsome chum Hugo Haas.

What these brave guerillas have accomplished is now history. Their deeds are nobly and artistically recorded on the screen in this story by director Jacques Tourneur and every detail of the film is cleverly and beautifully done, the attack finish being particularly outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Drama and love with outstanding personalities.



New sensations: Tamara Toumanova and Gregory Peck in "Days Of Glory"

## ✓✓ Follow The Boys (Universal)

A TERRIFIC idea conceived by producer-agent Charles Feldman—that of the work of the Hollywood Victory Committee and stars who give their services to entertain the boys in camps and overseas—comes to the screen overly long but immensely entertaining.

George Raft and Vera Zorina carry along the story thread that weaves in and out among such performers as Charles Grapevin, Grace McDonald, Charles Butterworth and Elizabeth Patterson.

The story is so overlaid with talent, like a cornucopia of spilled goodies, that the audience scarcely has time to breathe deeply between numbers. For example, the visiting array of artists includes Jeanette MacDonald, Orson Welles, Marlene Dietrich, Dinah Shore, Donald O'Connor

and Peggy Ryan, W. C. Fields, The Andrews Sisters, Artur Rubinstein, Carmen Amaya, Sophie Tucker, the Delta Rhythm Boys, Ted Lewis and his band, Freddie Slack, Charles Spivak and Louis Jordan and their orchestras. So you can imagine the evening's entertainment in store. But we still contend the idea behind the picture is the star-spangled hero and should prove an eye opener to those who have no conception of the "big business" magnitude of Hollywood's cooperation with the war effort. There are scenes of laughter, tragedy, comedy and a fair sized sprinkling of nostalgic numbers. If that isn't good entertainment, what is?

Your Reviewer Says: Now you know what Hollywood means by "colossal."



"Colossal": George Raft and Zorina in Universal's "Follow The Boys"

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 21

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 119

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 16



smooth,  
more beautiful legs  
**EASY**  
with Bellin's  
**WONDERSTOEN**  
dry hair-remover

Just stroke the rosy disc over legs and arms. It removes hair easily, quickly and leaves no stubble.

Makes legs silkier, smoother.

A perfect start for cosmetic stockings; ideal for bare legs.

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Nothing wet... nothing to spill, stain or prepare.

Safe. Accepted for advertising by publications of American Medical Association.

Economical. One Wonderstoen lasts all season.

\$3 at department stores.

**hair on face?**

Ask for Wonderstoen "Special Face Formula".

Safely removes hair on lip, chin, cheeks. \$1.25



✓ **Ladies Courageous (Universal)**

IT WAS inevitable the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron (WAFS) should come in for some well-earned glorification on the screen, and Walter Wanger who produced this film has done right by his WAFS. Few unnecessary flags are waved or stout-hearted heroics are permitted. The gals are real, regular and natural, each fitting her own particular niche most comfortably.

Loretta Young is steady, sure and confident in her performance as leader of the women fliers, settling disputes and sensing emotional storms before they break. Anne Gwynne is happily cast as the superstitious member of the crew but Geraldine Fitzgerald, to our notion, seemed far from home in her role of the publicity seeker of the crew; the one that brings endless embarrassment to her mates and reflection on the WAFS as a whole. Evelyn Ankers, Diana Barrymore, and Lois Collier are interesting and the flashbacks picturing each girl before entering the service is a novel way to humanize each member of the group.

Seen too briefly as Miss Fitzgerald's husband is Kane Richmond who looked pretty good from where we sat. We liked Frank Jenks, too (but then we always do), as the dispatch lieutenant. Little June Vincent, baby of the group, is a comer. But the strength of the idea behind the story, the truly great service rendered their country by these girls, is better than any individual in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's give the girls a great big hand.

**The Lady And The Monster (Republic)**

THE novel "Donovan's Brain" comes to the screen with a brand new title but the same old story of the scientist (according to Hollywood all scientists are nuttier than a fruit cake) who has retired to the Arizona desert in order to further his experiments in keeping alive the human brain, minus the human.

A motor accident provides Dr. Erich Von Stroheim (he scares us worse than the bodyless gray matter) with the brain needed for his experiment; an experiment that proves awfully upsetting to Richard Arlen who gradually comes under the horrible thing's spell. Vera Hruba Ralston, former ice-skating champion, almost loses her life in the mix-up, and the woman two seats ahead of us did lose her gum. Swallowed it whole, as a matter of fact. So, come to think of it, it must be a pretty good chiller-diller to cause so much commotion both on and off the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: About as pretty as the back of Von Stroheim's neck.

✓ **Shine On Harvest Moon (Warners)**

PURPORTING to be the life story of vaudeville's popular Nora Bayes, Ann Sheridan, by way of dubbed-in singing, comes to the screen in a story that isn't any more Bayes than the rabbit Jack Carson pulls out of a hat. True, one or two instances accidentally coincide with Nora's true-life tale, but the rest is someone's imagination gone off on a rampage.

But that doesn't say the picture isn't entertaining musically or otherwise. Annie's terrific good looks and Dennis Morgan's handsome presence as the even handsomer Jack Norworth send the story a-zipping and a-zinging on its way.



The tunes, several of them written by or in collaboration with Jack Norworth himself, are so easy on the memory. There's "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," "How Can They Tell I'm Irish," and of course, "Shine On Harvest Moon" sung by Nora and Jack.

Jack Carson has a lot of cut-up in him as The Great Georgetti, the magician, and Marie Wilson his dumb numb-brain partner is cuter than ever. And speaking of cuteness who is there to beat S. Z. Sakall and his quivering jowls? As Poppa Karl he's a card.

Dennis Morgan is a likeable fellow and does a swell job. Seems to feel more at home in the role than Annie somehow. Irene Manning and Robert Shayne are the heavies and you can have both of them for our dough.

Your Reviewer Says: Tuneful and moonful.

### The Monster Maker (P. R. C.)

OH MY gawd, here's another nutty scientist, can you believe it? Some day somebody's going to get after these Hollywood producers with a test tube and turn them all into monkeys for the way they malign the scientific researchers.

This time guess what? J. Carrol Naish is a scientist who can make people's heads grow big (and who needs a doctor for that, pray tell?) as well as their hands and feet. What's more, he inflicts this horror on Ralph Morgan, a pianist, in order to force his consent to the marriage of his daughter, Wanda McKay, to Naish. And what a mess that is. And the picture is. And we are.

Your Reviewer Says: Really, there should be a law.

### Best Pictures of the Month

*The White Cliffs Of Dover*

*Follow The Boys*

*Days Of Glory*

### Best Performances

*Irene Dunne in*

*"The White Cliffs Of Dover"*

*Alan Marshal in*

*"The White Cliffs Of Dover"*

*Gregory Peck in*

*"Days Of Glory"*

*Tamara Toumanova in*

*"Days Of Glory"*

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## ✓ Nine Girls (Columbia)

NINE (count 'em) lovely manless and romanceless girls of the Gamma Theta sorority decide to vacation at a mountain lodge with Ann Harding as chaperone. One of the girls, Anita Louise, loathed by the other girls, fails to show up but not until the radio flashes the news do the girls know she has been "moldered."

Then comes the fun with detective William Demarest and Willard Robertson trying to decide which of the girls murdered Anita. The suspense grows quite high at times as the dialogue grows glibber and cuter.

You'll suspect in no time who does the killing and your suspicions will be confirmed by the turn of events, but right now we're not telling.

The girls are all good, even the dead one and include, besides Anita, Evelyn Keyes, Jinx Falkenburg, Leslie Brooks, Lynn Merrick, Jeff Donnell, Nina Foch, Shirley Mills and Marcia Mae Jones.

Your Reviewer Says: Kinda cute and sassy.

## My Best Gal (Republic)

IT'S THE old formula, little folksies, of the talented kids who try to hit big-time—Broadway to be exact. The only new twists on the mildewed theme are that most of the action takes place in a drugstore and Jane Withers, who soda-jerks in the pharmacy, doesn't want to go on the stage. But because her boy friend Jimmy Lydon is about to go into the Army she attempts to sell the musical he's written and actually puts on a preview of the show in the drugstore with Janie doing most of the singing and dancing.

And, well, you know the rest. The show is Broadway and the kids get a break. 'Twas ever thus, weren't it not?

Frank Craven, George Cleveland and Franklin Pangborn are all bound round when the story ends.

Your Reviewer Says: Too routine.

## ✓ Four Jills And A Jeep (Twentieth Century-Fox)

BECAUSE this story is based on the overseas adventures of Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair it holds the interest far more than the picture otherwise would. Everything becomes personalized because of the girls' real participation in the events pictured; their arrival in England, their first morning in camp arising at five-thirty in the bitter cold, Carole finishing a number in a blackout by light of the boys' flashlights, their trek to Africa and their actual experiences in a fox hole during a Nazi blitz.

On the fictional side we have Mitzi's romance with singer Richard Haymes, who sings divinely and has the solid good sense to act naturally. Mitzi, by the way, is not only a clever dancer but a pert and fresh little personality that registers delightfully on the screen.

As leader of the little pilgrim band, Kay Francis is given dignity and charm and comes through pleasingly. Martha, the cut-up of the crew, isn't given nearly the chance she should have to be funny. Her singing of "Mr. Paganini" is one of the real laughs of the show.

The charm and glamour department fell to Miss Landis and she dished it right off the griddle—hot. Interesting, too, was the romance on the screen between

Carole and Captain Ted Warren (played by John Harvey) that culminated in marriage. Such a romance actually did happen between Carole and Captain Tom Wallace, an American stationed in London.

Phil Silvers, the sergeant attached as if with glue to the girls throughout their journey, is very good. We enjoyed, too, the music furnished by Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra.

Guest stars were Alice Faye, Betty Grable, George Jessel, and Carmen Miranda, which isn't bad guesting. But the ending was much too abrupt somehow and we had the feeling an important ingredient had been omitted, but otherwise it's a pretty good little show.

Your Reviewer Says: Nice going, gals.

## The Falcon Out West (RKO)

SO IT'S snakes now, is it? And if you think even reptiles stop the Falcon, played calmly and smoothly as usual by Tom Conway, you are kayrazy.

It all starts when a Western ranch owner drops dead in a New York night club presumably from the poison of a rattlesnake. (Mama always told us about the snakes in those places.) It so happens Conway gets himself into the case because at the moment the rancher expires he is dining with the deceased's ex-wife. Suspecting the dead man's fiancée Conway trails her West to slug it out, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, of course, with the New York police who also trek Westward Ho for the pay-off.

Barbara Hale is nice. The other people are Minor Watson, Carole Gallagher, Joan Barclay and Ed Gargan.

Your Reviewer Says: Mairzy Doats and little fans eat poison ivy—this time.

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## Detective Kitty O'Day (Monogram)

**S**HE'S quite a gal, this *Kitty O'Day* and Jean Parker who plays *Kitty* gives her plenty of snap and sparkle. In fact, it's due mainly to Jean's pert little performance that the picture sparkles like a rhinestone bauble on a chorus girl's bosom.

Briefly, it has Jean and her beau, Peter Cookson, trying to discover who murdered her boss while, at the same time, trying to prevent detectives Tim Ryan and Ed Gargan from arresting her for the deed. Unfortunately for Jean and Peter they appear inopportunely on the scene of two other murders, which almost finishes them with the overly suspicious pair of detectives.

Naturally, it comes out all right after a lot of chasing around over high buildings and such carryings on. As to the killer, just wait and see, honey chiles.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Don't look at us—we didn't do it.

## ✓ Up In Mabel's Room (U. A.)

**D**ENNIS O'KEEFE, usually meek and mild, presents Gail Patrick, while in a gay old mood, with a silk slip upon which he has embroidered an innocent greeting over his own signature. Well, sir, the matter preys on his mind to the extent that he induces Mischa Auer, waiter at a week-end party, to get that slip no matter what. And to add to his imaginary worries the jealousy of his bride, Marjorie Reynolds, is aroused by the peculiar goings on concerning that slip. And to make it even worse, Miss Patrick is engaged to O'Keefe's business partner, Lee Bowman—all of whom are at the house party.

At times it's terribly funny with Gail Patrick, as *Mabel*, giving a swell performance and O'Keefe going crazy all over the place.

It's gay, senseless little comedies such as this that ring the bell these days, both with the audiences here at home and boys in the service who, we bet a buck, will howl at Auer's witty tag line.

Miss Reynolds is booful and Lee Bowman, Charlotte Greenwood, John Hubbard and Binnie Barnes the best possible people to have around.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Hey, Dennis, your slip shows.

## Hat Check Honey (Universal)

**T**HREE name bands (count 'em), Freddie Slack's, Harry Owens' and Ted Weems', fail to lift this dreary little weary above the oh-for-the-love-of-Mike stage. Even the cuteness and pertness of Gracie McDonald as a so clever hat check girl and the overdone knee buckling antics of Leon Errol fail to help much.

The father-son-team angle treads the same old monotonous path with Errol the father sacrificing his all for the future of the son who makes such a hit with Freddie Slack's orchestra, movie producers near die 'til they get him. And then he walks out on them when stardust blows a gale in his eyes. Of course it takes Gracie, who writes a clever scenario, to get him back in the limelight. These hat check gals can do everything, it seems.

Richard Davis plays the son not too convincingly. Walter Catlett and Ramsay Ames are here and there—with Ames more here than there.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Who do you think will win the election?

(Continued on page 117)

*Here's the kind of important career every girl graduate dreams about!*



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## U. S. CADET NURSE CORPS

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Picture

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# Speak FOR YOURSELF



Lena Horne: She rates a strong hand from an Indiana admirer

## \$10.00 PRIZE A Word to Producers

IN some cases Hollywood has joined up with those who not only try to let the country know there's a war on, but feel they must define the word for us. I thought "So Proudly We Hail" was thrilling, but the scene wherein a dying boy asks his mother, "Where are my legs?" was not only rendered for all time by Ronald Reagan in a previous film, but was also hitting the American public with a ball bat. Maybe we aren't sacrificing all we should . . . but we know those mortars and blockbusters aren't inflicting bruises. We know blood spills—many of us have telegrams that tell us so.

On the other hand, "Destination Tokyo" was outstanding. No harrowing death scenes, nobody saying, "This is it!"—not one monologue on how we all love America and the Dodgers. Just a picturization of the story and a nice assumption that we realized depth charges weren't firecrackers, and when a submarine lies in Tokyo Bay, it isn't the same as resting on the bottom of Lake Erie.

In "Thousands Cheer" Gene Kelly squared his shoulders bravely and said, "I want to be the most important guy in the world—A PRIVATE IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES!" Did you hear the noise that went up from those seats in theaters occupied by those very same privates?

You don't have to hang a tag on war that says, "This is a nasty, bloody business." Nor do you have to label your Army privates "These are fine fellows." All you need to do is depict them as they are; we'll know they're fine fellows. But I'll bet not one of them ever HAS uttered Gene Kelly's line.

Helen Herron,  
Toledo, O.

## \$5.00 PRIZE Tribute to Garson

FOR a long time I've been thinking of the ever-expanding influence of the motion picture. Today, it really jelled.

After my daughter left for her war job this morning I went in to tidy up her room. On her dressing table is a photograph of Greer Garson. Then I remembered that she had discarded her hair ribbons when she read that Miss Garson does not wear them because of her vivid coloring. (My daughter is a redhead, too.) Later in the day while doing my marketing I came across a leaflet which tied up the importance of vitamins with a scene from the current Garson film. Tonight my fourth-grader son asked me to help him with his "homework" and there she was again. The cover girl on his school tablet!

When one woman can so successfully guide the health, education and dress of millions of people who never saw her, nor ever will see her, then—like sermons in stone—her pictures will go on building character as long as there is a fragment  
(Continued on page 106)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



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to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair  
Conditioner ... or ask your beauty shop  
to use it.

*And remember! Drene gets rid of all  
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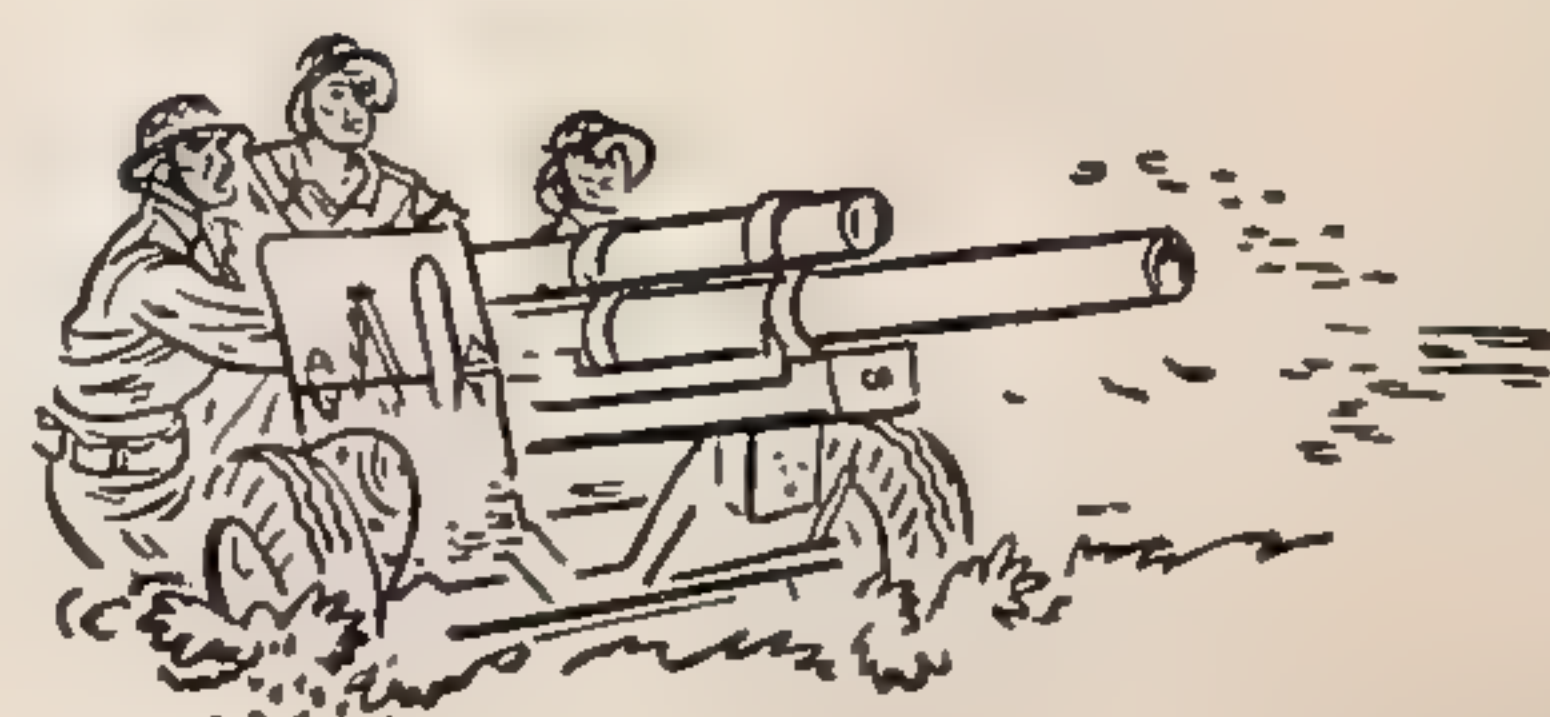
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VINCENT PRICE • RUTH NELSON • RAY COLLINS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton



# AND NOW GOOD-BY

Behind the broken marriage of Joan Fontaine to Brian Aherne lies a decision many women of today will have to make



BY JANET BENTLEY

**T**O HOLLYWOOD the surprise in the Joan Fontaine-Brian Aherne separation is not that it has happened now, but that it did not happen months ago.

They were married late in August of 1939. They separated late in March of 1944. Barely five years—five years that began on a note of wild romance and that ended on a note of tragedy.

Said Brian, when he was questioned: "This separation is not of my doing but it seems to be what Joan wants."

Said Joan, "I respect Brian more than any man I know and I would want him always to be my friend."

Discreet statements, those, certainly, and yet typical of what did separate these two who were, for a year or so, such very devoted lovers.

For Brian's statement was like him in all matters, direct, a bit bitter, but not without gallantry. And Joan's statement was like her, flattering, subtle, revealing nothing.

Now the standard act around Hollywood is to sigh over woman's plight. You know how those stories run, those yarns about the lonely beauties of Hollywood who sit home nights praying for their phones to ring, dropping large, wet tears into fragile handkerchiefs because there aren't enough men to go around.

Don't take those fables too literally. They're not true of the really attractive girls. They were certainly never true of Joan Fontaine.

But you could shed a tear, and a very sincere one, for the gentlemen of Hollywood who want wives, and yet who choose them from the ranks of talent and beauty. They want their wives to be famous and

ravishing to look upon, but at the same time they want them to be demure, retiring, adoring and full of the most delicious feminine concessions.

This is almost exactly what Brian Aherne wanted and this is what he really thought he had got, when he fell in love with Joan at first glance at a garden party in 1939.

Here was a lovely girl, to balance his maturity, a dovelike, delicious little thing who had apparently failed as an actress. She was very domestic. She could cook. She could sew. She was intelligent and lively. She appreciated fine foods and light wines.

Brian was a catch in 1939 and well he knew it. He had been a catch for some time. He'd gone with the most glittering creatures, Marlene Dietrich and Merle Oberon, for instance, to name only two of the

many. He had enjoyed bachelorhood and he preferred the stage to the screen. But Hollywood was offering him better and better roles. He had purchased a really excellent house in the best section of Rodeo Drive in the best section of Beverly Hills and at thirty-five he was beginning to think of settling down. When he met Joan, it became a conviction. He suddenly found that he had proposed and that she had accepted him and he was very happy. He didn't know then that Joan had been engaged some half dozen times before.

They were married most correctly, in the very correct town of Del Monte, at a very chic little Episcopal church and they came back to live happily ever after in Brian's house which has a classic façade and stately rows of bulbs marching up to the front door.

**T**HEY might have lived happily ever after, too, if Mrs. Aherne hadn't been such a reader. She it was who read "Rebecca" one night and next evening at a dinner party began discussing it with David O. Selznick, the producer. Selznick matched her enthusiasm for the book. He announced he had bought it, and wanted Margaret Sullavan to star in it. Joan looked more dovelike than ever, but somehow before the evening was over Selznick had arranged for her to take a test for the part, and the next thing everyone knew Joan Fontaine was in "Rebecca."

"Rebecca" led to "Suspicion" and "Suspicion" led to an Academy Award and that led to Joan Fontaine's not being introduced in many places, as (Continued on page 108)



Photoplay brings you these two exciting

# The Girl in Errol Flynn's Life



Tall redheaded Nora Eddington, Errol met her following his trial, takes her with him now to all his friends' get-togethers.

ONE of the most intriguing couples in Hollywood today is Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington. For months now their names have been linked romantically. However, in spite of the interest and speculation this friendship has created, little has been known about it until now.

Who is Nora Eddington? Where did she come from? Has love at last found its way into Errol's apparently emotion-proof heart? Or is this merely another episode in Errol's highly episodic life?

They met, Errol and Nora, dramatically enough following his recent trial. At the time he was acquitted there was, as you know, pandemonium in the halls outside the court. For an endless time he couldn't leave. Men and women milled around him laughing and shouting. There was

## BY SARA HAMILTON

a mad, hysterical scramble to shake his hand.

When, at last, it was over and Errol came out of his daze he remembered, above all, the tall girl at the newsstand. He remembered how her eyes had shone with sincere joy. He remembered, also, how when his eyes had met hers she had flushed and swiftly retreated in the surging crowd.

A friend had introduced him to this girl several days before, during a court recess. So he knew her name, found her number in the telephone book, called and invited her to dinner. That was the beginning of a friendship that has meant much to both.

Errol Flynn's personal and roman-

tic history has been peopled with many girls more beautiful and more chic than the nineteen-year-old Nora. With her straight reddish-gold hair, her fair skin, her clear blue eyes, Nora is delicately pretty rather than beautiful. Naturalness is her keynote. She doesn't care for jewelry. Her clothes are inexpensive. And she lives with her mother in a small house in an unpretentious Los Angeles district.

Nora is neither so personally startling nor so sophisticated as others Errol has known and loved in his own fashion. Her charm lies in other things, like her freshness and complete unselfishness. Perhaps it is because she demands nothing from Errol that she has brought him more peace than the high-powered girls who preceded her. When it is intimated that she (Cont'd on page 79)



exclusives of the Hollywood romance month

# The Girl in Clark Gable's Life



Gay blonde Kay Williams Clark met her at a dinner party, dates her now at the more secluded night spots in Hollywood

**J**UST about a year ago Kay Williams, one of the younger players on the Metro lot—blonde, pretty and gay—was having a serious debate with herself about an invitation to a party.

It had come from a high executive of the studio to which she belonged. It was the kind of invitation that should make a girl swoon, if it didn't also cause her veritably to reel around in circles for hours after receiving it.

Kay Williams—an almost unknown recruit to motion pictures, an ex-model who originally had gone to New York from a farm—was bidden to a dinner at which she was to be the partner of Capt. Gable, none other than the stellarly famous Clark Gable, of the Air Corps, and on the verge of departing for overseas service in Europe.

## BY ELZA SCHALLERT

Technically speaking, it was a blind date with the bells bonging. Socially, in the film town, it was an event to compare with a "command performance."

Kay's life was in turmoil at the time. She was hopelessly involved in her turbulent marriage with the rich Argentinian playboy, Martin de Alzaga Unzué, popularly known in New York and Hollywood cafe society as Macoco. It was a distressing on-again-off-again affair and Kay's life was wildly unsettled.

She never knew from day to day what she wanted to do, and so she was turning down everything of a social nature, because she didn't want to inflict the disturbed, depressed mood of her domestic per-

plexities upon anybody—least of all, she said to herself, a brilliant star and fine, purposeful officer such as Gable. Above all, she certainly didn't want their first meeting to have that sort of aura.

Though she felt she all but took her studio life in her hands when she did this, she actually summoned the courage to beg off from the party and because the executive seemed understanding of her problems, she was granted a deferment, as it were, and her apology for not attending was accepted at its full face value.

Kay was consoled, if not altogether happy. While she did not know Gable, she admired him, and she was anxious, indeed, to make his acquaintance—but under more favorable auspices. She hoped such auspices would (Continued on page 91)





Above: Skolsky typing out the copy that makes his name news. Right: With John Loder, Hedy Lamarr

**T**HERE are many girls in Hollywood who look more like Veronica Lake than Veronica Lake does. I was in the Schwabadero a few nights ago when Miss Lake was there, having a soda with Paul Hesse. Miss Lake, with her hair up, sat there unrecognized, while another young lady, purchasing perfume, was pointed out as Veronica Lake. . . .

I would rather listen to Judy Garland sing a song than any other popular singer in the country. She's probably my Sinatra. And whenever possible, I wander onto the recording stage at Metro to hear Judy sing a song over and over for a picture, and I predict that her new song, "Boys And Girls," which she sings in "Meet Me In St. Louis," will be a big hit. . . .

I could never see anything funny in Laurel and Hardy, and the allure of Dorothy Lamour evades me, no matter how many times I go to her pictures to see what she's got that gets them. It must be that I go more

for a sweater than a sarong. . . .

I have no desire to have lunch or dinner with Alan Ladd or Errol Flynn, although they are nice guys, for after a few introductory remarks, we actually have nothing to say to each other. Yet I can, and have sat at a table for hours and chatted with James Cagney or Cary Grant.

\* \* \*

Speaking of eating, my favorite restaurant here is The Players, owned by Preston Sturges. This is not to belittle Chasen's or Romanoff's, for they have certain attractions for certain moods. But I find myself going more frequently to The Players and it is the middle floor there that I prefer. It may be that this place gets my vote because of a scene I saw there recently. Humphrey Bogart was sitting in the last booth. But after I looked at him again he didn't seem to be Bogart—he was Rick.

There he was slumped in this booth, looking intently toward the door, a cigarette in his mouth. He just kept looking, as if he were expecting someone or waiting for something to happen. The place was no

longer The Players. It was Rick's place in "Casablanca." I expected Sam (Dooley Wilson) to stroll by and sit down at the piano. There was no Sam and no piano, but soon a man took over at the xylophone, which is near the bar and he started to play. He started to play "As Time Goes By" and Rick, I mean Bogart, didn't move. He kept smoking and looking toward the door. I expected Rick to turn around and shout, "Didn't I tell you never to play that song again?" I expected that at any minute Ingrid Bergman would enter. I sat there entranced, just watching, for Hollywood is a place where a movie can become very real.

\* \* \*

Is Hollywood right when it says the fans aren't interested in movies about movies? I don't agree with that and would run to the farthest theater to see another "A Star Is Born". . . . Of all the books written about the theater in the past several years, my favorite, and I have re-read it several times, is Arthur Hopkins' "To A Lonely Boy" . . . What



# for you!

Warning! This is going to be a talked-about series! In it a famous reporter whose name is a byword in movie circles will take you on his own private beat in Hollywood

BY *Sidney Skolsky*



Catching stars where most people don't think to look: Skolsky with Judy Garland on a wartime shopping tour

we need in Hollywood, the city of motion pictures, is a class motion picture theater. The big movie palace of Hollywood is Grauman's Chinese Theatre and it is a little corny, its only glamour being the footprints in the forecourt. And as Tom Jenk said, he saw a picture at the Chinese that was so bad that the footprints walked out of the forecourt.

\* \* \*

It's fun to ride in an auto with Merle Oberon, for I like the way she curls up in the seat. . . . I never see Paulette Goddard on the screen or in person without having a desire to tickle her. . . .

Are you weary of seeing Alan Hale

as a soldier, sailor, merchant marine, doing service in practically every war picture that Warners make? I vote that the studio should retire him from such active service and give him a medal for good conduct. . . . I must say that the war pictures are beginning to bewilder me, for I have seen many of the same leading men fighting on "Wake Island," then in "Bataan," and later in "Guadalcanal Diary," with more campaigns to come. This does not mean for a moment that I do not favor good war films, for I do. I do not belong to the group that advocates only "escapist" films. I have seen many of these "escapist" pictures and they must be so named because

you want to escape from them. . . .

\* \* \*

The odd and strange places of Hollywood are always fascinating. There is, for example, the place called the "Sycamore House." It is a large, rambling, barn-like house on the corner of Sycamore and Franklin, that section of Hollywood that sits non-committal between Vine Street and Beverly Hills. The "Sycamore House" is now occupied by a number of struggling actors, actresses, aircraft workers and a WAC. They live there on a cooperative basis and with sort of a gypsy camp spirit. This "Sycamore House" was started by girls and (Continued on page 78)



Shirley —





# At the Turn of the Teens

by Louella O. Parsons

This is Shirley at sixteen, confiding,  
for the first time, her delightful—and  
surprising—thoughts to a dear friend

**T**HIS is Shirley Temple's first "grownup" interview. That is, it is the first time she has ever talked with the press without benefit of Mama Temple who, in past endeavors, was not only present—but usually put words in Shirley's mouth and ideas in her curly head. That is meant as no criticism of Mrs. Temple. After two hours spent in the company of the lovely result of her upbringing—my hat's off to Gertrude. She has done a magnificent job.

But since I was the first reporter to discuss dolls with Shirley after she crept into our hearts in "Little Miss Marker" I thought it was fitting I should have her first solo interview.

Now, a talk with Shirley alone at *any* place would have been an event. But lunch with Shirley at Romanoff's, the swank restaurant of the West Coast presided over by His more-or-less Highness, "Prince" Mike, himself—was a milestone. Not only a milestone in Shirley's life—but mind you, a milestone at Romanoff's!

There they sat—the cream of the town—lunchers who tomorrow would make items in the gossip columns, including mine. At one table there was Edgar Bergen with a blonde in a flaming red dress. The Franz Werfels sat with quiet dignity in a booth near the door. Lana Turner was there—producer Nunnally Johnson, Bette Davis's director, Edmund Goulding. The place was jammed to the doors with the socialites and movie crowd who comprise the exclusive clientele.

But if it was all new and exciting for Shirley—you would never have guessed it from the poise of the slim, brown-haired sixteen-year-old. Shirley's head turned neither to the right nor to the left. But there wasn't a celebrated neck in the place that didn't crane after this charming girl wearing a simple gray sports dress topped by a gay red hat with a bewitching feather on the side.

These youngsters of today kill me. Sometimes I can hardly believe they are real. There isn't a phase of her career I haven't been through with Shirley from the doll stage at four to a spell, at twelve, when she was just on the verge of being fat and was crazy about "Gang Busters" on the radio.

She is sixteen now and has the same dimple at the corner of her mouth and the same dancing eyes. Only the golden curls have darkened to match her brown eyes. But Sixteen is a mysterious age—full of secrets and new dignity. It's both tender and terrifying.

When we were seated conspicuously in our booth, Shirley laughed, "Well, here we are!" It was all I could do to restrain an added, "Alone—at last"—but that wouldn't have been fair.

I wished from the start I could have some magic key, or speak some magic words that would unloose the real thoughts of this beautiful child. I longed to know what went on in that curly head. But in my heart I knew that was impossible. When you are Sixteen you don't tell adults what you really think. When you are Sixteen there is a wall of dignity, reserve and caution wrapped like a cloak—or a soft gray sports dress—around you. This is particularly true if you are beautiful at Sixteen.

Shirley is. She is one of those rare human beings who are born beautiful, mature beautiful and become old (Continued on page 94)



Grownup curlyhead at the xylophone.  
"The same dimple at the corner of  
her mouth, the same dancing eyes"



The beaux side of life at sixteen:  
Shirley, star of "Since You Went  
Away" at a premiere with Dale Harris





# Who is Bernadette?

What do you see when you look at "Bernadette"—Jennifer Jones and the tragedy of her broken home or what this great writer brings you here?

*by Adela Rogers St. Johns*

**T**HIS story rightly begins when someone said of Jennifer Jones, "She is Bernadette."

It was said a good many times after this young American girl was chosen to bring to life on the screen that other young girl who became a saint.

From this feeling that lay behind Jennifer Jones' great opportunity comes now a tragedy more dramatic than any other I have known in my many years of telling tales of the movie world and its people. So sad a story I wish it need never have been told, but told it has been. No mind can ignore it and no heart remains untouched by it. And so perhaps it will be better for us to talk it over to see if we can find a true answer.

The girl who is Bernadette in that exquisite and unforgettable "Song," has stated that she is going to Reno to get a divorce from her young husband, Robert Walker, whom by now you have seen as Private Hargrove.

No statement that ever came out of Hollywood carried with it quite so heavy a load of disillusion, so it seems to me. No Hollywood star ever before crashed through a dream we had built around her quite so violently, so suddenly, so heart-breakingly.

The question must be, did she herself as a woman owe anything to that dream she had given us for our comfort and inspiration in these dreadful days of war? What was the right choice for her to make when she came to that grim decision between her obligation to her own portrayal of the little French saint and her personal marriage break-up? Had she pledged herself to anything in her own life when she became Bernadette for us?

I think there can be no question that she accepted a holy charge when she walked before us as the living, breathing representation of the little French girl whose heart was too pure to behold evil and whose eyes were pure enough to see the Lady standing with outstretched hands of healing and consolation.

You see, she had to make us believe it, or we wouldn't have heard the song of Bernadette.

That was why William Perlberg, who produced the picture from Werfel's inspired book, and Henry King, who directed it with such loving care, wanted a girl who *was* Bernadette. The great actresses, the big stars, the young girls of Hollywood experience who might have played it well but who had all been seen by the public in other roles were put aside. The audiences who saw Bernadette Soubirous kneeling by the spring that was to become world-famous for the miracle she beheld there, must be a face new to everyone. It couldn't be a "performance."

Bill Perlberg and Henry King wanted to get before millions the victorious faith of a girl named Bernadette. So many a night they sat talking of this picture to be made, reading over "The Song Of Bernadette" and hearing its mighty echoes carrying on down through the ages. Simple as one of Jesus' own parables, at last belonging to men and women and children of every race and creed

all over the world. It may even be that they remembered how in the last war the Little Flower, St. Therese, had become the friend of all soldiers, of every church and faith, and of how many prayers went up from women's hearts to this simple young saint who had promised to spend her eternity doing good on earth.

I am not a Catholic myself, but I believe that the Little Flower and Bernadette belong to all hearts of good will everywhere.

**W**HILE they talked of the part of Bernadette they knew what a great part it was and that whoever played it would be a star overnight. And they were sure that the girl to be Bernadette must be untouched by the world, must have that in her eyes which would make you believe.

A gamble, of course, to put an unknown, untried actress who had never faced a camera before in such a difficult role—but it was a chance they had to take.

So Jennifer Jones was chosen to be Bernadette—for all those reasons.

I didn't (Continued on page 104)



The Walker family before fame broke it apart: Jennifer and Michael, Bob and Bobbie



*Jennifer Jones*



*Maytime masterpiece: Jennifer Jones, Academy Award winner, for her humble, moving "Bernadette"*





# IT'S LIKE THIS—

—to be Mrs. Gene Kelly

BY BETSY KELLY



The wife who talks—  
the cheerful Betsy



The baby who doesn't  
but is just as cheer-  
ful—daughter Kerry



The man in the case who  
loves them both—Gene

**T**HIS spring Gene and I were separated for the first time in the two and a half years we have been married—except for the time I was in the hospital when Kerry was born. The first night after he left I read until four o'clock in the morning. If I pretended it were daytime there was, of course, nothing unusual about Gene's being away.

When Gene and I said good-bye at Grand Central Station and he walked down that dark alley to the trains to begin the three weeks' tour of hospitals, I was very glad I had insisted upon getting up at dawn and having breakfast at the station with him. He had protested, "Stay in bed! You need your rest!" But his grin made it very evident that he was glad I had paid no attention to him.

"Don't look for letters," he warned me. "I don't know if I'll have time to write." Gene would never say he'd write every day or telephone at eight o'clock on Thursday morning. He's more unpredictable than that—and more exciting. I wasn't surprised, however, when he called me from Boston that same afternoon.

Gene's thoughtfulness and gentleness constantly surprise me. While I never thought him hard-boiled in any sense of the word, I knew he'd been around and knew all the answers. And a man like this, generally, isn't sweet and tender too.

Gene and I went together for a year and a half before we were married. During that time we came to know each other well.

Almost every night, after Gene finished playing in "Pal Joey" and I finished in "Panama Hattie" or later in "Beautiful People" we would meet at Louis Bergen's little bar on Broadway. Usually we had steak. Usually we sat until three or four in the morning talking with friends. Occasionally we went to a midnight movie. On Sundays we drove over to visit my family at Cliffside, New Jersey, for I was living in the city at the time, at the American Woman's Club.

**N**EITHER of us ever has gotten over the New York habit of staying up late. When Gene isn't working he often reads all night and goes to bed at seven or eight o'clock in the morning. Other evenings we have dinner as soon as he gets home from the studio, sometimes as early as five o'clock. Two or three times a week we go to the movies. Home again around eleven we settle down to listen to the radio, to play Casino—wonderful competition—or anagrams. Gene loves to do the cross-

word puzzle in the Sunday New York Times which reaches us on Thursdays.

We wouldn't dream of going to bed without a late supper. I like milk and gingersnaps, but Gene favors eggs and bacon. Last Christmas I gave him a smoked turkey to keep in the ice box for midnight snacks. It didn't arrive until New Year's—to Gene's great amusement. He said this saved him the money I otherwise would have spent on New Year's presents.

I'm a holiday girl, love holidays and the excuse they offer for presents. When Gene departed on his hospital tour, for instance, I wailed, "We'll have no St. Patrick's Day now!" He laughs at me; but he likes the fun as much as I do.

More than once Gene has said I thought he was a bus boy the first time I saw him, when I ran downstairs at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe and discovered him without either coat or tie.

That's Gene being amusing. I don't remember thinking anything definite, really. I had a card from Mr. Rose giving me a one o'clock appointment. "Is Mr. Rose here?" I asked. "No," Gene said, "can I do anything for you?" Whereupon I showed him my appointment card and said, "I naturally expected Mr. Rose to be (Continued on page 96)"



Gene Kelly



"...by popular choice": Gene Kelly of "Christmas Holiday," winner of Photoplay's Portrait Poll



# Scrapbook on



**In bed Livvie reads, eats breakfast and dinner, telephones endlessly to a long list of friends**

**Favorite inanimate object:** Her bed in which she spends nearly all the time she's home, from dusk until dawn. In it she reads, eats breakfast and dinner, telephones endlessly; and from it she even entertains her friends with the dignity of a drawing-room dowager!

**Pet beauty secret:** False eyelashes to bring out eyes to their fullest.

**What she can cook the best:** Boiled water—she can't cook a thing. But she can make the most delectable tea sandwiches in the Western world; such as tiny cornucopias of white bread, spread with peanut butter, stuffed with watercress. And dainty open-faced sandwiches of cream cheese smeared with strawberry jam.

**Worst faults:** Her absurd old-maid complex; she tells everyone she's sure she'll never marry. Also, her grim determination to ignore other people's opinions of her in public . . . with the result that she upsets restaurants by yelling her conversations, bossing her friends in shouts and laughing like a heavyweight prizefighter. None of this fits in with her lady-like appearance—and none of it is necessary or even natural. All we can say is, why?

**Pet hates:** Nearly all women. Men who don't tip generously. Liars of both sexes, and bores of ditto. Most of all she loathes people who try to give her advice or tell her things for her own good. Her theory is that she's the one who's living her life and people who try to interfere are generally frustrated fumbler who've made hash of their own lives and have no right to try and better hers.



**Little girl with a big appetite, she likes every kind of food from every kind of country**

**Current beau:** She'll cough and look the other way when you bring up her Number One Beau—but we know her heart's with Captain John Huston. Even though her face has been seen recently through the windshields of cars driven by writer Dwight Whitney of Life Magazine, ex-director Major Anatol Litvak and actor Jess Barker—as whose face hasn't?

**Favorite clothes:** Bedjackets—she has three dozen of them in every material and color. After them, she's poetic about a white blouse with bunches of bananas painted on the bosom and sleeves.



**Hidden in every gal's closet is a beauty secret. This is Livvie's**

**Favorite flower:** Moss roses.

**The worst lie she ever told:** She never told one, and more's the pity. When a little evasion would do the trick, she insists on telling the truth—even when it makes her out an egomaniac or a bird brain.

**Favorite food:** Tea first—and then every kind of food from every kind of country, just so it's cooked to perfection and served with distinction.

**Ex-boy friends:** Get set for a long list: George Brent, Lew Ayres, Roger Pryor, Burgess Meredith, Jimmy Stewart, Franchot Tone, Jock Whitney . . . of which Whitney and Stewart came closest to riding on the well-known white charger.



# Olivia de Havilland

Being the fascinating odds and ends  
in the fabulous life of a very fair lady

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

**Favorite role:** *Melanie* in "Gone With The Wind." Until then, she had never known what it was like to love her work—or to be flattered by her producer. David O. Selznick showered his players with baskets of flowers, fruit, wine and caviar, which Livvie loved as well as the next.

**Happiest moments:** Whenever she's flirting; whenever she's eating delicious food; and one vacation in Cape Cod after the season, when she took the name of Emmy Brown and spent a month completely away from Olivia de Havilland.

**Best woman friend:** Hasn't any. But thoroughly likes, admires and respects acquaintances Bette Davis and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

**Favorite book:** The Bible. Reads some of it every day.

**How she'll celebrate end of war:** By starting on a long trip around the world—with hiking shoes in one hand and her Airedale Shadrack under the other.

**What she wants in a husband:** He must be homely as a mud fence (that's the way she likes 'em), intelligent, sensitive, cultured, humorous—and *very* understanding.

**Pet form of entertainment:** Small dinner parties at her home, carefully planned, exquisitely carried out—with no crowds, no games. But lots of good food and conversation.

**Ideal home:** Just the one she has—small, formal yet gay; shingly immaculate; run like clockwork; and yet comfortably filled with flowers, books and candy. With a sign on the front gate: "Private!"

**Habit she's trying to break herself of:** Her dead-pan sense of humor which people take seriously; and her habit of subscribing to every magazine, from the Wall Street Journal to Rod and Reel!

(Continued on page 87)



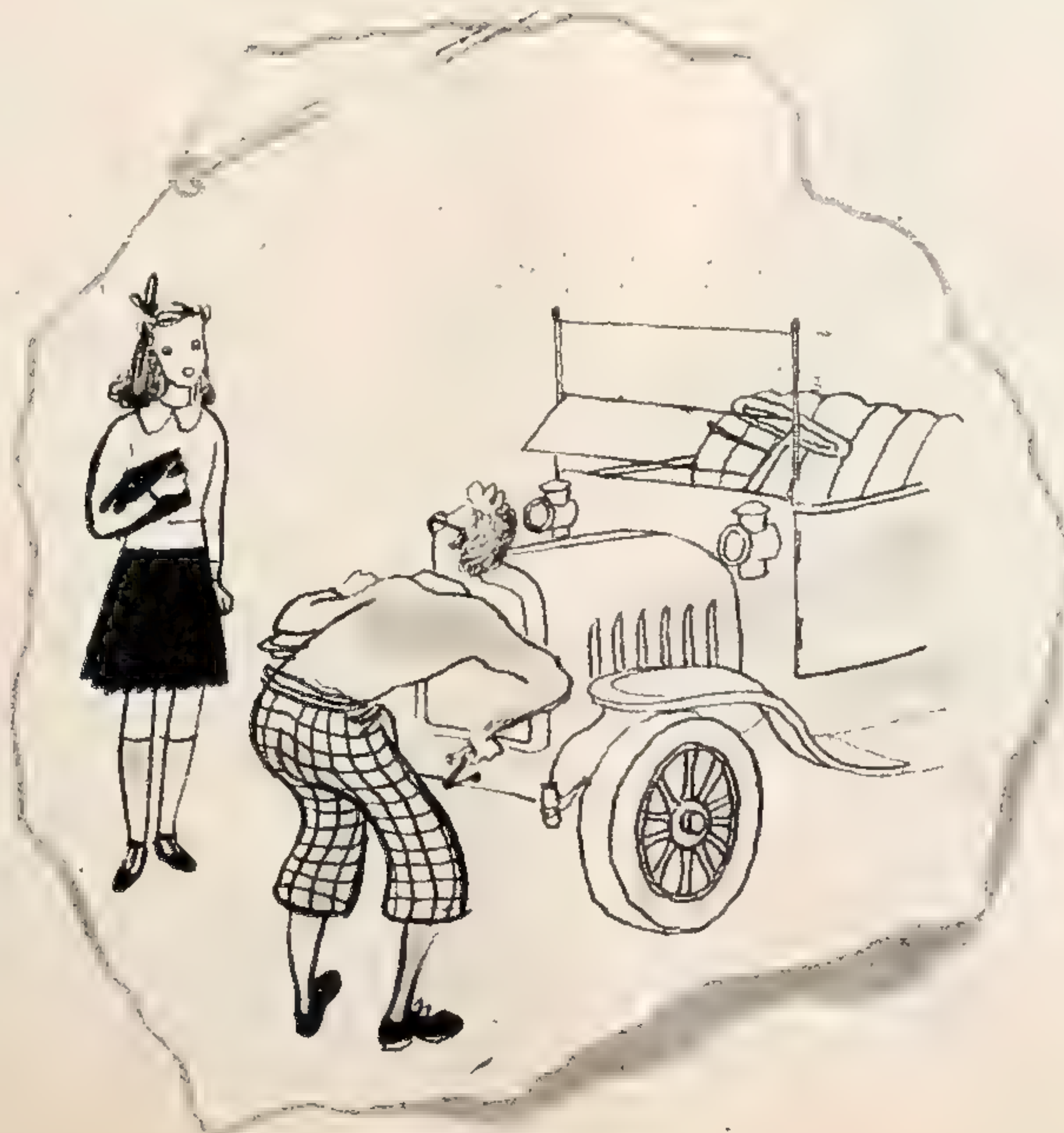
Superstitious? She is—and is always getting caught in the act.



For celebrating the end of the war she needs just this traveling equipment

**What she'd be like as a wife:** If he were just Mr. Average, she'd continue whirling through her acting career until death did them part. But if he were a man of destiny she'd drop everything always to help him in his interests and career at the expense of her own.

A moment in her life she'll never forget, marked by a thin youth, a Model T—and a query







Mary Astor; Marylyn, daughter of her early marriage to Dr. Franklin Thorpe; and Anthony Paul (Tono), son of her later marriage to Manuel del Campo



Virginia Bruce with Susan Ann and Christopher. Susan's father was John Gilbert, Christopher is J. Walter Ruben's son

# Hollywood

How wise and intelligent parents  
do they make? An impartial  
judgment by an "inner circle" friend

**T**HE Hollywood stars are advanced young women with the most modern conception of life imaginable. They think nothing of running away to Las Vegas or over the Mexican border to get married. Sensational accounts of their picturesque quarrels with their husbands frequently are the stuff of which movie columns are made.

In one respect, however, the stars—almost without exception—are as old-fashioned as Aunt Jenny. They adore children! They insist upon being mothers! If they don't have children normally they adopt them.

The most surprising woman is my good friend, Rosalind Russell. Roz always was the bachelor girl type, independent to a degree and, in an utterly charming way, a little on the hard-boiled side. You would have expected Roz—if indeed she had a baby at all—to turn her baby over to a starched trained nurse and have it bottle fed, of course. Nothing of the kind. She went through the complete business of being a mother from beginning to end, and adored it.

Apart from Roz's great love for her husband, Freddie Brisson, nothing occupies her like her baby. Lance's first birthday was much more important than anything that ever has happened in either the Russell or Brisson families. Roz had a party for him, even if he wasn't actually aware that



Daughter of a Hollywood "first family," Maureen, with her mother Jane Wyman. Her father—Captain Ronald Reagan, U.S. Army





Terry family unit: Joan Crawford with her adopted children—Christina and her new towheaded brother, Phillip Terry Junior



"Stephanie is the most beautiful baby I have ever seen!" says the author. Her mother, Joan Bennett; father, Walter Wanger

# Mothers

BY

ELSA MAXWELL

the little boys and girls who overran his house and gardens that day had come to do him honor.

Watching the children as they sat at the long table devouring ice cream and cake, Roz said, "Well, they are all little boys and girls of charming and well-known parents. When Lance grows up I will tell him his first birthday was not without distinction."

Lance, of course, will have all the advantages of the wealth Roz has amassed, plus the intelligence and clear judgment and true values she possesses.

Lance was named, you know, for Barbara Hutton Grant's son. This was a charming compliment to Barbara, who has been one of Roz's great friends from the beginning and also to Cary with whom she has made many pictures and whom she adores.

Speaking of Lance Reventlow, Cary devotes himself to him during the six months a year he spends with Cary and his mother. They ride together and swim together and have long solid talks. I always shall remember the day I found Cary and Lance in the back yard mending a motorcycle. Lance was being so careful to keep all the parts together, so not even the smallest screw would be misplaced, while Cary took the engine apart, explaining (Cont'd on page 99)



War baby, Hollywood style—Bill Jr., son of Brenda Marshall and husband William Holden, Lieutenant in the U. S. Army





# I'd like to be married to The Stars

(If I weren't already Mrs. Richard Kollmar)

A gal has to be choosey—and D.K. is! Some idyllic ideas of handy spouses to have around houses

BY

*"Dorothy" L. Gallagher*

Sinatra: He heads the list just because—well, you guess why!



Good possibility to love, honor and obey—the versatile Adrian

There's plenty of reason—and rhyme—for choosing Ameche



It's a question of rationing when it comes to picking Bing



Selected for reasons obvious to any feminine eye: Joel McCrea



Promising husband material—and a guy who should have a special Hollywood Oscar—Bob Hope

**T**HERE are no harems in the hills of Hollywood—certainly no harems-in-reverse where one jeweled Sultana presides over a large and docile group of husbands—but unquestionably, if harems-in-reverse should become stylish, Hollywood is the place to have one.

Where else could a girl with a fat purse, a roving eye and no law agin' it amass such a delicious collection of handsome, talented, interesting, useful and unusual males? Where else would it be so easy to pick up a gent who sings, a gent who swings, a perfect profile, a honeyed voice, a lad with a leer or a spouse who can sew? Why, Hollywood men have everything! I mean, if you collect enough of them they have everything among them.

In view of the times, which are so changing that anything can happen overnight (and over the taxpayers' dead bodies), I've scanned the field and decided—just in case a plurality of husbands should become suddenly fashionable—which dream princes I'd promise to love, honor and obey.

Won't you step into my he-man harem? You'll find the boys playing quoits before tiffin.

Frank Sinatra, I think, would make

quite a good husband. To begin with, any lad who has hundreds of girls shrieking in ecstasy every time he opens his mouth (whether to sing "All Or Nothing At All" or merely to say "Is this the way to Vine Street?") isn't the type to exercise a perpetually rolling eye or to be taken in by the first pretty wolf in she's clothing who makes a perfumed fuss over him.

Then, too, you know Frankie wouldn't develop into one of those gruff gents who never can put their tender feelings into words. Some husbands haven't the knack of whispering sweet nothings into the Little Woman's ear because they can't think up any sweet nothings. But Frankie could make any honey swoon on a honeymoon with just a chorus of "You'll Never Know" or "That Old Black Magic."

My idea of a right handy spouse to have around any house is Adrian—the too, too divine designer. He'd whip up something sensational for me to wear every time we went out and I'd never run the risk of seeing another girl wearing the identical model. He'd keep me suited in the snootiest suits you ever saw, give me more glamour than Lamour and, no

matter how mad my hats were, he wouldn't groan, frown, or die laughing.

Married to Adrian, I'd never need to utter that chronic complaint, "I haven't a *thing* to wear." I'd always look like an advance issue of a fashion magazine and I could be sure that if I wanted a new frock he'd never never never say, "That little blue number you got last year is still practically new—why, you've only worn it five or six times."

Besides, he has only one name to remember, and I'm so forgetful!

Although any resemblance he bears to Adrian is strictly infinitesimal, Bob Hope, as a bridegroom, would keep me in stitches too. Clean-cut, clever and one of the biggest radio and screen salary-earners extant, Bob is the type a girl could regard with plenty of wifely pride. No one would whisper, "She's married to that old skinflint," (hi'ya, Jack Benny!) or "Her husband's the kind who takes candy away from babies." Bob is never unkind to anybody (with the possible exception of his Number one heckle-target, Bing Crosby, who gives as good as he gets) and people are always raving about his untiring (*Continued on page 80*)



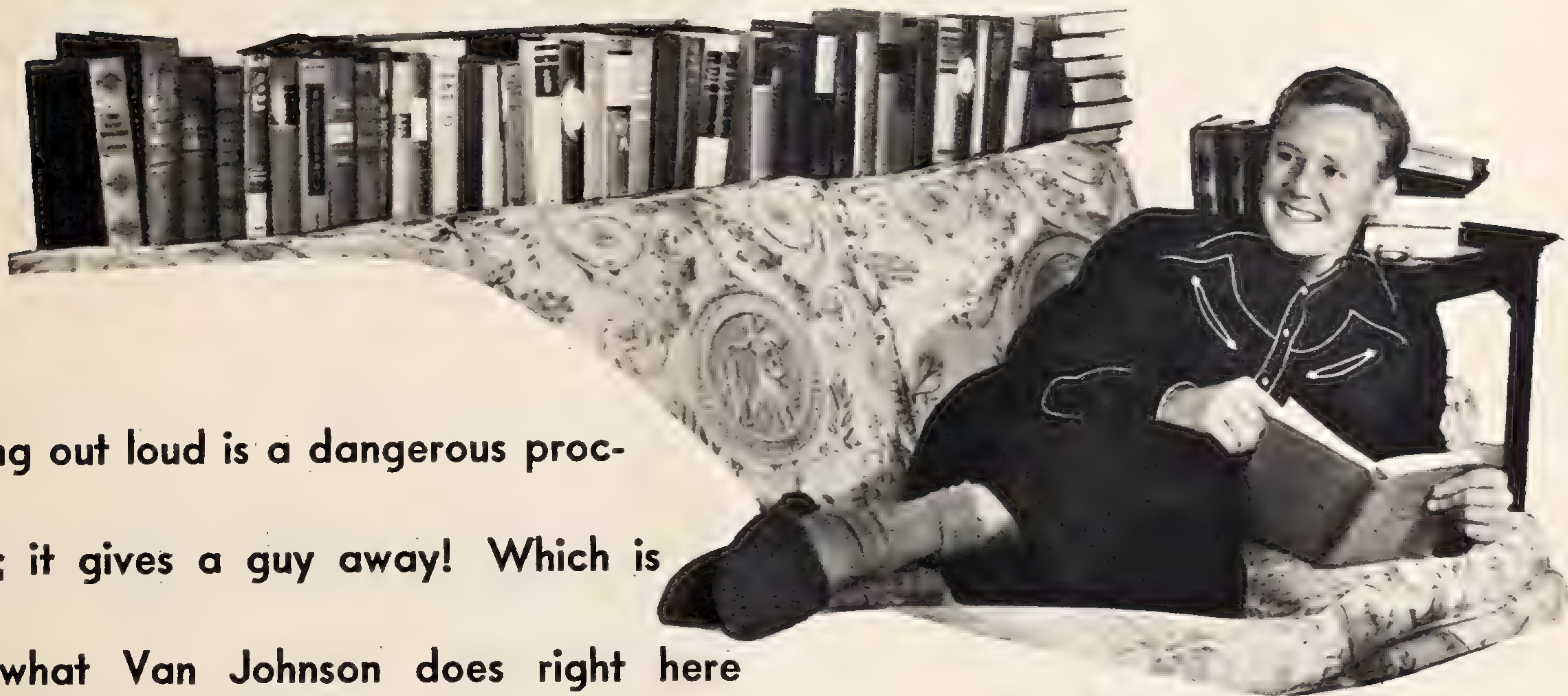
Van Johnson



*A freckled-faced, friendly sort of chap: Van Johnson of "Two Girls And A Sailor"*



# "I was just thinking . . ."



Thinking out loud is a dangerous process; it gives a guy away! Which is what Van Johnson does right here

**B**OY, what a wonderful day . . . blue sky, California sun, a swell breakfast just stowed away—and look at that mock-orange tree reaching out into a rash of blossoms over there! Days like this a fellow feels it's good to be alive . . . especially when he knows that all over the world guys who like the sun and the sky as much as he does are getting their last look at it. . . .

Maybe you feel just a bit *aliver* than most people, Johnson . . . you've still got that newspaper headline printed on the back of your mind, the one that you saw in the hospital that said "Van Johnson May Die." . . .

You've had nothing but luck, fellow. . . . How about asking Judy to the Palladium tonight, to celebrate? What a sweet gal, that Garland . . . she's so much fun. Likes to sit and talk, and watch the jitterbugs jit, the same way you do . . . same way she likes all the things you like—silly jokes, and listening to bands, and having old movies run off in the studio projection room, and fried chicken, and Chinese food at the Beachcombers. And she agrees with you about Sinatra—that he's got a swell voice, and is certainly keeping his head about him, and that this is only the beginning of an even bigger Sinatra to come. . . .

Most girls *are* nice, though. Anything they do is pretty much all right . . . anything in moderation. A fellow who's a woman-hater is a fellow who's sour on life. Even their hats are all right—when they're in good taste. . . . No one has better taste in hats than Joan Crawford and Lana Turner. Steve Crane says Lana puts

together a lot of those fancy little headpieces she wears, herself. Imagine that—although a girl really looks best when she doesn't wear any hat and lets her hair show, especially when she's got hair like Lana's. . . .

And let 'em wear all the red fingernail polish they want, too—it's nice—except when it starts to chip. All in all, girls are loveliest when they're not too dressed up. . . .

That's one place *you're* safe . . . nobody's ever going to accuse *you* of being too dressed up. Every suit you've got looks like it's worn out about nine men. For a fellow who buys his clothes the easy way, "Give me another tweed, I'm in a hurry," you'd think you'd have a wardrobe that was something beside sparse. Get any lazier about it and you'll be back to where you were on Broadway, when you had one suit and no raincoat, and a shower shrunk your only pair of pants up over your ankles. Lucky for you you've been wearing an interne suit in all those "Doctor Gillespies" and a uniform of some kind in most everything else. . . .

That flyer's uniform you're wearing now is the one you *really* want to live up to . . . what a pleasure, playing Captain Ted Lawson, the fellow who dood it for Doolittle! Lying in the hospital, reading "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"—and living every page of it—you used to think, "Gee, I feel so close to that guy—even if my own injuries came from just an accident and not from serving my country, like his did. What a part that's going to be for whoever plays it—"

Then, your first day back at the studio, doing a scene with Greer Gar-

son for "Madame Curie," there was that flying captain with the row of ribbons on his chest, watching you. It was a good omen, but you didn't know it. How could that straight, dark, quiet fellow be the hero of Shangri La? And only twenty-six, with all he's been through and accomplished—makes a lot of us guys look like we've been standing still. They're going to let you play him with your own hair and face—because Lawson is a sort of symbol of all the fellows who are up there fighting it out for us in the sky, and some of them have red hair and freckles, like yours. Or maybe somebody took another look at that "Crime Doesn't Pay" short you made once, in grease paint and dyed black hair and a mustache . . . ye gods, you were the worst crime in the picture!

Some of the scenes will be done in San Francisco . . . and maybe you'll have time to go sit in the Top o' the Mark again, and watch the sun go down behind the Golden Gate, and the dark descend, and the lights come on like a string of golden beads on Treasure Island—and maybe a destroyer will slip quietly in to lie like a big, gray shadow in the bay. New York on the side of a hill, that's San Francisco—beautiful, but water is always beautiful, and so is a ship, and so is a fine horse. . . .

You wouldn't think a fellow who grew up with the Atlantic almost lapping his doorstep would be a push-over for the Pacific, too . . . but oceans are no more alike than people, they've got personalities and moods all their own. . . . (Continued on page 110)



Bette Davis



*A woman praiseworthy: Bette Davis of Warners' "Mr. Skeffington"*



# Save Those Tears!

The weeping willow's out of date! In

her place—girls like Bette Davis who are using

this precious formula to banish loneliness

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

**W**HEN Arthur Farnsworth, Bette Davis's husband, died suddenly and tragically a few months ago, Hollywood, grieving with and for Bette, wondered, apprehensively, how she would stand up under such a shock. She had been working at high speed and under tension for a long time. She had made a second, strenuous career for herself in war work. She had recently endured some nerve-wracking personal experiences of which only the people closest to her had been fully aware, and now this final, stunning blow. How could she possibly come through it without some serious collapse of nerves or health or poise?

But Bette did come through it. After the first paralyzing shock was past—when she began to see and hear and breathe again—she began dauntlessly to piece her life together, to resume her place wherever she felt that she was needed. She went back to the Hollywood Canteen and she returned to work at the studio with the same quiet, absorbed efficiency she has always shown at her work. No stranger in either place could have guessed that here was a woman whose life had recently been torn asunder.

When someone asked her to talk, for publication, about her so-recent grief, she said, quietly, "Millions of women are enduring or facing the possibility of just such breaks in their lives. I don't see that I can add anything to what they all must be thinking and feeling. I only know that we mustn't waste these emotions. We must save those tears."

Bette knows a lot about courage. She has learned about it from hard experience. She, herself, thinks she has learned still more about it from brave people she has known.

A very dear friend of hers, a girl in New England, whose husband had been in the service for three years and had spent most of the time overseas on dangerous duty, told her, "It's true that I have a constant awareness of danger. But I think I



Sure cure for those empty "little days" in the Davis life of

today: Treating Hollywood Canteeners to a birthday cake

got over the actual *shock* on the day I first knew he was going. Now if anything happens, I shall have a sort of mental cushion. I'll have known all this time that it might happen. I won't say that I am prepared for it. No one ever is. And it wouldn't lessen my grief. But it would lessen the stunning, paralyzing impact of bad news . . . the fact that I've known that it could come.

"You see, I've learned how to take small shock, small griefs. I've learned to look them in the face and not give in to them. If the important thing does happen . . . I shan't have to give in to that, either. I've—well, I've almost trained for it. We simply can't afford to have casualties on the home front as results of casualties in battle. We'd nullify the effect of what our men accomplished in those battles!"

Telling of this, Bette said, "I know

she is right and I admire and revere her for her clear thinking and her courage. She made me realize that you can prepare yourself, condition yourself for shock and grief and disappointment. You can begin with the little, everyday things and presently you will grow strong and you will know that nothing can ever defeat you, however dreadful it may seem when you face it. Perhaps I knew it . . . really . . . before. But she put it into words for me."

**B**UT Bette learned some important lessons about courage and about not wasting emotion a long time ago. She relates, "When I look back on my early days in Hollywood it seems to me that life was a jolting succession of shocks. It seemed to me then, as I guess it always seems to very young girls, that it was so terribly important (Continued on page 102)





This might be "Colorless Cary"—Grant, before he learned how to be "alive"

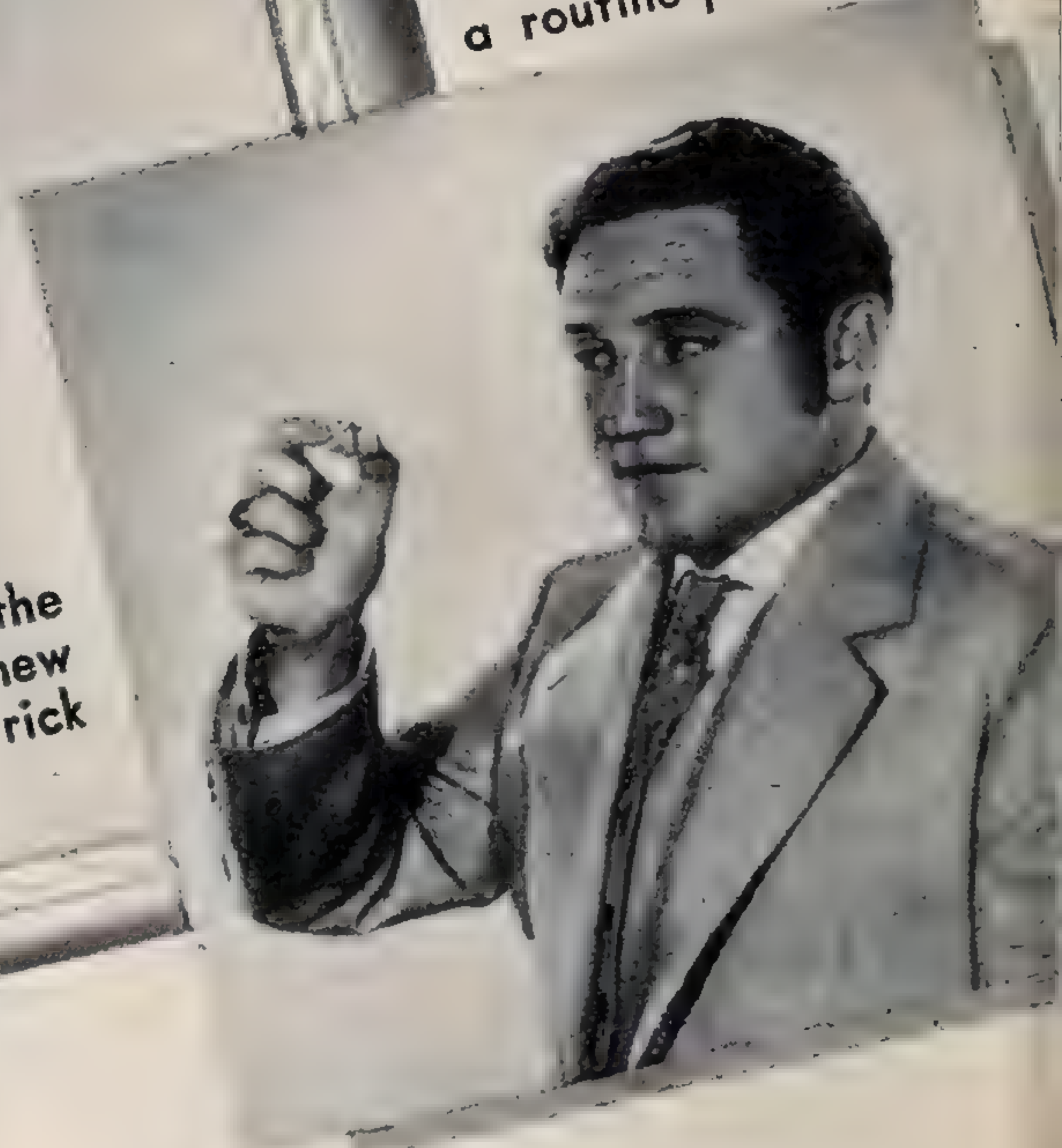


The Dunne smile is famous today. This was Irene in a routine-personality era



You need gestures—but not the kind young Ginger Rogers used!

Spencer Tracy in the days before he knew the "natural" trick



# This Is *your* Test

Take a looking-glass look at yourself. If you aren't satisfied with that re-

**E**VEN though a Hollywood player is an outstanding star I make tests to determine if he or she is "right" for the part. For no star living can play all types of characters—no matter how great an artist. But many stars are capable of interpretations unlike anything they have before attempted.

Thus we developed qualities for *Kitty Foyle* that Ginger hadn't used before; qualities for *Lou Gehrig* that Gary protested weren't in his make-up and a calm philosophy for *Mrs. Chips* unlike anything the emotional Greer Garson had ever played. And our tests proved that Ingrid Bergman possessed the charms and emotions that *Maria*

must have in "For Whom The Bell Tolls."

Tests also prove that stars have possibilities they don't suspect. Casting Ann Sheridan in a part in "Kings Row" that demanded the finest shades of dramatic and sympathetic acting was considered daring by many, foolhardy by some. But our tests had uncovered Ann's hidden talent and I was confident she would perform as she did—outstandingly.

If stars have qualities and possibilities unknown to them and to those who work with them, imagine the undiscovered assets that must lie hidden in the average individual—in every reader of these lines.

Many movie hopefuls—and not a few men and women in other lines of work—have asked me how they can test themselves to discover their possibilities and their faults. Especially how they can judge and develop their personalities.

To test a girl for a contract, a studio makes a film record of her so its talent scouts and casting director can study her assets and liabilities.

She is carefully analyzed and, so to speak, taken apart and re-assembled by these experts. They are interested in what she has learned about acting, but far more interested in her natural possibilities. They study her general ap-





Success as a personality—the Ingrid Bergman of today, the vital kind of person you can be

flection, start reflecting on this—a wonder-working formula for a New You!

pearance, her carriage, her grace or lack of grace, her poise, her ability to wear clothes. They are very much interested in her voice and her mannerisms—because these are vital parts of her personality.

You can do to yourself and for yourself what those studio workers do for young talent. You can, in other words, test yourself. Here's how to do it.

Get a camera. A movie camera is, of course, best—but a cheap box camera will do. Get as many of your friends in a group as you can—yourself among them—and take some pictures. Several, at different angles, showing the group doing different things.

## BY SAM WOOD

Director of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

When you get your prints, study them carefully.

Who stands out in the majority of the pictures? *That person has personality.* If it is a girl; why does she stand out? Is it because of her beauty? Her carriage? Her poise? Her animation? Her clothes? Her smile?

If it is her appearance; what is most striking about her? Why? How do you rate in the group? Are

you one of the two or three drab individuals who are just "also there?"

Look at your school pictures. What is the matter with most of the faces you see there? Colorless? Or would you say they just don't seem to have *live* personalities? Can you sense animation when you look at them?

Now get a copy of your favorite movie magazine. Look at a group of movie starlets pictured there. You have a feeling of personality—of "sparkle" when you see them. That's why they are under contract.

Some of those girls were born with that sparkle, with the animation you (Continued on page 75)



# If you were

The Goddard living room: Uneven ceilings, fireplaces, books, richly colored paintings—and brilliant petit-point motifs hand-embroidered by the mistress of the house



**Y**OU'D find yourself in a house that reminded you of a gay Christmas basket crowded with fascinating presents from all over the world. And indeed, Paulette calls it her "Trophy House," so you wouldn't be far wrong! It's as un-Hollywood a house as you could imagine in Hollywood—and as full of Paulette's personality as a light switch is full of electricity.

It doesn't look like a basket, of course. It looks like a small cream-colored French Provincial house with dark green shutters and matching shingles on its turreted roof and it's half-submerged in a brown California hillside. In the growing twilight, it's so much a part of the landscape you'd have missed it if you didn't know that it was only a block off Cold Water Canyon Road in Beverly Hills. You'd walk up a flight of cement stairs beside the garage—and suddenly find yourself in an oak-tree-shaded garden on so

many different terraced levels that it looks like a series of outdoor rooms. Then you're at the front door and being received by an efficient colored maid named Blanche—and you're promptly in Paulette's living room.

This is one of the most warmly attractive rooms you've ever seen—and at first glance you think it's a long room with an uneven ceiling and two fireplaces, one at each end. Then you realize that one fireplace is really in a bright, book-lined alcove at one end of the living room, while the second is in the dining room at the other end. But the wide dining-room doors are flung permanently back to make it part of the main room—and besides, it doesn't look like a dining room. You finally realize why it doesn't—and in that realization you have your first example of Paulette's originality: The dining table and chairs are pushed over beside a big window, instead

of standing in the orthodox center of the room.

Naturally, the crackling fire lights up what looks more like a sitting room—in spite of the old silver gleaming on the side table and the rare pieces of china on a long wall rack. All three rooms are painted an off-white, too; and all three are studded with richly colored paintings—by such masters as Braque, Utrillo, Renoir, Dufy, Rouault and, of course, Diego Rivera, the great Mexican artist. His famous painting of Paulette in a shining white dress, with an Indian girl behind her, hangs over the doorway into the dining room, a startling magnet to your eye the minute you've entered.

You are interrupted here by Paulette's voice calling gaily from somewhere upstairs, "I'll be right down! Hold everything!" You yell back, "I'm perfectly happy," and go on looking in growing enchantment at her living room. Like the dining



# Paulette Goddard's house guest

... you'd acquire a lot of glamorous ideas—what to wear, how to live gaily—and when to dare to be different!

BY ELEANOR HARRIS



Decorated to match the living room is the dining room with chairs and tables by the window. Above: Paulette and her mother



In a Beverly Hills canyon across from Olivia de Havilland's: Paulette's French Provincial house. Below: A pot-bellied stove graces the playroom's green brick hearth



room, its rug and drapes are pale green; and its personality is due to its paintings, a lavender print oversized circular couch, a long low bookcase full of books and some pale yellow chairs. Books make one wall of the alcove, too, and above its white brick mantel is a painting of Paulette's New York farm buried in snow. You will discover that books, paintings and fireplaces are in every room in her cozy house.

Now there's a quick patter of rope-soled sandals on the narrow little flight of stairs that come down into the alcove—and here is Paulette herself. She's wearing her brown hair piled on her head in a swirl of curls, and she has on a crisp Mexican cotton blouse and a giddy little cotton skirt with lots of ruffles—hitting her well above her famous knees. But what really gets you is an enormous bracelet studded thickly with green emeralds the same shade as her (Continued on page 72)



# "My Most Unforgettable

It may be "your man" over there whom



## GARY COOPER:

"My whole trip overseas was unforgettable! As to thinking in terms of high-lighted events, well, I guess you could classify a whole lot of little unimportant incidents as 'unforgettable moments.' They were such things as when one of the boys came up to me after one of the shows we put on, grabbed my hand and said, 'Thanks for coming to see us.' Another time was when we landed at the airport on one of the islands and a whole group of the boys met us with trinkets they had made themselves, apologizing because they couldn't buy anything for us. Or when a patient in one of the hospitals we visited gave me a little souvenir he had made out of a Jap Zero. Just little, casual incidents like these are the unforgettable moments."

*All photographs courtesy of U.S.O. Camp Shows and the Hollywood Victory Committee*



## INGRID BERGMAN:

"It is hard to choose one single moment out of so many on my trip to the camps in Alaska, but there is one I will remember for many a long year, and that was on Christmas Eve. We had come to Anchorage to give our regular show. If anything, there was a special feeling in the hall—a sort of mental exhilaration as if each of us was responding to the lift of the audience itself. Dinner in the mess hall afterwards was made as Christmasy as possible. In the evening we tramped through the snow back to the hall which was again packed with soldiers, their faces lifted to the stark stage, empty except for the chaplain sitting at the battered piano. Their voices poured out to us as we slipped through the doors. I shall never forget 'Silent Night' as it was sung that cold Alaskan night."

## NELSON EDDY:

"Everywhere I went, I was deeply impressed with the fact that the soldiers expected the best type of music that each kind of entertainer had to offer. They didn't want 'Pistol-packin' Mama' from me, but rather—'Danny Boy,' 'Sylvia,' as well as 'Ave Maria' and arias.

My most unforgettable moment—well, just before one of the G. I. shows we put on, I was asked to visit a local hospital. As I was leaving the wards, after shaking hands, one of the boys yelled: 'Hey, Mr. Eddy, will you sing for us?' Believe me, I was on the spot, with no music, not even a broken-down guitar available, and I never sing without accompaniment! Well, I felt that if they would bear with me I could bear with the situation, so I did! I had a great time walking through the wards singing their requests. That was a new experience—just another instance where our boys gave me so much more than I gave them."





# Moment Overseas<sup>99</sup>

one of these stars will always remember

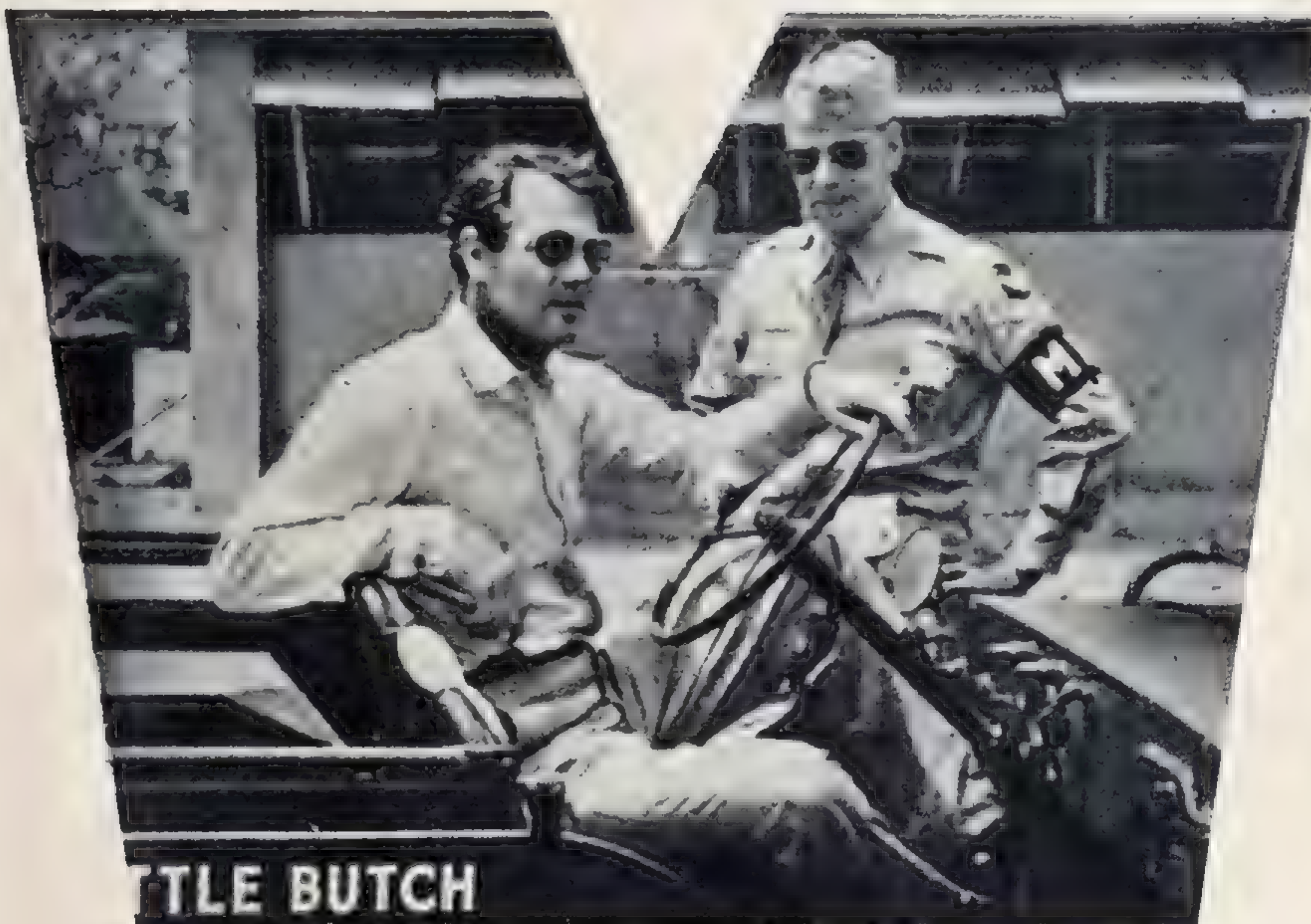
## ANNA LEE:

"I shall never forget the bleakness and desolate appearance of Ascension Island, a tiny Atlantic military outpost, really just volcanic rock without a blade of grass, nor the reception I received there. Some of those boys had been stationed on that lonely spot for nearly two years and I was the first woman they had seen in that time. All they wanted was just to stand and look at a woman. The afternoon that I arrived a group of boys came up to me and one of them said, 'Please, Miss Lee, would you mind just standing there and taking out your compact and comb and mirror, and going through that old routine our girls used to do . . .' Soberly, I went through the little make-up ritual, and they took turns directing me, telling me just when to do what. I suppose a bystander would have thought it a very funny sight. To me it wasn't; later I went to my quarters and cried."



## JOEL McCREA:

"There were two unforgettable moments in my overseas trip. In a hospital over there a kid was writing a letter to his girl and asked me if I would put in a couple of lines for him. He apologized for the scrawly handwriting and said, with a kind of a grin: 'Just getting used to writing lefthanded,' and pointed to his empty right sleeve. That's courage to my way of thinking. Another time, I was beginning to feel a little bothered about being jammed into planes whenever I traveled, but after nineteen hours of this one particular jaunt, I changed my mind. You see, General Donovan was on that plane too, and he was just as uncomfortable as I was, but he read three books, outlined them, dictated letters and was ready to go on to Cairo when we landed, fresh as a daisy. And I was complaining!"



## MARTHA O'DRISCOLL:

"I had never before realized just what it meant to those boys stuck 'way up there in some of those far-North outposts to know that a girl from Hollywood was coming up there to see them, until I visited a hospital in one of the particularly isolated regions. They had taken all the colored paper they could possibly find, plus some that the Red Cross had sent up, and decorated the whole hospital as gaily as possible. They presented me with a gift. I have it in my bedroom today. It is a basket of red roses, the most beautiful red roses I have ever seen, and they were made by those wounded boys out of anything they could get their hands on—the basket from an old medical supplies can, the flower-holder from an empty adhesive tape spool, and the roses were fashioned out of scraps of paper from the decorations. I shall never forget the moment they presented them to me."







Maureen O'Hara, star  
of Fox's "Buffalo Bill"



# "I'm waiting for my baby"

Thoughts like these are always very personal.

But this is one time they must be shared—with all those  
other wartime women who are waiting too

BY

Maureen O'Hara

I AM waiting for the most important moment in my life. I am waiting for my baby.

"Waiting for my baby" . . . that has a thrilling, a strange sound. Thrilling because it's something I once thought I'd never be able to say. Strange because it makes me look at my heart as if for the first time and what I see amazes me. And makes me proud.

It's hard to put into words what I think of myself now. About all I can say is that once I was conscious only of a mind and of a soul that directed me to do a job. That told me how to play a part. How to make the most of my life—materially. But now, that is all changed. It's no longer my mind. It's my body. I am aware of that body. I am aware of the power it holds. It's a kind of spiritual awareness, a reverence, because within me I feel the gentle movement of another body. Gentle . . . and yes, firm. But life all the same . . . a life I'm waiting to see.

Today, I know the completeness of being a woman, a warm human being.

There is much that is different now. There is a responsibility. A responsibility to a dream I once cherished, a dream that is soon to be a reality. There is a duty I must perform. A duty that shall be my honor and my pride to perform the rest of my life.

How much difference a few months, a year or two, can make. It seems long ago now when I thought there'd be no baby for me—ever. Yet the past has faded to make way for the future. All I can remember

now about that time in yesterday is the feeling of bitterness I had. A keen sense of loss. A bewilderment. And as my mind travels back, I remember, too, how much closer my husband has been to me since then, even though he has always been so much in my heart. I never knew how much until that morning when I was being wheeled down the corridor to face a serious operation. My mind was hazy . . . it was going around in a foggy dream . . . yet I kept calling, "Will! Will!" I was searching for him—subconsciously. And when I was being taken to the oxygen tent so that my life could be saved, only Will could make me get inside that tent. It was he who gave me courage.

But that was the past; this is today.

Oh, the talks Will and I had after I left the hospital—and continued to have for months. They were all about one thing . . . we must have a baby. Maybe he was hesitant about my taking a chance again. But I wasn't afraid. Everything in life for me focused on my determination to have a baby. No risk was too great. I know that Will and I became too anxious. But what else can you do, what else can you feel, when you want something so badly? What else can you do but insist that a dream can be made real?

It all seemed hopeless for a while. We began to talk about adopting a baby. And yet I was still bitter. I remember going to a party given for a friend of mine who was expecting a baby. How proud I was of her! How envious! How empty and miserable I felt inside myself be-

cause it wasn't happening to me!

That party! That was when I fell down a whole flight of stairs, falling so hard that I knocked the handle off the front door when I landed. I don't remember the terrific pain that stayed with me for five and six weeks now as much as I think of what that fall could have meant.

WHEN I had recovered, I remember noticing that I had put on weight. Too much, I thought. So I began going to Turkish baths to steam the pounds off. And I was massaged. But I didn't seem to lose any weight. It was then that I wondered—if it only could be!

The nurse looked so pleased when I came to the doctor's office. She smiled so knowingly. I knew what she was thinking.

"I'll bet you a dollar you're wrong," I told her.

"I'll take the bet," she replied and ushered me into the doctor's office.

I never was so glad to pay any debt as when I gave her the dollar. The possessive thought of "We will have a baby" was no longer a thought. It was a reality.

Naturally, I called Will. He was at the Marine camp. Those hours waiting for the call to get through . . . the time I had to wonder how he'd take the news. Imagining what he'd say. And then the ringing of the phone and "Hello, Maureen?" I had so much that I had planned to say, but my only remark was, "Will, you're going to be a father." I expected that stunned silence that followed—husbands act that way, I understand. (Continued on page 85)





Hi, Hody!

Laying down the welcome mat for Hodiak, the "Lifeboat" guy with that "rugged" look

BY KAY PROCTOR

**P**RETTY him up as you will, John Hodiak, the rough-and-ready guy of "Lifeboat," manages to remain the rugged type, much like Bogart and with the same dark charm for women.

On first meeting Hody seems nervous, tense and overly cautious. As he gradually relaxes it is evident this tension springs from one great desire—to avoid at all costs the criticism other rising stars have aroused when public attention focused on them suddenly.

Good taste is one Hodiak god. The son of a Ukrainian factory worker, he is utterly real and sincere, and phonies and front are anathema to him. "If it is necessary to pretend you're something you're not to get ahead out here, the heck with it, I'll go back where I came from!" he declares. His friends know he means it and that he'll always be "just a guy," come what may in the way of fame and fortune.

Currently Hody is living in comparative modesty in a two-room apartment in Beverly Hills—a kitchen and a large living room with a bed which lets down from the wall. Frequently he cooks his own dinner from cherished recipes of his mother's (he learned to cook, wash and scrub in those depression days when he and "Pop" did the housework while Mrs. Hodiak was away at work), and while he is not antisocial, he keeps to himself reading, or "chewing the fat" with close friends.

"Apparently it strikes people as odd that I stay away from night clubs and big parties out here," he says. "The truth is, I haven't been asked to many big parties and, as for night clubs, I got my fill of them in Chicago when I first began to earn the kind of money that made it possible to go. When I first came to Hollywood I went to Mocambo and Ciro's and the other places I had read about so much. I was as

A bachelor ("Just haven't found the right girl yet"), Hodiak teams with Lana Turner for "Marriage Is A Private Affair"





John prefers a good book at home to a glamour girl at a night club

curious as any tourist. But once my curiosity was satisfied I had no particular desire to see them again."

Hody admits it is a little unusual that he still is that *rara avis* these days—a bachelor.

"Just haven't found the right girl yet," he says. "Twice I thought I had found her, but each time she married the other fellow."

He doesn't intend to stay a bachelor—it's a lonely life and he loves home and kids—and falling in love might happen to him again any time. "Maybe tomorrow. Who knows?" he ventures.

Children, incidentally, are crazy about him; he has a great feeling for them and knows how to play with them on their own level.

Likewise he has a great feeling for women, always remembering to light cigarettes, hold coats and open doors.

Why hasn't this handsome and successful bachelor in Hollywood been seen squiring the glamour girls? The explanation of that is fairly simple: Many of the glamour girls have a tendency to take the aggressive and six-foot Hody is the kind of guy who wants to be the chaser, not the chased.

But for a fluke, Hody might still be among Hollywood's unknowns. In 1942 Metro made a test of him in New York in a scene with the fine colored actor, Canada Lee, and as result of the test signed both to contracts. Thrilled beyond words to find himself in Hollywood with the security of a contract, Hody was a little abashed at his first role—one of the mob in "Stranger In Town." He had exactly one line to speak, the equivalent of "They went thatta way!" Actually the words were, "Who's the girl?" After that came the part of a Nazi spy in "I Dood It" with Red Skelton and then the trifling role of a middle- (Continued on page 89)



He used to melt scrap for movie money; now he owns his own co



Hody does a scientific job of washing his socks



## "Favorites" of favorites — by special



Private Rick Kenney of Camp Stewart, Ga.

Far left is Lana Turner looking beautiful—and domestic. She's knitting a sweater, size 40, at the special request of Private Kenney. He wanted to see Lana caught in the knitting act by Hymie Fink's camera



Sgt. William Carroll, of Port Jervis, N.Y., now in Italy

Signalman third class John Regan, Pelham Bay, N. Y., now in the Navy



John, interviewed at N.Y.'s Stage Door Canteen, was date-minded, decided he'd like to see his favorite star, Linda Darnell, pictured in a "nice evening dress" opening the door of her house to greet him



From way "over there" Bill wrote Photoplay that it had been a long time since he'd seen an American girl in the good old gesture of putting on her make-up. Above: His favorite Ann Sothorn complies



## order of our service men and women

Henry thought "Casablanca" was a swell picture and Ingrid Bergman really something. So his special request was to see a picture of Ingrid looking just as she did (far right) in a film he'll never forget

Pvt. Henry Smith, of Woodhaven, L. I., stationed in Illinois



Seaman first class, U. S. Coast Guard, Henry Giamona, of Chicago, Ill.



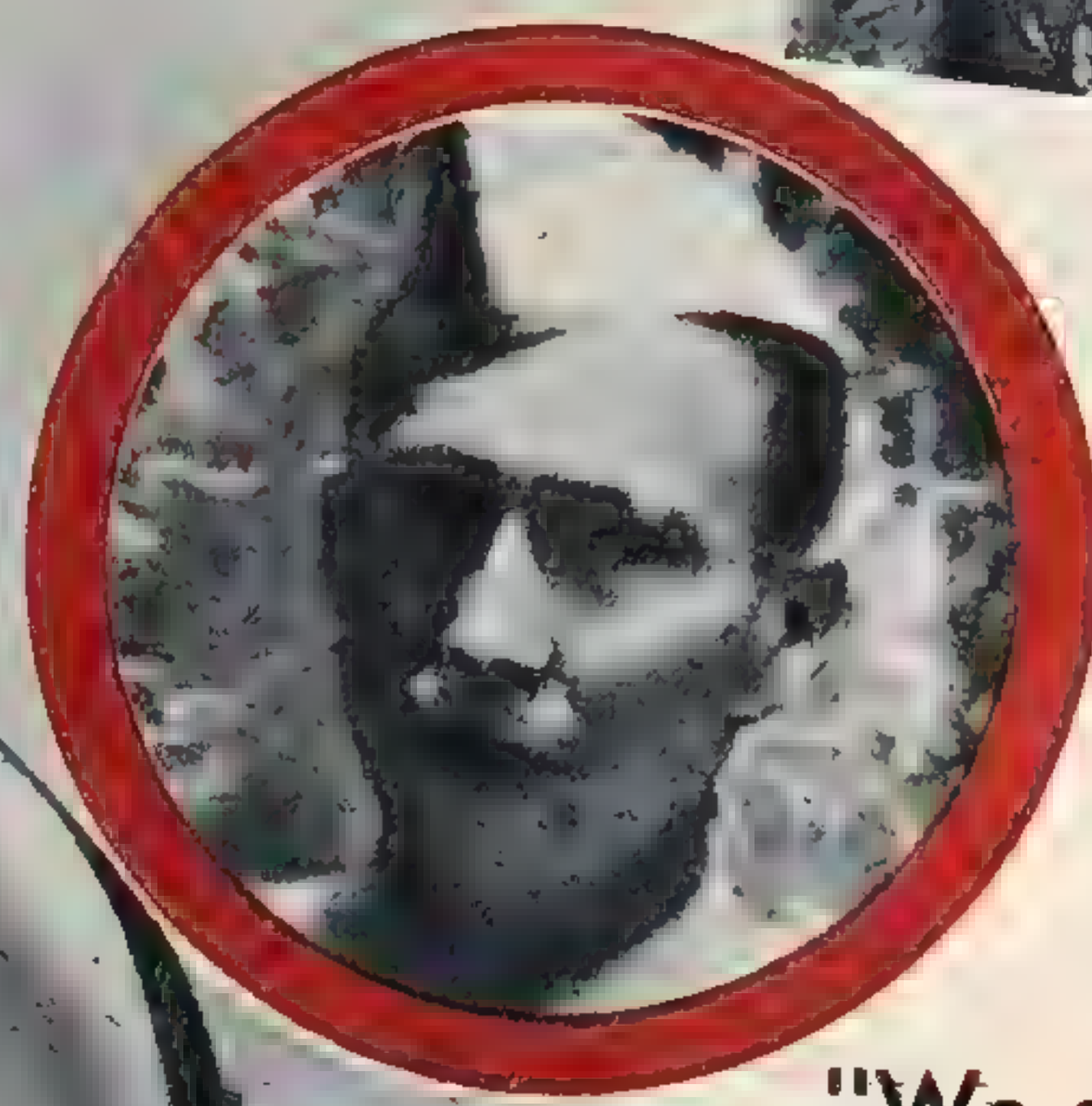
Hit by a German shell at Salerno, Henry was awarded the Purple Heart. He has a sister back in Chicago and he wanted to see Shirley Temple, whose brother is also serving, having a swell typical American time reading the funnies



If you are a man or woman in the armed forces and want to take part in Photoplay's Command Performance, write to the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. C., telling exactly what you would like to see your favorite star do.

Photoplay's cameraman Hymie Fink will take the picture of the star if possible; it will be reproduced, together with your picture, in Photoplay and the original picture, autographed by the star to you, will be forwarded to you at the address you give the Command Performance Editor. A copy of the issue in which your requested picture appears will also be sent to you as a Photoplay gift.

Be sure to give your rank, complete name and address and to enclose a picture of yourself if possible.



Staff Sgt. Randall Jordan of Dallas, Tex., now in Ariz.

"We derive more pleasure from reading Photoplay than you know," writes Randall. He likes the magazine—he also likes Ann Sheridan and he wanted to see a picture of her in a bathing suit. Here is Miss Sheridan—per specifications—for Staff Sgt. Jordan



# The truth about

Here's how Hollywood stacks up  
on the "bright" side of the picture

Betty Hutton:  
Minus book  
larnin' but plus  
something else

EVER since the days of gold bathtubs and pearl swimming pools up to the present time when Hollywood has pulled itself up by its mental bootstraps, the question of how bright the stars really are has raged back and forth. Those close to the town and tinged with its way of life have hotly contended the brains in motion pictures were colossal, whereas the cynical intelligentsia throughout the land have inferred the scope of a star's conversation was limited to Daché hats or the latest golf score.

So Fearless has undertaken the ticklish job of doing some straight-from-the-shoulder reporting on the I.Q.s of the stars.

The anti-Hollywood faction would probably take some satisfaction in the case of a popular juvenile star. Expecting to be tapped by the draft, he decided to make a bid for the Air Force. He studied aeronautics and had a course in calisthenics. When test time came, he passed on all counts with the exception of "Current Events." Slightly humiliated, he tried again and made the grade.

But the Hollywood defenders would say that he is a lad of eighteen and that it isn't a fair gauge of Hollywood's I.Q. to expect an eighteen-year-old to be up on world affairs.

Let's take a strictly adult case. Greta Garbo was having lunch with an author who had just completed a book on Adolf Hitler. "What are you going to call it?" Greta asked him. "I think," said the writer, "that 'Mr. Schicklgruber' would be a good title." "Why?" asked Miss Garbo, who was

Deanna Durbin  
used to be one of  
the most intelli-  
gent. Today?

Alan Ladd: How  
true is it that he  
owes his career to  
wife Sue Carol?



# the stars' I.Q.'s

BY

*"Fearless"*

probably one of the few adults in the world who didn't remember that Schicklgruber is Hitler's real monicker.

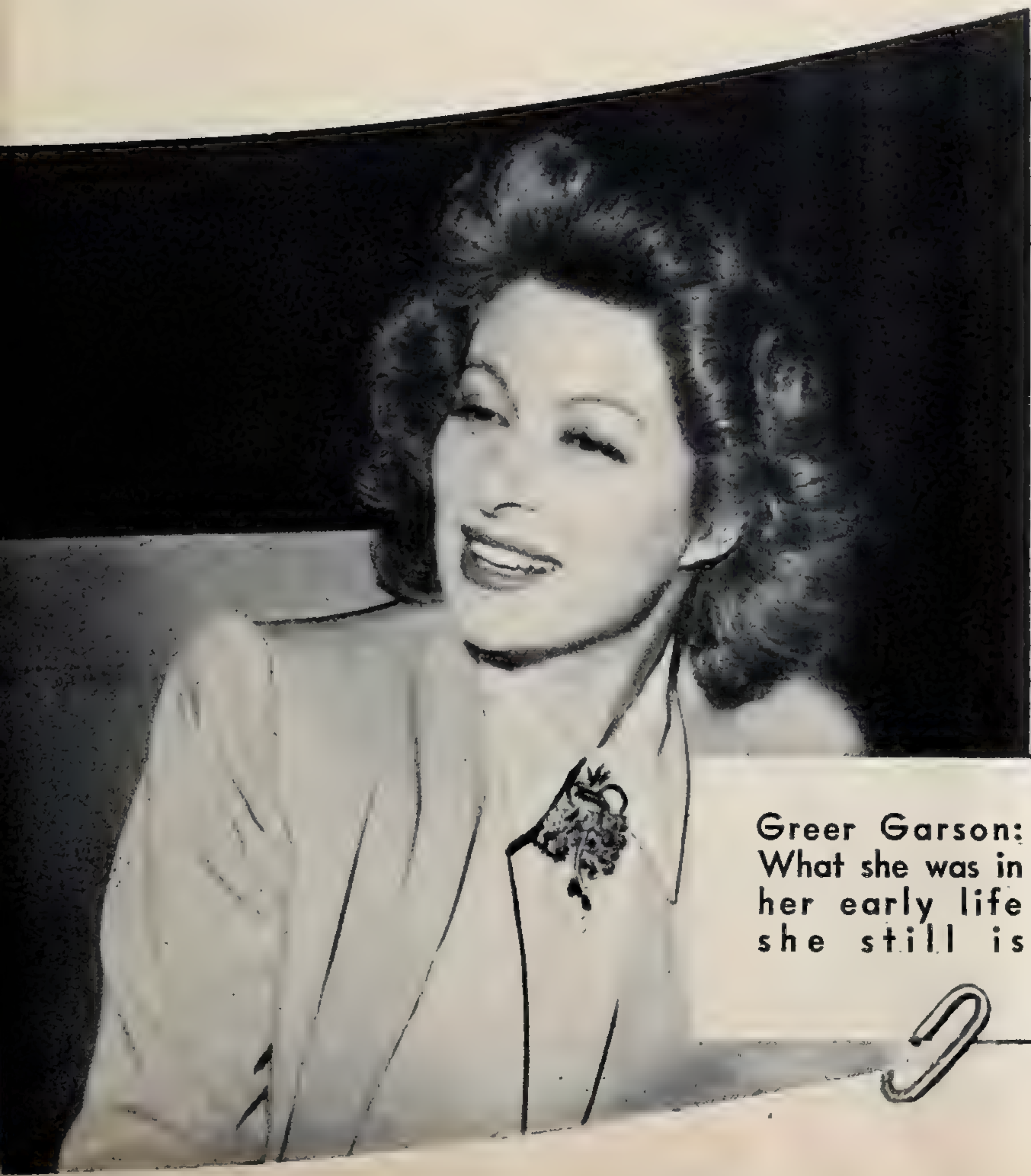
Are these two instances a true indication of the stars' I.Q.s?

The spotlight swings across the field and focuses on Lieutenant Commander Bob Montgomery and Orson Welles, two gentlemen who are no mean contenders for mental honors. They may not be the "intellectuals" they consider themselves, but you have our word for it that neither one need ever take a back seat in a mental joust with a bona fide member of the intelligentsia. They are keen, aware and eminently well informed on current events.

Also in the front ranks of the male section of the Hollywood brains department is Gilbert Roland, who has a broad knowledge of music and philosophy. Reginald Gardiner's familiarity with music and the arts—also Basil Rathbone's—is hard to top anywhere. Cary Grant, while of lighter calibre than the others, has a wide-awake knowledge of what goes on in the world today. Lately Cary has taken an increasing interest in music and painting which is due to his art-loving wife, Barbara Hutton.

Take Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. You'd guess Bob to be the brighter of the couple who are like the tortoise and the hare—Bing being the tortoise. Bob is quick. Bing is slow, but Bing reaches the winning post a little ahead of Bob. Bing is the only person who can top Bob with a quick line, and that's not bad for a crooner with a poker face and an easy drawl.

Bob Hope:  
Quick, but not  
always first at  
the winning post



Greer Garson:  
What she was in  
her early life  
she still is



Judy Garland:  
She's in the  
same category  
as Betty Grable



Bob rarely knows how much money he has in the bank. He leaves that sort of thing to his brother Jack. Bing has two brothers handling his numerous affairs, but he holds the strings himself. Recently he gave a thousand dollars to the Community Chest drive. A local newspaper publisher had a temporary "hate" against Bing and sent one of his men to see the actor with a demand that he give another five thousand dollars.

Bing was warned by a friend. When the man arrived on the set where he was making a picture, Bing greeted him warmly, casually mentioned that he had given fifteen thousand dollars to various charities in the past three months and then said suddenly, "And by the way, you can put me down for another thousand for the Community Chest." With that voluntary donation, he left the gentleman who had come for five thousand with the wind taken out of his sails.

With the possible exception of Rosalind Russell, Claudette Colbert has the highest I. Q. of any female (or male) star in Hollywood. It doesn't do the rest of us so much good as it should because Claudette is not exactly a conversationalist. But everything Claudette touches, she absorbs. She knows almost as much about medicine as her husband, Doctor Joel Pressman, and if you insist she'll tell you what to do for any ailment, after which she usually apologizes for "practicing without a license."

Only once did Claudette act like a dumb bunny instead of the smart, polished woman of the world that she is. She laughs about it now, but at the time she was so mad that she heaved a bottle of champagne at the head of a publicity man! Fortunately for the latter's head, the bottle was made of cardboard. And that was why Claudette was angry.

As a stunt for "Skylark," Claudette was to christen a T.W.A. transport plane with the name of her picture. To be sure that the bottle would smash, a breakaway bottle made of candy was to have been used. Instead, the publicity man brought a fake bottle of cardboard. When Claudette whacked this on the airplane, it bounced back and hit her on the head. That's when she threw it at the p.a. Nevertheless, Claudette is still high in any female I.Q.

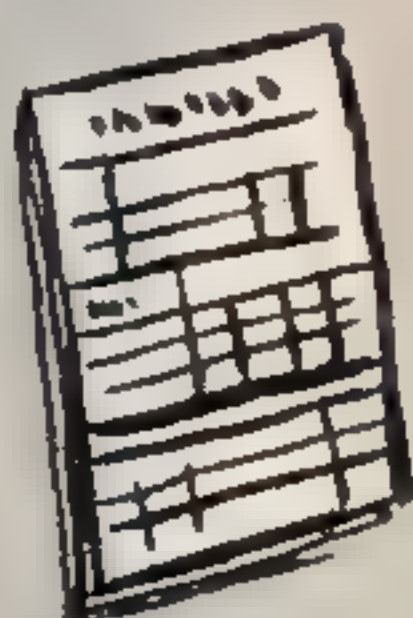
To go back to Rosalind Russell, Roz knows her way around the labyrinth of politics and keeps a weather eye wide open for the underdog. But that's not all. She reads and assimilates every book she can cram into her active schedule. It would be interesting to sit Roz down (if she would sit that long) and make her do a general-knowledge I.Q. test. Failing that, she should be a guest on "Information Please." Some of the Hollywood stars have not done so well on this. Roz would certainly bring up the batting average. And she's not above making a fool of a

## CUT IT OUT!

Word to the wise homemaker: Pin this up in a prominent place in your wartime kitchen

**ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN**—especially in this coming canning season. Do you know that there was serious damage to persons and property last summer just because home-makers did not know enough about canning? Don't let yourself in for trouble—keep these points in mind—

**FIRST STEP:** Keep explicit directions for your special canning equipment before you; be precise about following them.



**BE SURE:** That your hands are clean. You may follow directions to the letter and then infect your own food if your hands aren't clean.

**FOR TOMATOES AND FRUITS:** Use the boiling water bath method.



**FOR MEATS AND ALL OTHER VEGETABLES:** Use only the steam pressure cooker. Be careful of oven canning—it does not give safe processing to meats and non-acid vegetables and is slow and unsatisfactory for fruits and tomatoes.

**PACK HOT:** The Government authorities caution against cold packing of food.

**DON'T PUT TOO MUCH IN THE JAR:** Waste and accidents result from cramming too much in your containers.



**IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE:** Write to Ruth Van Deman, Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C.

working reporter. At Santa Barbara, when she and husband Fred Brisson were planning their marriage, she told reporters, with a face innocent of guile, that she was up there for the swimming. And they believed her!

Betty Hutton, the dynamo of mirth and merriment, never had the advantage of the backgrounds enjoyed by either Roz or Claudette.

At fourteen, she left Michigan for New York and fame on the stage. So disastrous was the experiment that a kind producer gave the scraggly-looking kid her fare money back home. Betty returned to Broadway later and made the grade in "Panama Hattie." But the fact remains that La Hutton had little formal education. For all that, her I.Q. is higher than several stars who boast of college educations.

Betty is a shrewd little trick. She has taught herself how to judge and sum up the people she meets. She was able to put that small finger of hers unerringly on the weak spot of the marriage of a girl friend who had been in show business and given it up for marriage and a baby. "She thought the baby would fill her life," Betty told Fearless. "But it didn't. She's unhappy and making her husband unhappy because she still wants a return to glamour and a career."

In Hollywood, they say that Alan Ladd owes his career and fame to his wife and former agent, Sue Carol. And it is true that when she is in the room or within seeing distance of Alan, the handsome screen menace follows her with his eyes and takes his conversational cues from her. But Fearless was with Alan once when Sue was in another room. An insurance agent was high-pres-suring Alan to buy a policy he didn't want. Alan was polite, but deadly firm. "I must refer you to my employers," he reiterated to the agent's importunings. Don't believe a word you hear to the contrary—Alan can take care of himself in the mental clinches.

Deanna Durbin used to be one of the more intelligent of the Hollywood younger set. She was a studious, quiet girl with a definite leaning toward home life. She read a lot and studied music many hours a day. It was her misfortune to be Universal's biggest money-maker, which is a polite way of saying that she took the studio out of the red into the realm of prosperity.

So they built a fence around Deanna, kept her from contact with the world and life. A person as curious and naturally intelligent as Deanna could not stay inside that fence forever. And she stepped right over it with the break-up of her marriage to Vaughn Paul. But don't draw swift conclusions. This is fundamentally a sensible gal. Let her have her fill of dancing and fun. Why shouldn't she? She's young, she's pretty, she's famous and she's served her term in (Continued on page 111)



*Photoplay's  
Bridal  
Fashions*



*Bride beautiful: Evelyn Keyes, bride of Charles Vidor, in pearl-trimmed ivory lace*





Smartly sophisticated, gaily practical—this going-away suit of black lightweight wool worn by Evelyn Keyes of Columbia's "Nine Girls." To make it different—a halter-top gilet of vivid Cupid print in shocking, green, white and yellow, with a wide sash and dashing bow. The traveling hat—a Daché beret studded with gold stars and eagle





For teatime . . . for dinner—a light blue dress printed with  
little men on horseback glittering with red and gold sequins. All  
three outfits worn by Miss Keyes from I. Magnin



# JUST MARRIED

Two big-moment dresses  
with small price tags,  
chosen by Sigrid Gurie,  
worn by Marge Pemberton



From Eugene, Oregon, came Photoplay reader Marge Pemberton, met star Sigrid Gurie of "Voice In The Wind." Result of their combined shopping efforts—a bride's dress with bodice of white satin, a skirt of net appliqued with satin flowers, a sweeping net train and a flattering fingertip veil with nosegays of orange blossoms

Wedding dress: Sizes 10-20; about \$40. Veil: About \$20

To go off with your new husband whether he wears khaki, blue or mufti—a print bolero that looks for all the world like a suit but is one-piece. Pearl buttons trim the front; there's a great bunch of white violets on the shoulder. To top off this smart-travel idea—a tricorn beret with pearl buttons spotted on it and a big bow at the back

Dress: In luggage and white, gray and white, green and beige or aqua and toast. Sizes 10-20. About \$22.95

Hat: In brown, navy or black, \$8.98. All other colors, \$10.95

PHOTOPLAY'S  
*Star-Maker  
Fashions*

For a list of stores  
where these fashions  
are available  
see page 120





"A big advantage we Cadet Nurses have is that the course in most schools has been stepped up . . . twenty-four to thirty months, where it used to take three years. If you are still in training when the war ends—and if you have at that time been enrolled for 90 days—you get your full course just the same."



"The Cadet uniform is so smart! It's for outdoor wear, and I don't think there's a better looking one in the women's services; but I'm glad it's optional. It is nice to get into an honest-to-goodness dress now and then to remind yourself, and the boys, that you're a girl after all."



"Of course, I want to get married; but being a nurse doesn't mean that I can't. There are lots of chances to meet nice men, and there's free time so we can have dates. In many schools, a girl can marry while she's still a student."



"Nursing's the war job with a future! There are so many opportunities—as an Army or Navy nurse, a public health or industrial health nurse, in child care, orthopedics, psychiatric nursing . . ."



*"I signed up the very week I graduated"*

"I guess just about every girl has thought at one time or another that she'd like to be a nurse. Now 65,000 girls like me are getting the chance this year . . . the U. S. Public Health Service is paying our way. Tuition and fees, room and board and uniforms—all are free . . . and we get a monthly allowance besides."

## Free training with pay in the U.S. CADET NURSE CORPS



"I like my school—the work is so fascinating, it's such a comfortable, pleasant place—and the girls are fun. You're allowed to choose your own nursing school, you know, just as though you were going to college."



"It's a nice feeling for a girl to know that she's doing her part in the war, for even a student nurse is soon able to help release nurses for other war service. I love children, and can't wait to help with the new babies."



"Our allowance keeps me in spending money very nicely. It starts at \$15 a month, then jumps to \$20 after nine months, and it's at least \$30 after twenty-one months."



**Can you qualify?** Are you between 17\* and 35? High school graduate or college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Then mail the coupon today. \*Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.

### Mail coupon for FREE booklet . . . giving information about

the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps . . . and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

P. S.—You girls who are entering your Senior Class in high school next fall are eligible to become Cadet Nurse Pledges if you qualify. Mail the coupon.



U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps,  
Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.  
Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

Age \_\_\_\_\_ High school graduate? \_\_\_\_\_

Graduation date \_\_\_\_\_

High school graduate this June? \_\_\_\_\_

High school senior next fall? \_\_\_\_\_

Present occupation, if any \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



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\*Matching fingertips and lips by

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Fashion's favorites among all the Revlon colors  
today. Right with the season's costume colors...  
right because they reflect your exquisite taste...  
and right, above all, because of that  
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\*And, of course, Revlon's  
new "Wind-Milled"  
Face Powder in 8 glorious  
shades to harmonize.





# What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Candid, plain-speaking advice from a woman who is  
able to understand even these unusual situations

**DEAR MISS COLBERT:**  
I am nineteen, a high-school graduate, "disgustingly healthy" (the doctor says) and I am trying to decide whether I should go into essential war work, or go on to college and train for a peacetime career.

There are two jobs for everyone now in war work, the War Manpower Commission says. Yet I know that it takes a good education to get a good job. I know I am going to get that college education someday. Regardless of when, I will have to finance it myself. Should I work now, and save my money in bonds maybe, to help me through school? Or should I go on with my education now?

When peace comes there are going to be a lot of girls finding themselves jobless, and sorry they quit school for a paycheck. I don't want to be one of them. But then, neither do I want to go gaily off to school, contributing nothing more than a pint of blood twice a year to what is my war as much as it is Eddie's. (He's my marine.)

Would you mind giving me your ideas on this subject?

Incidentally, my mother (who died when I was three) was Italian, and my dad is Irish. That accounts for my strange, mixed-up name.

Milan O'M.

**Dear Miss O'M:**

Your "strange, mixed-up name" strikes me as being very pretty, and one of which you have every right to be proud. One of the most wonderful things about America is the fact that a girl or a boy can have one parent of one nationality and one parent of another, thus inheriting the fine traditions of two peoples and adding them to those of the States.



Miss Colbert, star of "Since You Went Away," answers letters from Photoplay readers

*As for your problem, I believe this might work out well for you: Why not take a job for a year and save every single penny you possibly can. I am a great believer in a year's practical experience in the world between the sheltered life of high school and the academic existence of university life. I think that year's interim gives the average student a perspective and a practicality that can't be obtained otherwise.*

*Furthermore, if you work a year and so prepare a bank account against which you can draw for your first year of college, you will also be in a position to adjust yourself readily when peace comes. By working now you will be*

*helping your country, and when there are fewer jobs—by going to school and so withdrawing from the ranks of workers—you will be helping your country again.*

*I do hope this proves to be useful advice for you.*

*Claudette Colbert.*

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm writing to you to see if you can help me. I'm twenty-six years old and married to a man twenty-seven. We have been married eight years and we have three children, two girls and a boy.

My husband has always been good to me; he isn't a man who fusses or finds fault. Perhaps I'd enjoy it more if he ever paid any attention to me at all. He just sits around and has nothing to say. He reads and smokes, comes into the house and goes out, gets up in the morning and goes to bed at night with never a word to anyone.

But just let a pretty girl—like the local school teacher—show up, and you should see how much fun he can be. He can pay her compliments, and make jokes. Not that I blame the girls, you understand. They have nothing to do

with it, and it isn't any particular person who brings out his gaiety—just any stranger.

When we married, I loved him with all my heart but he has cooled my love because of the difference he makes between me and any other woman.

Can you think of anything for me to do to keep our marriage from being ruined?

Mrs. Claire B.

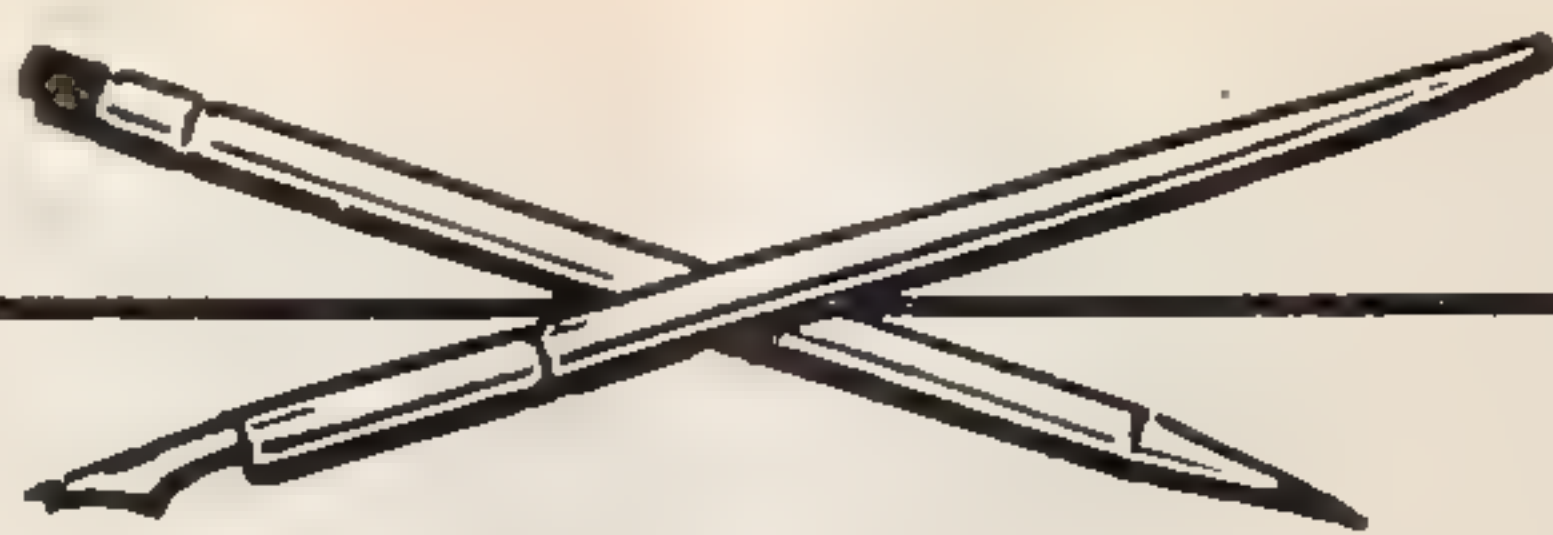
**Dear Mrs. B:**

*Frankly I think you are letting your husband down. Your husband obviously needs pepping up and he seems only*



If you wish the personal advice of Claudette Colbert on any problem in your life, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, California. If your problem seems to her to be a universal one, she will answer it here.

If you have written Miss Colbert and her answer has helped you, write to her and tell her about it. To the writer of the most sincere letter in this "How I Solved My Problem" series, a \$25 War Bond will be awarded. The winning letter this month appears on page 83.



to get it from strangers because visitors always put on their company manners and try to be lively and interesting.

It has been my thought that men want gaiety in their women much more than glamour or beauty. This seems to be lacking in your make-up, or you have forgotten.

Naturally it is hard for a woman to do housework all day, take care of three children and be a bundle of charm at the day's end. However, that is what man has expected of a wife since the world began—and if you love your husband and want to keep him it would be worth the effort to try this.

You are looking for happiness in your marriage, and your marriage seems to be a good one, except for this one fault which you say is your husband's. I think it is partly yours also. Try to be gay and interesting when he is home. It will work. Good luck to you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a woman of thirty-eight. I have five children, the oldest a girl eighteen. My husband walked out on us five years ago, but I have managed nicely. I have always been a good manager; I have a way with clothes, and I have always been an excellent cook. I was born an optimist, I guess, because I always manage to look upon the bright side and to bring out the best in myself and in others. I am now divorced, so quite free.

Here is my problem: Recently I met a man who came to visit my daughter. She didn't happen to be here when he arrived, so I welcomed him and we sat in front of the fire and chatted. When my daughter finally arrived and called me "Mother," this man laughed and said he had thought I was her sister—in other words, my second daughter, who is thirteen months younger.

Naturally I was flattered, but put the statement down to this man's great tact. However, during the following week he telephoned me several times during the day—apparently just to talk.

Then, repeatedly, he insisted that I accompany him and my daughter to a movie and afterward have a soda with them. It had been a long time since I had had such a good time, or had laughed so merrily.

One night my daughter told me that she was in love with this chap and planned to marry him. He has been rejected by the Army because of a slight foot malformation. It is so slight that one couldn't call it a deformity, but it would have made rigid military duty impossible. I had a strange, hollow feeling at her announcement, but agreed that he was entirely eligible.

A day or so later, this chap called at our home in the afternoon and told me that he wanted to marry me. He insisted that he had not asked my daughter to marry him, but that he had begun to suspect that she was overly fond of him, so he had decided to resolve our relationship. When I talked this situation over with my daughter, she said nothing, but it became clear that she despised me—a thing I cannot stand.

Perhaps you are thinking I am a bit of a fool to confess that I am in love with a man considerably my junior. However, my mother was fourteen years older than my father and they were devoted.

The important thing is that I don't want to alienate my daughter. Have you any suggestions to make?

Appreciatively yours,

Mrs. Jeanette N.

Dear Mrs. N:

First of all, I don't think you at all foolish for confessing your love for a man younger than yourself. Some of the happiest marriages in the world are between persons who are not to be judged by usual standards of age. Years are like skis: Some people handle them skillfully and look graceful to the end of the run, while others crack up on the first sharp turn.

In your case, it isn't the time element that is to be considered, it is the relationship between you and your daughter. Years ago I made a picture called "Imitation Of Life" in which much this same problem arose, al-

though the man in the case was a contemporary of the mother's.

In that picture, the mother was wise enough and strong enough to tell the man to go away for a time; to let things work out gradually without violence.

I think that is your only solution. Tell the man that, if your love is really as fine and enduring as you believe it to be, it will stand the test of separation.

Your daughter's love and respect are obviously paramount with you, so you must do nothing to jeopardize your relationship. Whatever you do, don't tell her that she is experiencing only puppy love. She has a right to expect as much respect for her emotions as you do.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I wish to drop you a few lines for some good advice. I'm sure you can help me a great deal. I'm a soldier eighteen years of age and I've now been in the Army for three months.

When I left home I said good-bye to one of the sweetest girls in the world. I'm really in love with this girl and she says she is in love with me. BUT, she also loves a great pal of mine who is in the Army in Texas.

Before I left, she promised to marry me when I come home again. The other day I received a letter from this boy friend of mine and he told me that she had promised him the same thing.

Honest, if I don't get her I don't want to live—that's how much she means to me. Please tell me what you think of all this.

Private George B.

Dear Private B:

One of the reasons I chose your letter to answer was the fact of its being typical. Not only does Photoplay receive many hundreds of letters from girls who compare notes and find that the same boy has made love to both, but a good many boys make the identical discovery.

This doesn't mean that most men or most girls are fickle. It means that, particularly in war time, everyone tries to spare the feelings of others. There have been (Continued on page 82)



*it can  
happen to you!*



This can be you on your vacation, looking so divine in a new Jantzen and feeling like a million dollars net. "Coquette Flare" is Velva-Lure on the dreamy side with white pique edges...9.95. "Beau", the streamlined proposition, is also Velva-Lure but patterned...5.95. Both have marvelous Jantzen bras!

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS...AND BRING HIM HOME SOONER!





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FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



Because of this dainty, carefully designed applicator, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

## If You Were Paulette Goddard's House Guest

(Continued from page 51) eyes. She's laughing warmly at sight of you (Paulette is always laughing) and she rushes forward to shake hands. Then she pauses at a floor lamp, carefully takes off her sandals and parks them there, and from now on she's barefoot. "I always leave my shoes here!" she explains as if every household has a lamp by which people park shoes.

Right here the telephone rings and Paulette runs to answer it. She begins laughing into it, and says, "Of course, Jinx—come right over!" and then hangs up and tells you, "You'll just have time to get washed up." Then she rushes you through the dining room to a door which reveals a long, narrow hall leading off to her one guest room—in a wing by itself.

THERE'S a huge custom-built bed with a brown and white checked spread and, on either side of it, handily, are tables with books, cigarettes, lamps and a French telephone. The bed is backed by pale bleached maplewood and there's a modern desk of the same wood with built-in bookcases in it. The walls are white, the rug green, and the gay windowseat and easy chair are in yellow . . . but, as always in Paulette's house, the room's essential personality is made by its brilliant paintings—two of them, and both by Diego Rivera's wife Frieda. You duck in and out of the trim white dressing room and bath, and then you follow Paulette back through the long hall, the dining-living-and-alcove rooms, and down another hall which winds up in a playroom such as you've never seen in your life.

Like all of Paulette's house, its warm originality delights you. In the green brick fireplace, instead of a fire, stands a tiny pot-bellied coal stove—with a small pair of coal tongs beside it. A gay rag rug is tossed on the pine-knotted floor and in one wall you see a red bar with glass trays of glasses behind it—but the most prominent thing in the room is a huge curved green-and-white plaid couch with a great low coffee table before it. The coffee table is red. Carelessly mingling in the room are such nonmatching trophies as a slot machine, some 2000-year-old tiny Aztec figures of clay, stunning Tou-

louse-Lautrec posters, tables fashioned from French drums and a gaily ridiculous white-and-red director's chair made out of canvas, with "Paulette" written in red paint on the back-rest.

A second later Jinx herself has blown in, followed by two soldiers—and you are all sitting on the green plaid couch, talking. While Jinx and the soldiers are playing the slot machine, you tell Paulette how impressed you are with her ideas in her house, and she replies that the truth is she loves homes. This is only one of her homes—she also owns a stately mansion in Suffern, New York, and a six-room house in Acapulco, Mexico.

All the time she's talking, she's drawing a needle in and out of an exquisite petit point she's working on, with a formal liberty bell pattern. "This," she says, holding it up, "is for my New York farm." Then she tells you that she's made thirty petit-point cushion covers, fire screens and chair seats . . . she did five cushions in the living room, from designs by Diego Rivera. "I always work on petit point when I'm talking to people at home," she says, "and always knit sweaters on the set." Which is how you find out that Paulette never wastes a minute of the day . . . since when she's alone, she's reading. She has read every one of the thousands of books in her house—trying to catch up with all the learning she missed as a growing girl. She left high school when she was fourteen, after all, to become a Ziegfeld Follies girl.

YOU are about to ask more about her life, when Jinx and the soldiers have to leave for a dinner party; and the minute they're ushered out, Blanche announces dinner and you and Paulette sit down in the firelit dining room to a delicious dinner. Everything about it is expected—soup, roast lamb, salad, green peas, coffee and hot apple pie—except for two things: There's a pitcher of orange and lemon juice on the table and Paulette drinks three glasses of it during the meal; and instead of potatoes, you have rice with the lamb. Rice is Paulette's one food obsession—she has it for breakfast with cream and sugar, and for lunch and dinner with butter or gravy.

Paulette's guest room has a huge bed with brown and white checked spread, white walls on which hangs a painting of an Indian woman by Diego Rivera's wife





After dinner, you can't help asking to see her bedroom—since this house has you completely fascinated. She promptly ushers you up the narrow stairway, past a gay little yellow-and-white balcony overlooking the living room, stocked with a telephone, couch and (of course) book-cases—and then down a hall to her room.

It has French Provincial high ceilings and the walls and roof are painted in a soft, pale gray. Covering the entire floor is a white rag rug. The wide double bed has a gray chiffon spread which drapes over the floor; and the chaise longue and dressing table are in pale gray-and-white gingham checks. The dressing table is set into a bay-window alcove, which alone is papered—in a chartreuse floral pattern. And—here comes Paulette's originality again—there are two empty hatboxes on top of two gray wardrobes, covered in the same chartreuse wallpaper. "Just to tie the alcove in with the rest of the room," says Paulette. The mirror above the marble mantelpiece reflects her gray writing desk—and picks out a gold fountain pen with a circle of tiny diamonds around it.

That reminds you of her fabulous jewelry, and once you've mentioned it, you've seen it! To match the emerald bracelet she's wearing, there's an emerald necklace, pin and two pairs of earrings—one of which she wears in her ears and the other pinned to a headband matching whatever dress she's wearing. She has similar sets of jewels in rubies, diamonds and sapphires—undoubtedly the loveliest collection of stones you've ever seen.

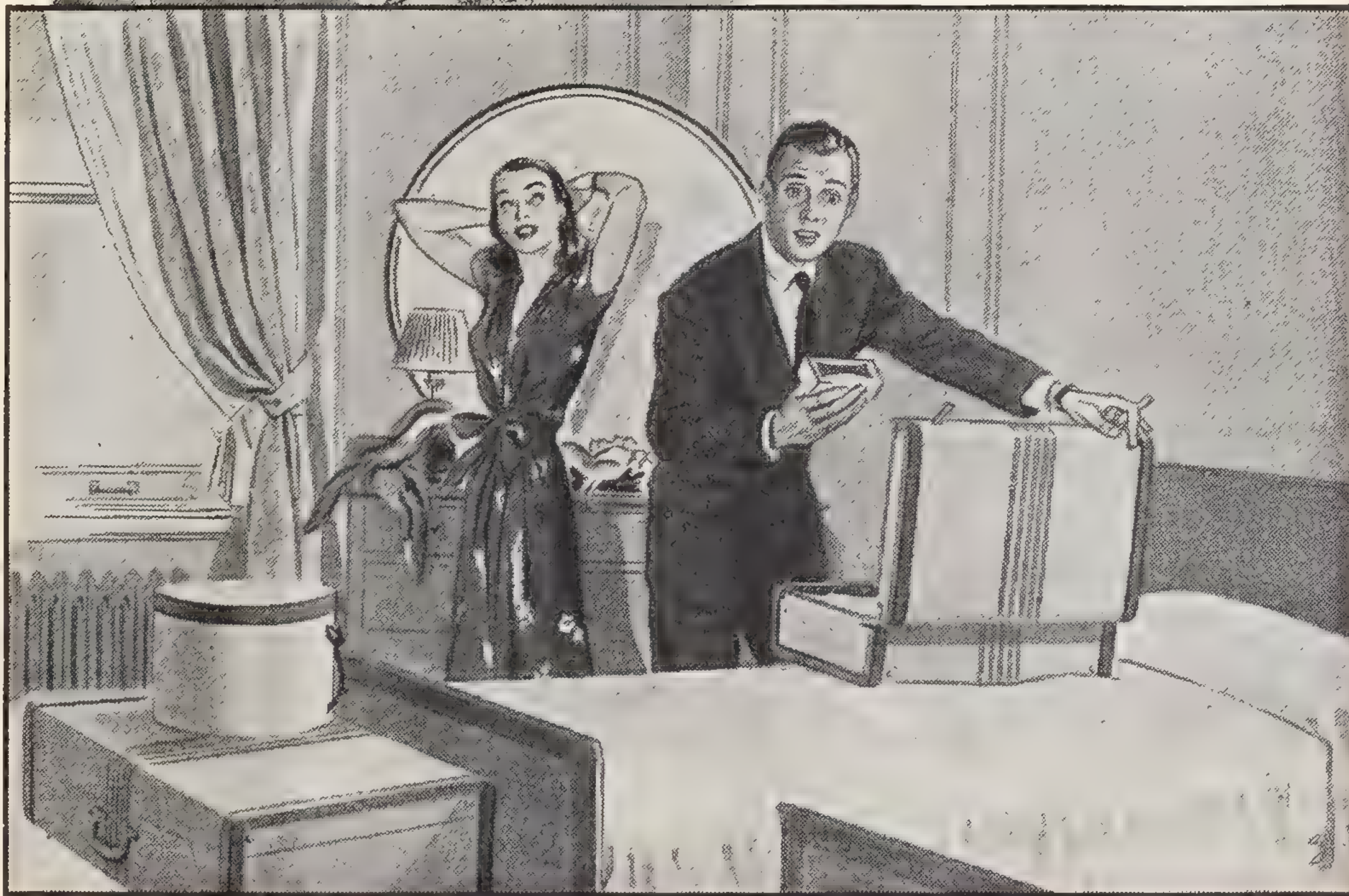
You are hardly over the shock of them when she's telling you about her clothes—she never has many, because of traveling.

Right now she has two short dinner dresses, one white, one black; and three suits designed for her by Valentina—following typically Paulette's original ideas. One is in red, one in white and one in Navy blue; and they're all identical—each boasts a skirt, a jacket (Paulette uses any one of six Mexican blouses with each) and a bra top—for sunning! With just the skirt and bra, each is a sun suit; with blouse and jacket, it's a smart street outfit; and with one of Paulette's luxurious fur coats, each becomes a dinner suit. She has endless gloves, hats, scarves and pieces of jewelry to vary the three suits—and they give her a million changes.

You ask, "What about housecoats?" Paulette flings open a wardrobe to show you her unique housecoat plan: She either wears cotton Mexican skirts and blouses—or cuts the skirt off an old evening dress and wears it with a blouse or sweater!

WHEN you go to bed that first night, your mind is singing with a hundred new ideas, naturally. And as the days go on, you get more. And you know that Paulette treats her beloved collection of autographed books with the same personal touch that she does everything else—if she had her picture taken with the author, she pastes it in the frontispiece. She has books autographed by H. G. Wells, Anita Loos, Will Durant, Robert Benchley, Maurice Hindus, Upton Sinclair, Alexander Woollcott, Frank Case, Franz Werfel, Clifford Odets and dozens of others.

You know her story, at last, and very roughly: That she was born at Whitestone, Long Island; at fourteen appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies, and at fifteen was married to Edgar James, the president of the Southern States Lumber Company. She promptly left the Follies for a life of country-estate leisure in Asheville, North Carolina. You know that she got a divorce a year later, went to Europe, and then arrived in Hollywood to act. That was ten years ago, when she was nineteen; and she had a Hispano-Suiza car and a



## "I don't understand women"

"Darling, you're taking in a lot of territory. Remember, you're a married man."

"Never mind the gags, Sister. Just tell me why you put soap in my bag. This is a first-class hotel. They supply soap, *I'm sure!*"

"No wonder you don't understand women—I doubt if you even recognize them. That isn't just 'soap' you have in your hand. It's a bar of Fels-Naptha—the only soap that ever touches the gorgeous lingerie you blushingly bought me last Christmas.

"We'll be here a week and before we leave I'll have to do a little make-shift laundering.

So just to be sure—that my favorite 'undies' get their usual beauty bath—I brought the Fels-Naptha Soap along!

"And what's more, my ambitious Casanova, I don't care whether you understand women or not—so long as you *appreciate me!*"



## FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



# If 8 out of 10 could whisper to you

You'd discover a wonderful secret! For when 10,086 women wrote why they switched to Modess, 8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"

How do so many fortunate lasses bustle right on with a million activities—no matter what time of the month? Just lend an ear . . .



Working girls, young mothers, school teachers—10,086 women in all—wrote why they switched to Modess. 8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!" These women had used almost

every type of napkin—but Modess became their favorite! "So comfortable—I actually forget I'm wearing it!" wrote Mrs. J. P., mother of four. And thousands of other letters praised Modess' comfort!

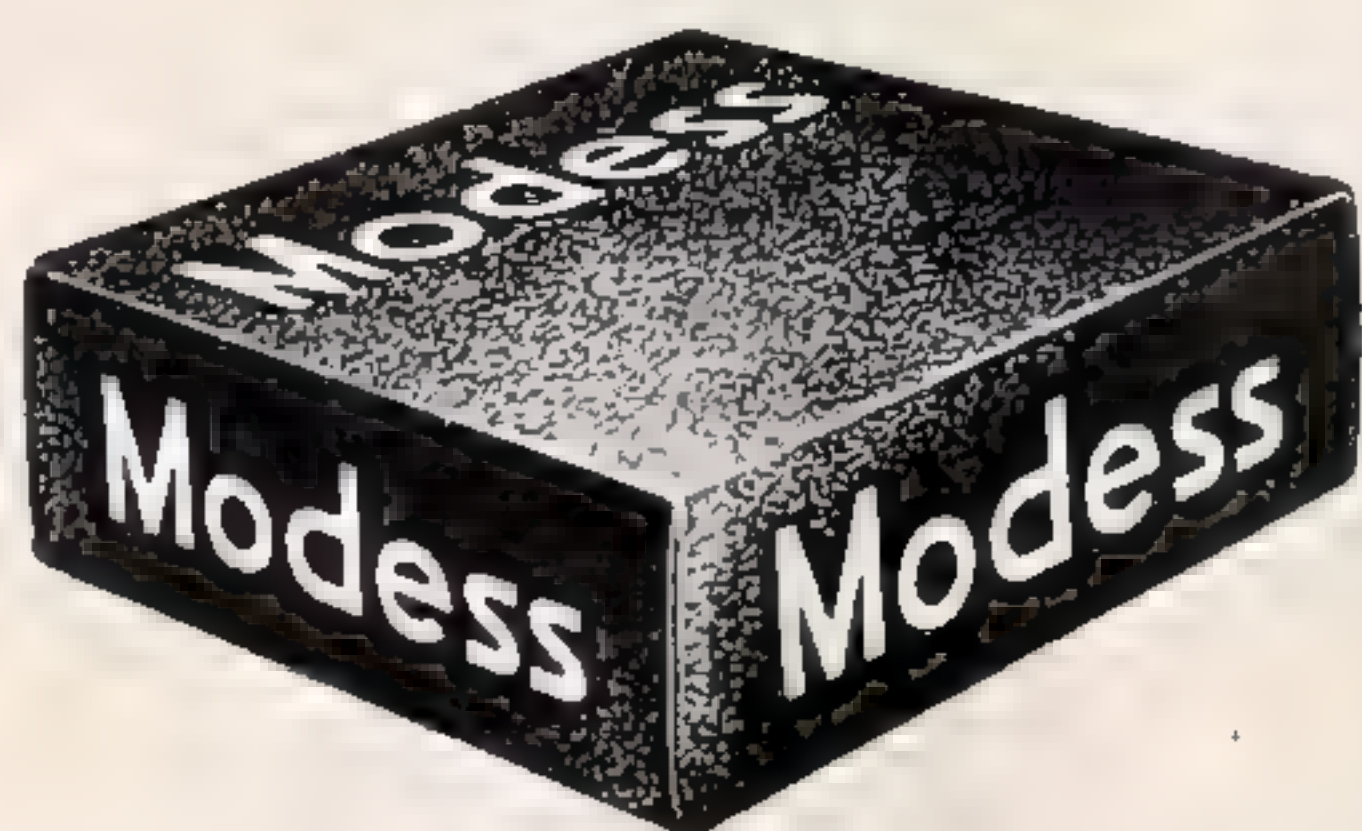


Bouquets for Modess' greater safety, too! Busy Army wife, Mrs. L. C., wrote, "Modess gives me necessary confidence and poise!" You feel secure knowing Modess' triple, full-length shield at the back gives

you full-way protection. And thanks to Modess' special softspun filler, thanks to its greater softness—it's smoother fitting! Get the extra luxury of Modess Sanitary Napkins—at no extra cost.

Discover the Difference—Switch to

**Modess**  
SANITARY NAPKINS



MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes over-size pads unnecessary.

In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. MODESS JUNIOR is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

Duesenberg and a number of fur coats . . . so nobody took her seriously until she went into Hal Roach comedies.

Then Charlie Chaplin signed her up for "Modern Times" and after her two-year contract with him she married him and went to the Orient for a long trip. It was after that she became a famous star.

You know that she never entertains more than six people at once, and that she won't go to large parties, and that she used to live in a huge formal house and hated it. You know that she is in Hollywood only for picture-making and the rest of the time she's in Mexico or New York. You know that someday she wants to take time off and attend four years of college and four of law school—and that in the distant future she wants to be on the stage, married, and a mother.

You know that in the summertime she uses her one-acre terraced garden just like an outdoor home—the gay tiled barbecue surrounded by its bright blue patio furniture, and the flower-banked hillside, and her "Friendship Garden," which is completely made up of plants given her by such friends as Mary Pickford, Arthur Hornblow and Burgess Meredith—camellias and azaleas. You know that she loves her fifty-year-old gardenia trees, two of them, that look like flowered umbrellas.

You know that she has twelve grotesquely charming watercolors by the great composer George Gershwin in one hall; and some delightful watercolors by the first Mrs. John Steinbeck in another hall; and a picture on her dressing table of a black cat with a gold collar (supposed to be a portrait of Paulette!) by writer Ludwig Bemelmans; and two portraits of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck autographed to her by their author Walt Disney—these last two hanging in the white-tiled kitchen! You know that her mother, Mrs. Alta Goddard, looks like Paulette's blonde sister and that she lives at Malibu Beach and visits her daughter all the time. You know that Paulette has bought dozens of houses which her mother decorated and which they then sold—but that right now she owns only one business venture, a bicycle shop opposite a school! You know that Sundays her friends drop in for brunch and you know that she stays home about four nights a week and dines out at friends' homes the other three. You know that she's only owned her Trophy House two years—and in that time has made it so Goddardized that it looks as if she grew up there!

And you know, too, that you've seldom been as stimulated, as refreshed and as convinced that life's worth living as you have been under Paulette Goddard's gay and warming roof.

THE END

These are the magazines  
published by  
Macfadden Publications,  
Inc.

Photoplay  
True Story  
True Romances  
True Experiences  
True Love and Romance  
Radio Mirror  
True Detective  
Master Detective



## This is Your Test

(Continued from page 49) sense is part of them. But nine out of ten have acquired it—as part of the personality they have developed.

The first step in developing your personality is to know what you want. Find a personality that attracts you and that you know attracts others. Study it. You give other girls' clothes a thorough going-over to see what you can adopt to advantage; do the same with their personalities.

That is what I tell young players who come under my direction—and what I told my daughter, K. T. Stevens. So now I'll sound the same warning that I gave them.

Don't try to pull another's skin over you; don't copy or imitate to the point where you are trying to be somebody else. There has never been a successful imitation. You must be yourself—improved and streamlined—but *yourself*.

Don't try to find your personality by merely changing your appearance. That's a phony. You must keep your own personal appearance—merely improving it. You must keep your own characteristics, only developing and shaping them. Whatever personality finally emerges must be *you* to be successful.

If you are all set to “develop” not just “copy” turn to woman's best friend, the mirror. The mirror is completely frank.

**Y**OU need a well-lighted mirror for close-ups and a full-length mirror to reflect your action.

Directors, studio make-up specialists and dramatic coaches all advise the same procedure: Take some mirror “close-ups of yourself and then analyze them.”

How's your hair—attractive, drab or messy? How do you hold your head? Erect and confident, or is it hanging or at an angle? How is your mouth? Does it droop? That murders your personality. Are your eyes bright, making you look “alive”? Sparkling, provocative eyes have carried many girls to success in the movies and socially. Are your eyebrows too thick? They can give you a forbidding appearance.

Put your face through some experiments. Not merely with lipstick, eyebrow pencil and rouge—but with expressions. If you want to look intelligent and alert you can't be a dead-pan.

How does your mouth look when you talk? How does your whole face look? Do you squint? Do you talk out of the side of your mouth? Do you “mouth” your words?

If I should make a test of you I would look for all these things. In fact I'd look for them before agreeing to make a test.

Smile. That's the kindest thing you can do for yourself. You are always at an advantage when you smile. But don't just skin your teeth. Put your heart into it and make it show in your eyes. A cold, skinned-tooth smile is repellent. A smile must be spontaneous and warm, actually lighting up the face. If yours doesn't do that, it needs some working over. Maybe it doesn't get enough practice.

Talk into the mirror. How are your gestures; illustrative or haphazard? Properly used, gestures add vividness to your personality. But don't overdo them. Better keep your hands in your pockets than go in for pantomime.

While you talk; do you look alive, animated? Animation is responsible for many a girl's standing out from the mob. But animation must hint of a driving power behind it. Bearing and gestures that speak of restrained fire are strong assets to your personality.



## “I dreamed of this Kiss—”



**DON'T LET “EXPRESSION LINES”  
BECOME WRINKLES QUITE YET**

While cleansing your face, give attention to nose-to-mouth lines; smooth Jergens Face Cream in direction of arrows above. At night, leave on a light film of fresh Jergens Cream.



**S**KIN so kissable can be yours. One new cream—Jergens Face Cream—gives you such all-around beauty-skin care, it's like a “treatment” every day.

**Cleansing . . . Softening . . . Foundation  
for Powder . . . Night Cream**

You use Jergens Face Cream for all these essentials; it's your One-Cream Beauty Treatment.

Quickly helps erase little old-looking dry-skin lines, helps prevent them. A skin scientists' cream, by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Already helps so many girls. For that “kissable-skin” look, use Jergens Face Cream.

**JERGENS  
FACE CREAM**

**ALL-PURPOSE CREAM, FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION**





## I Know 3 Secrets...



**How to keep cool, fresh and  
fragrantly dainty with  
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum**

**① HOW TO KEEP COOL**—After your shower or bath treat your whole body to the soothing caress of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Feel how quickly it banishes moisture . . . leaves you gloriously cooled and refreshed!

**② HOW TO LOOK FRESH**—Next, before you dress, smooth a little extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum across your shoulders and 'round your waist. Now, slip into your clothes—no chafing or binding and Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection really lasts!

**③ HOW TO STAY FRAGRANTLY DAINTY**—Delightful secret! For now you *are* dainty—delicately perfumed from top-to-toe with Cashmere Bouquet's alluring "fragrance men love"! Yes, Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts a subtle clinging scent.

These secrets have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! Let them be *your* secrets of daintiness! You'll find Cashmere Bouquet Talcum in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.

# Cashmere Bouquet Talc

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



I was looking for a big woman to play *Pilar* in the picture "For Whom The Bell Tolls," but when I saw Katina Paxinou I knew that the impression of power and authority that seemed a part of this Greek star's fiery personality would make my guerilla woman more dominant and convincing than size ever could.

As you talk to yourself in the mirror, check your voice. Is it pleasant, well-pitched, resonant, melodious; or harsh, "breathy" or too high? Would it attract or repel those who heard it, without seeing you?

The quality of your voice is vital to your welfare, whether your ambition is to get into the movies, win a boy friend or make good in business. Being its mouthpiece, your voice introduces your personality and registers your first impression—good or bad. Don't handcuff your chances for success with a weak and ineffectual voice.

A pleasing, well-pitched voice is the principal asset of thousands who make excellent livings on the radio and in the movies. Make-up and wardrobe can cover the unattractive appearance of a player with an excellent voice but no degree of beauty can win even the smallest speaking bit for a bad voice.

**TO CONTINUE** your test of yourself, you next make some "long shots" or action pictures. You will use a full-length mirror for this.

Clear a space before your long mirror. Cross the room and walk toward it, naturally. Don't pose—you are being honest with yourself.

How was your walk? Did you have a natural, easy swing from the hips, without swaying shoulders or jerking arms? Or did you attempt a panther's glide or a model's artificial "cross-over"? Naturalness is the greatest charm a girl can have. Don't be studied or artificial.

As you walked did the balls of your feet reach gracefully for the floor—or did you clump along on your heels? How was your carriage? Were your shoulders well back and your head up, giving you a "presence"? Or did you just slouch along? Did you look alert, or lazy?

These are the things I subconsciously ask myself every time I look at a test. I ask: Is this really the girl herself or just a well-rehearsed act? If it is not the girl, sooner or later it will let her down and the real personality will crop out.

That is why it is so vital that your personality be a development, not an imitation of someone else. Under stress you will react naturally. If you are operating behind an artificial front the result will be ridiculous, if not disastrous. You have undiscovered qualities and hidden natural charms. Let them come to the surface.

In testing newcomers, a chair or couch sequence is generally included. So you should use one in your test.

Put a chair in front of the full-length mirror. Walk across the room and sit in it. Sit quietly for a minute or two. Then get up and cross the room again.

Observe how you seat yourself. Do you stalk the chair as though you were afraid someone was going to snatch it away from you? When you approach it do you turn and back cautiously into it, perhaps lowering yourself by putting your hands on its arms as though you were afraid something would break? Do you flop into it and let your feet pop up as you land? Or do you sit gracefully, indicating strength and muscular control? Do you give the impression that you handle your body easily, naturally and without effort? You should.

After you settle, do you sprawl? Do



you cross your legs at an unbecoming or immodest angle? It is better to cross your feet at the ankle than your legs at the knee.

Regard yourself in the mirror as you sit quietly in the chair. Do you fidget, or are you relaxed? Are your hands in your way? Your hands reflect your personality. Also your state of mind.

Naturally, you will study your face while you sit in front of the mirror—just as I study the face of every player that comes before me for a test.

**Y**OU have discovered before now that your state of mind is usually reflected in your face—as is also your disposition. Dramatic coaches warn youngsters that their thoughts show on the film. If you are a friendly, happy soul it will show in your face, and in your gestures. If you are bitter or waspish or selfish that also shows.

The purpose of make-up is to correct physical faults, to neutralize your bad features and emphasize your good features. But don't expect make-up to correct faults that lie under your skin; that are due to your disposition, your nerves or your health.

Make-up, however, does play an important part in a girl's career. Especially the psychology of make-up. Let's see how make-up affects those you want to impress. For an example we will go to a field remote from cosmetics.

What happens to the subconscious mind when we pass an old unpainted, weed-grown shack? We think of tragedy, fear, despair and want. We think of neglect and age.

And when we pass a house painted in loud and ridiculous colors what do we think? Of a poor mind, or erratic people and of cheapness.

Neglected, over-rouged and badly made-up faces have the same psychological effect on us.

Now suppose we give that shack a coat of paint, clean up the yard and plant a lawn and flowers. The thoughts of those then passing it are that the people in it are worth knowing.

And how much better the people living in the now attractive home feel. And how much better the girl feels who knows her make-up is right, and has confidence it is giving the right impression.

It is not necessary or politic for a man to tell a girl to regard her clothes while she is in front of a mirror. So I will just mention what a director's reaction to clothes is when he reviews a test.

He is disappointed when a girl puts show before taste in the matter of dress. He wishes she would remember that clothes are only the frame to a picture. A beautiful frame may lessen the crime of a bad painting—but an elaborate or gaudy frame only robs a work of art. Simplicity in dress speaks of good taste. Remember that your choice of clothes reflects your personality.

But merely testing yourself till you discover all your virtues and faults and learning how to capitalize or correct them is not enough. You must follow through by continually striving to improve.

Every star in pictures, as well as every success in any other line of work, is at the top because he kept trying to improve. If you could see some of the first pictures made by Cary Grant or Irene Dunne or Spencer Tracy you would discover they have overcome a lot of faults.

It has always been the fellow who fought to improve himself that came out on top. And that is a matter strictly in your own hands twenty-four hours of the day!

THE END

*Glamorous*  
**Joan Blondell**  
 Famous Hollywood  
 Screen Star  
 says:



"You bet I use Arrid!  
 I wouldn't be without its wonderful protection for a moment. Some people may think it isn't nice to talk about underarm perspiration, but it's a whole lot worse to neglect perspiration and have it spoil a dress you treasure. So I unhesitatingly shout the praises of Arrid deodorant cream."

*Joan Blondell*

## NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

*which Safely helps*

## STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY  
 Guaranteed by  
 Good Housekeeping  
 IF DEFECTIVE OR  
 NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**39¢ a jar**

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)  
 At any store which sells toilet goods

# ARRID

**THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT**





*"He Loves me!—Thank you,*

*Evening in Paris Face Powder—*

*You Helped me Win his Heart..."*

AH, TRULY, Evening in Paris is a face powder to inspire Romance! Its sheer-velvet texture touches the skin with dream-lovely color... its haunting perfume belongs only to Evening in Paris. Choose the exquisite face powder which breathes Romance... silken-soft, colorful Evening in Paris. And when he murmurs, "I love you"... then you'll know why it is said, "to make a lovely lady even lovelier... Evening in Paris face powder!"

Tune in "Here's to Romance," a sparkling musical revue, with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

*Evening in Paris*

face powder



Face Powder, \$1.00  
Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00  
(All prices plus tax)

**BOURJOIS**

NEW YORK

## That's Hollywood for You!

(Continued from page 31) boys when they were out of work and wanted to band together in a dramatic school, where they could put on plays, work and rehearse. They put on plays here because there is a small theater on the second floor. It was this theater in the house that lured them to the "Sycamore." How come, I wondered, that there is a large rambling house that has a theater on the second floor? People don't build houses with little theaters in them—platform, footlights, chairs.

Then I learned that in the lush days of Hollywood, when Franklin and Sycamore was the swank section of town and there was no Beverly Hills, this barnlike house was the palatial home of Thomas Meighan, the fine and colorful star of silent pictures. And for a plaything in this house, to entertain the other stars of movietown, Meighan had this toy theater built and the movie actors and the actresses played theater.

Then, with the coming of talking pictures and the establishment of Beverly Hills, this play theater became a workshop for ambitious youngsters who wanted to become movie stars. When I walked into the theater the other afternoon, there was a mattress on the stage, for due to the crowded housing conditions, this is where the WAC sleeps upstage, center. The stage is her bedroom until it becomes necessary to give a show.

At the "Sycamore House" they have no servant problem. They have a combination maid and cook and she works there because they always give her a part in a play and because, as she puts it, "I likes to be around characters."

\* \* \*

The various autographed photographs that the actors and producers have in their dressing rooms and offices are interesting. Producer Joseph Mankiewicz has an autographed photograph of Spencer Tracy in his office which reads: "A typical actor's expression of gratitude—a picture of himself." . . . I think Walter Wanger, who always smells of perfume, is one of the nicest producers to talk to, but I do wish he would produce the kind of pictures he talks about. . . . "Gone With The Wind" was a great picture, but I am a little disturbed by the announcement that David Selznick's current effort, "Since You Went Away," will be almost as long, for that is a long time to sit upright to look at anything, and the next time I see a picture that takes that long, I want it to be flashed on the ceiling of my bedroom. . . . I'm a guy who likes to look at Betty Grable's legs and yet, despite Marlene Dietrich's shapely legs, I believe she looks sexier in slacks than she does in a skirt.

\* \* \*

With practically every GI wanting to spend his furlough with Lana Turner, I am always a little amazed when I see Steve Crane out alone these days, but then again, there may be such a thing as too much peach pie. And that's Hollywood for you

THE END

Next month Sidney Skolsky will take you with him again on his celebrated "beat," the highways and byways of Hollywood.



## The Girl in Errol Flynn's Life

(Continued from page 28) expects her friendship with Errol to help her towards a screen career, she is only amused.

"I have no desire to go on the screen," she explains. "At the John Marshall High School from which I was graduated I took a commercial course. That's the line of work I expect to follow."

Her name is Nora, remember. Therefore, sharing an Irish strain with Errol, it is possible for her to understand him, which is a boon. She senses when he is troubled and waits for his confidence. Knowing that Errol doesn't like dancing, she has come to prefer quiet dinners.

When Errol talks of the things he has read he has a way of making them so exciting that you want to read them too. So Nora is catching up on the new books.

"There's no one like him, really. No one," she adds, her eyes shining. "He has such intelligence he can discuss a great number of subjects with authority. And I never cease to admire his quiet patience when, in public places, strangers barge in on him with unpleasant remarks."

"He has the biggest heart in the world, too. He's thoughtful of every little thing. . . ."

She enjoys Errol's friends—Raoul Walsh, the director, and his wife, John Decker, the artist and friend of the late John Barrymore. . . .

She knows she has invited criticism by being seen so often with Errol since his sensational trial. The real test of what she would endure for his sake came, however, when newspapers headlined the fact that she and Errol were having a holiday in Mexico City and hinted they would be married there.

"I know my reputation suffered as a result of those stories," she says. "But my friends know the truth and that is all that matters. It is Mr. Flynn who suffered most. Nobody knows me, but he is an important person, known the world over."

Nora explained her Mexican jaunt simply enough. All her life she dreamed of a trip across the border. Her father, separated from her mother and now in the Navy, promised her this trip as a graduation present. It was, she said, with the money her father had given her that she made the journey. Errol was there and, having made many jaunts to Mexico, he showed her the sights.

The beau who was in Nora's life before she met Errol now belongs definitely to her past. She insists, however, that she and Errol are not engaged. "In fact," she says, "Mr. Flynn goes out with other girls and I go out with other men."

She takes on an incredible shining look if she says such a simple thing as "Mr. Flynn tells me I have a good head—good common sense. But I am not so sure."

She needed only to be separated from Errol for weeks, as she was this winter when he made his Alaskan camp tour, to know how important to her he has become. . . . "When he came home," she said, "John Decker and I went to the airport. He was so happy to see us."

That Alaskan trip also appears to have shown Errol how important Nora has become to him. Since his return he has been seen with her almost constantly.

If, however, the past foretells the future, other women in all probability will follow in the life of the dashing, handsome Flynn. Nora knows that already. And perhaps fate will decree another man for her. But she will always look back with happy gratitude for having shared this friendship; for having known an Errol Flynn that Hollywood has never known and perhaps never will.

THE END

# "Yes... I use Dura-Gloss"



10¢

PLUS  
TAX

I just love Dura-Gloss. It has a hardness and brilliance all its own, like a lovely jewel. It's never dull. It's never soft and gummy, and it doesn't "dent." I never realized a nail polish could wear so long without looking "old," and without chipping or peeling (Dura-Gloss contains Chrystalline which makes it hold better). Won't you do something for me:—won't you put Dura-Gloss on your fingernails and then go to your mirror. Make a few pretty gestures with your hands, you'll see the prettiest girl you ever saw there, radiating life and sparkle! Dura-Gloss is 10¢ at all beauty counters, so do this today.

Lorr Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.  
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

## DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Dura-Coat    Polish Remover    Cuticle Lotion

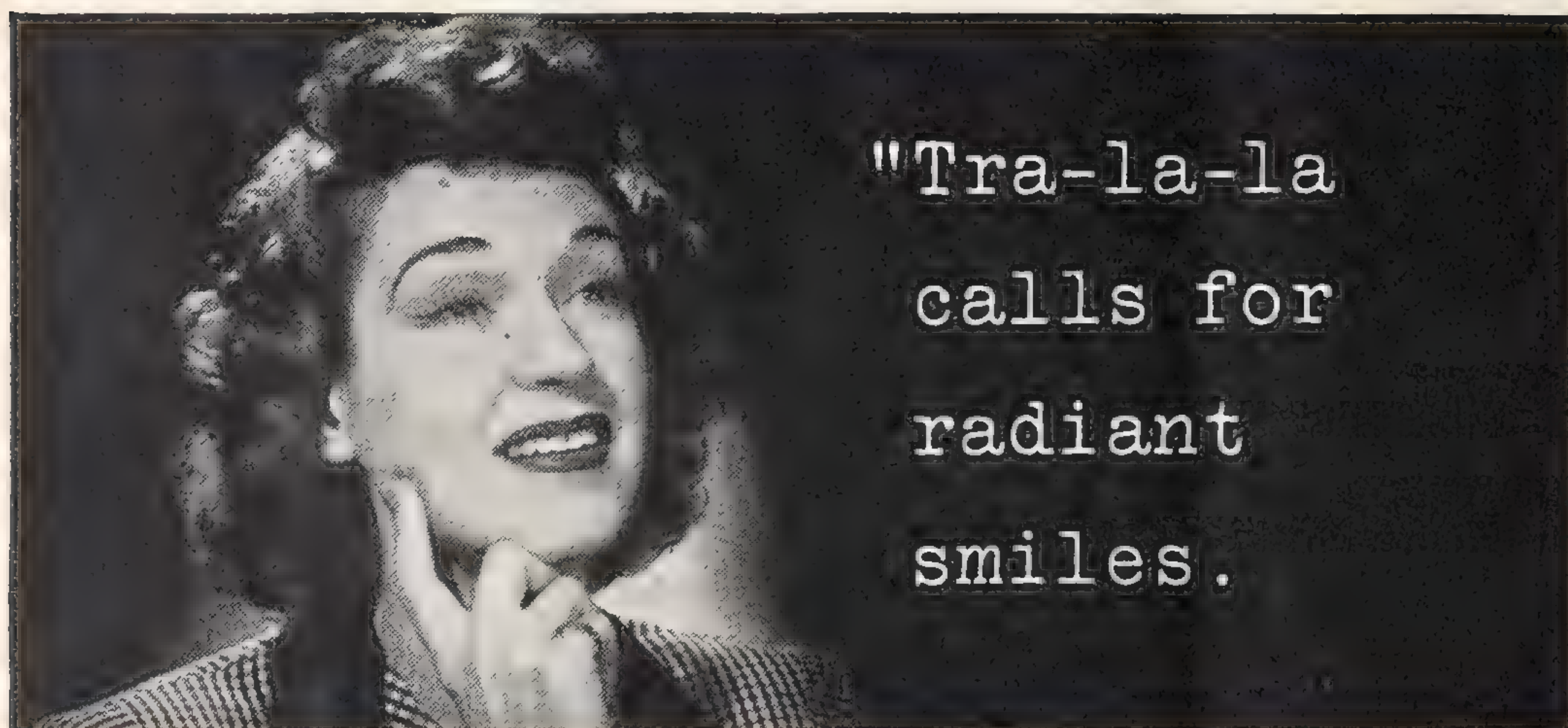


# RISE STEVENS speaking:

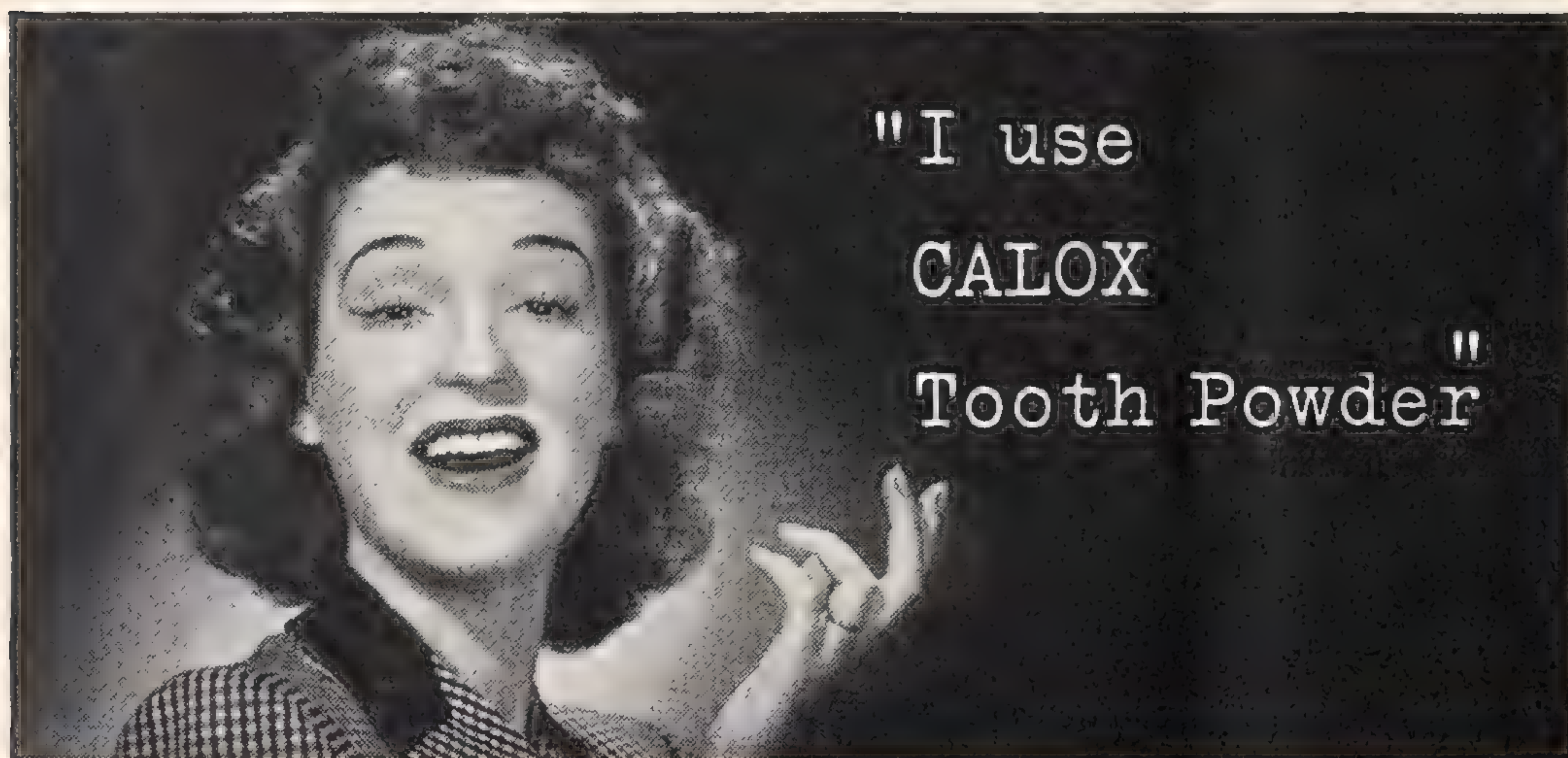
Soon to be seen in "GOING MY WAY" a Paramount Picture



"In Hollywood,  
a singer  
needs  
sparkle..."



"Tra-la-la  
calls for  
radiant  
smiles."



"I use  
CALOX  
Tooth Powder"



## A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Calox offers you:—

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucin plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

## The Stars I'd Like to Be Married to

(Continued from page 43) efforts on behalf of any worthy cause. There have been a lot of Oscars handed out in Hollywood, but any lad who—like Bob—gets a special Oscar for being a good guy and a great humanitarian looks like pretty promising husband-material from where I sit.

JIMMY STEWART is a "must" candidate for my masculine ménage. It's easy to guess why. He looks like the "typical young American officer" in his major's uniform; he has a nice down-to-earth, but not corny, naturalness; and he's sure to possess that irresistible boyish appeal when he's fifty. But aside from all those assets, he's held out a long time and remained a bachelor in spite of heavy romances with several of the most glittering glamour girls, so he constitutes a terrific challenge to any lass with a matrimonial lasso. Think of the triumph, walking down the aisle with Jimmy and afterwards being told by your friends: "My dear, you should have seen the looks on the faces of the ones who let him get away!"

I'd marry Don Ameche not just because the name Dorothy Ameche sounds so peachy but because it would be such fun being the wife of Alexander Graham Bell and Stephen Foster all at once, without swallowing a time capsule or committing bigamy. There'd never be monotony in matrimony with the screen's one-man-parade of late great characters—and I could be sure he wouldn't be fat and bald by the time our silver wedding anniversary rolled around, because in "Heaven Can Wait" he proved that age just made him a trifle gray and distinguished-looking. There's just one point I'd like to mention in connection with Don. When we took our marriage vows I'd alter his to read "Love, honor—and never ever smile *that* way until after we've had our morning coffee!"

I'd choose tall, tanned and tousled-haired Joel McCrea not only for the obvious reasons that meet the eye and meet all requirements, but because he has proven such a devoted husband and father during the years of his successful marriage to Frances Dee. Joel seems so surely, so securely, the one-woman type (an almost extinct species, don't you agree?) that I know I'd never have to worry about his next platinum blonde leading lady or any of the femme wolves who are forever star-grazing in the Hollywood hills.

MY motives for waltzing down the aisle with Bing Crosby are surely selfish. I knew I'd perish, me with my music-sensitive ear, if I had to listen to a dreadful groan emanating from the bathroom during my spouse's morning shower. That's where Bing fits into my picture of perfection, for who could think of anything finer than those boo-boo-boos in a shower, tub, or any place else.

Bing is loaded with assets. If the meat shortage should catch up with us, there'd always be his nags. I wouldn't have to worry about putting out his clothes so that the socks and tie would match, because that would spoil his casually casual sartorial effects. We'd always be traveling on the Road to Somewhere, without worrying about train or plane reservations. And it appeals to the tomboy in me to run around the house yelling "Bing! Bing! Bing!"

Anyway, that's what I'm telling you. But to be perfectly honest, it's the voice that gets me—strictly the voice.

I'd slip a wedding ring on William Powell's finger not only because those "Thin



"Man" movies typed him as an adventurous, amusing, never-a-dull-moment sort of mate, but because he is actually that rare and wonderful male—the thoughtful type with incomparable taste. Bill is no well-intentioned baffled spouse who surprises his better half on Christmas or birthday with the most expensive and most atrocious offering obtainable at Wetzelsboomer's Jewelry Shoppe. I can picture him, on our first anniversary, spending a day at the jeweler's designing a diamond necklace that was Just My Type. He'd know exactly the right flowers to send me for each dress in my wardrobe, and he'd never never buy me a *practical* gift, say a vacuum cleaner or a washing machine—even if those items *are* much scarcer than diamonds these days!

In case I ever have my Continental moments, I choose Rudolph Sieber as a husband even though any resemblance between me and Marlene Dietrich is difficult to find. Rudolph strikes me as being the perfect example of The Broadminded Kid. How comforting to know that if I mentioned one morning at breakfast, "Darling, I'm going to the premiere tonight with George Raft," he'd just say, "Swell, sweetie. Is there enough gas in the car?" or if I announced, "I think I'll spend a couple of weeks in New York next month. Jean Gabin is going to be there," Rudy would look up from his newspaper and reply, "Fine, fine. Don't forget to see 'Oklahoma!' while you're at it." Rudy seems to be the anything-you-say-is-all-right-with-me sort of fellow, and there isn't a jealous bone in his body, obviously.

There aren't many husbands like Rudy. I'll say.

Leading the dream prince department in my all-male harem is Charles Boyer. He's strictly for romance. Any girl who's ever sat in a darkened movie house and listened to That Voice speaking low when it speaks love, and watched Those Eyes fixing the heroine with velvety passion, knows what I mean. Charles, in any language, is the epitome of schmaltz. He is Romeo, Abelard, Tristan, Antony, Casanova and Don Juan. He's diviiiiiiiine!

So he's *not* tall—but he's handsome. So he hasn't got much hair. Does he need hair, too?

As alternate on my team of husbands, in case one got lost or was late for dinner or went A.W.O.L., I choose enigmatic, erratic George Sanders, and for just one reason. I choose him because if he ever dared complain to anyone that "My wife doesn't understand me" he'd get no sympathy at my expense. He'd get just a blunt, "Who does, Bud, who does?"

THE END

*Joe Bottle speaking:*



"I'd like to come see you again with a nice refreshing drink. But I'll be the little guy who wasn't there if you throw away your beverage bottles. So—

*Please Send Me Back!"*

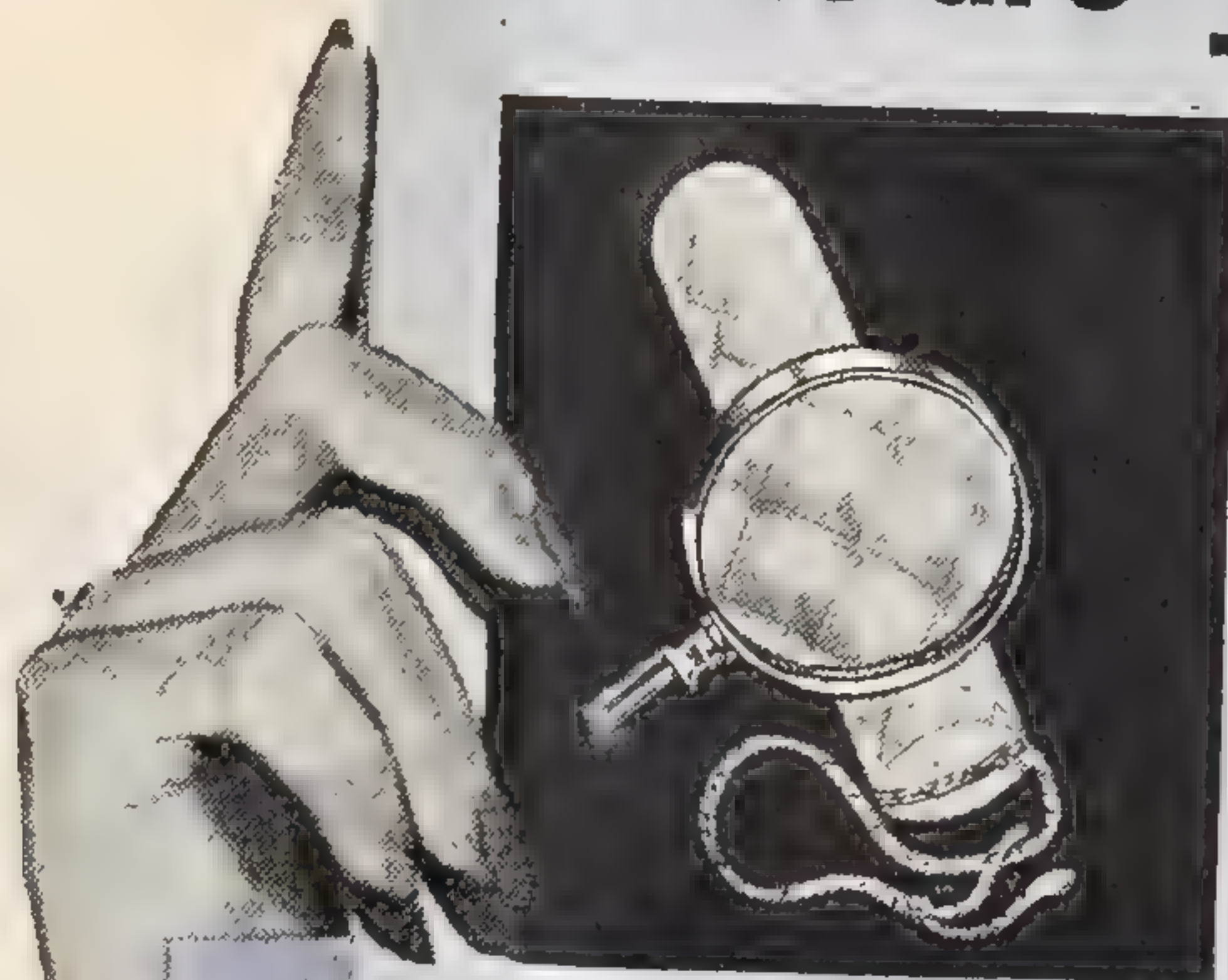
# 3 ways to tell a Fib

(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

**Only FIBS<sup>★</sup>  
of all tampons  
give you all 3**



## 1. Fibs are "quilted"



... for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion... so Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

## 2. Fibs have rounded ends



... smooth, gently-tapered ends ... for *easy insertion*! Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs; they're not too large, not too tiny.

## 3. Fibs—the Kotex<sup>★</sup> Tampon



... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton<sup>★</sup>, the soft, *super* absorbent used in Kotex and demanded by many of America's foremost hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality—you get protection as safe as science can make it.

★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection**



# "I'll never go back to him ... never!"



**Mother:** There, there, what's Fred done to my little girl?

**Wife:** *Nothing*—that's the worst of it. He ignores me—treats me as if I weren't his wife—as if we'd never been in love. I can't stand it another day!



**Mother:** My darling, from all you've told me, I think it's *my* fault. There's something I should have explained. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love because of one neglect. Most men can't forgive carelessness—or ignorance—about feminine hygiene.

**Wife:** You mean—I could have avoided all this?

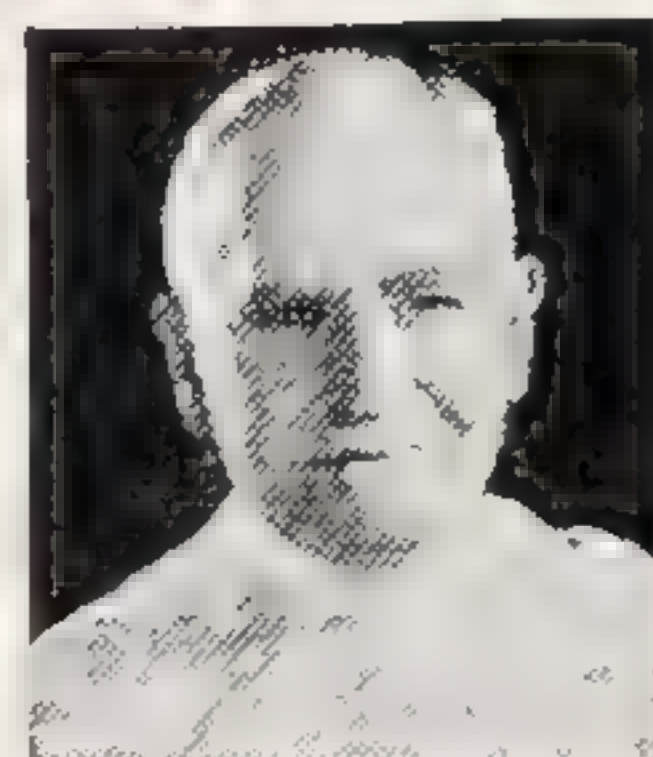


**Husband** (sometime later): How's about a kiss, dream girl...

**Wife** (to herself): Umm, everything's wonderful again—thanks to Mother's advice. She was right about Lysol—I use it *always* now!



**Mother:** Yes, dear. Now listen to me. My doctor always advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. It cleanses so thoroughly, and deodorizes. It won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either—just follow the directions. You'll find Lysol is easy and inexpensive to use.



## Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful

**germicide**, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



## What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 70) cases where girls married two boys, just because of an exaggerated notion of patriotism.

If I were you, I wouldn't worry about the fact that your girl friend has promised to marry your pal as well as you.

Why don't you continue to write to her as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile, look around and notice how many beautiful girls there are in the world. As you are now only eighteen, I suspect that you will meet at least a score of girls in the next ten years, any one of whom may well make you a very pleasant wife.

And don't write about not wanting to live. Uncle Sam, and every person in this country, needs men like you. You've got a great job to do.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm nineteen and my parents will have nothing to do with me because:

I met a very charming air cadet. I went with him for months and he told me time and again that he loved me. I felt sure that I loved him also, although I hate him now.

We were married and I moved into a room close to his camp. Suddenly he was transferred without saying anything to me. I don't know where he is. I've had no word from him for eight months. I found that I was going to have a baby, but when he was with me I didn't tell him because of the fusses we had. They weren't important quarrels; it's natural for newlyweds to have misunderstandings.

I have asked my mother for money. She sends it to me, but won't have anything to do with me or the baby.

Miss Colbert, could you please tell me something to do. I feel very small and lost with a baby to take care of, a family that hates me, and a husband who has disappeared.

Mrs. Clara Lou B.

Dear Mrs. B:

You mustn't feel small and lost, and you mustn't blame yourself for anything that has happened. At present the world is frightfully mixed up, and you are just a minute part of that confusion.

However, there are good and wise people who have foreseen exactly such problems as yours and who stand ready to help you. You must go at once to the nearest branch of the American Red Cross and tell the presiding secretary your story. She will get in touch with your husband and let him know that he has a fine little son. Originally, you should have told him about your condition. Part of the "fusses," as you term them, may have been caused by your physical state.

Once your husband knows of the situation, I'm certain he will make an allotment for you so that you won't have to accept help from your mother. Incidentally, why don't you send your family some pictures of your baby; the sight of a beautiful child has softened hearts much harder than those of grandparents.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I suppose my problem is just like many other girls', but my position is different. You see, I have been in a wheelchair for nearly five years. I have what the doctors call "muscular dystrophy," but otherwise I'm just like other girls.

I'm fifteen, but I feel thirty. All my girl friends have boy friends who take them to shows and all I do is listen to them talk about the fun they have. I graduated from grammar school but couldn't go to high school because we moved to



an upstairs apartment and it would have been too hard to get up and down the stairs every day.

I have only two really steady girl friends, one whom I went to school with and the other I go to the show with unless she has a date. Even then she asks me to go along, but I feel two is company and three's a crowd.

I cry myself to sleep every night wishing I could walk like other girls so I could be popular and happy. Miss Colbert, I hope you can help me—I'm so lonely.

Martha C.

Dear Miss C:

*I would not be telling you the truth if I didn't admit that you have a problem,*

## THIRD MONTH'S WINNER

of

"How I Solved My Problem"

series

**EDITORS' NOTE:** So many requests have come from readers asking that we publish letters which show how people have been helped by applying Miss Colbert's advice to their own lives that we have decided to print the winning letter each month in the "How I Solved My Problem" series. This month Mrs. Moeller, who is being sent a \$25 War Bond, has kindly agreed to let us publish her name and letter . . .

Dear Miss Colbert:

You positively made up my mind for me. I had my hair cut, after all of these years . . . I will be forty-eight on Feb. 21 and what's more, I had a permanent.

You see, my husband loves long hair on a woman, or so he has always said, so I had left mine long, just to please him. On the other hand, my hair was a sight. It was all gray on top but the roll in back was still its original black color. The glances I got from folks were most embarrassing. Naturally, they thought I had dyed my hair at one time.

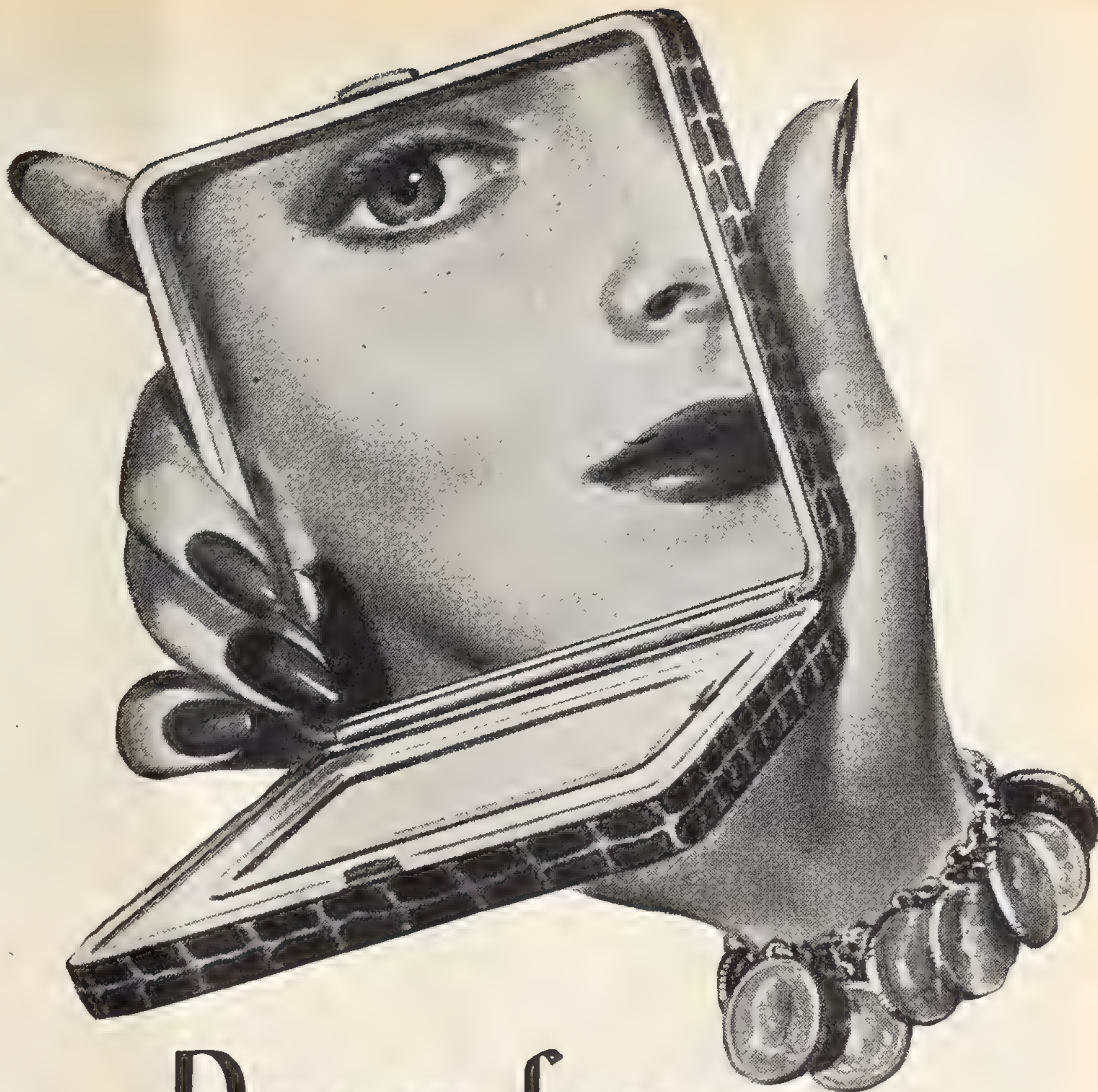
Well, Miss Colbert, after I had read your own personal letter in February's Photoplay, I declared, "Well, if Miss Colbert says it's all right to please yourself in the matter of hair-dos, I'll do just that." So, out I marched to a reliable beauty salon. First a barber shaped my hair to suit my face, then an attendant took over. The mirror told me the rest. Did I say I'd be forty-eight? Well, in honesty to myself, my friends say I look thirty-eight.

When I reached home from the beauty salon that day, my husband took one long, admiring look at me, gave one of those "high-note, low-note" whistles and said, "Come on, Honey! That hair-do is too stunning to waste on me, we're going places."

Briefly, Miss Colbert, your letter greatly improved my appearance, got my husband to leave his heretofore nightly lounging chair, and above all helped the war effort with my shorn locks.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Anna A. Moeller  
Troy, New York



# Do you fear the "Compact Close-up" in the noon-day sun?



See how Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder  
flatters your skin's soft, youthful loveliness  
even in the harsh, bright light of midday.

**S**OFT light is fairy-kind to your skin . . . hiding all its faults . . . giving it dreamy, mystic softness. But lady, most of the time your skin has to face the hard revealing light of sunshine or electric glare. And this harsh light, as well you know, can make your skin look coarse, lined and oldish.

But the exquisite color of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is especially created to flatter the natural young loveliness of

your skin, in even the harshest light. How can that be? It's because each shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. And there's a particular shade to flatter your natural beauty and to help your skin look vibrant and gloriously alive in any kind of light.

Peek in your compact at midday or mid-night and be comforted . . . Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives your skin a look of bewitching smooth beauty.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 exciting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.

## Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder





# "The 1-Minute Mask makes smooth make-up so Easy!"



*Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle*

the former Antonia Drexel, of the prominent Philadelphia family

"A scratchy, drab, 6 o'clock complexion simply can't take make-up properly," explains charming, young Mrs. Earle.

"Little chappings snag your powder, and tiny specks of imbedded dirt dull your color . . .



"A 1-Minute Mask solves my make-up problems beautifully!" Mrs. Earle spreads Pond's Vanishing Cream over all but her eyes. After one minute, tissues off. Roughnesses and dirt particles have been loosened and dissolved by the "keratolytic" action of the Cream!

"I can see the results of a 1-Minute Mask right away!" Mrs. Earle says. "My skin looks clearer and more alive—and it has the soft, mat finish that takes powder perfectly. Do you wonder that the Mask is my favorite beauty pick-me-up?"

**"A quick, light powder base, too . . ."**

"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream *two* ways," says Mrs. Earle. "3 or 4 times a week as a 1-Minute Mask—and the rest of the time smoothed on lightly and left on—for powder base."



Help ease the glass shortage by buying one BIG jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream instead of several smaller ones.

Take a job! The more women at work -- the sooner we win!

and a very difficult one at that. It would be all very well for me to mention the fact that Lionel Barrymore created the splendid character of Dr. Gillespie in the Kildare series while he was in a wheel chair. I could also mention beautiful Connee Boswell, who has gained international fame without walking. Even the President of the United States has triumphed over a great handicap.

You say you have two steady girl friends—that is a splendid beginning. The next time the one who occasionally has a date and asks you to go along does that, by all means accept. She wouldn't ask you if she didn't want you. Then, while you are on this threesome date, be just as pleasant a companion as you can. Get the girl and her beau to tell you things. Ask them what they have been doing, what is the latest excitement in high school. Who is running for school office? Who is likely to get the lead in the school play? Who is carrying a h.s. torch for whom? You'll be astonished at the interesting confidences you will inspire.

When you are alone there are a number of things for you to do: You should learn to tell fortunes a number of different ways. At any party, if you can tell fortunes, you'll soon find that you are the very center of attention. Get a book and learn everything you can about human superstitions, ask people in a group to tell you about their own little phobias, then explain them in the light of your new knowledge.

Subscribe to some magazine which has a department of pen pals, and develop long distance friends who are also shut-ins. Whenever someone you know has won recognition of some sort, write that person a brief note of congratulation; or when someone you know has endured sorrow, drop the person a letter of condolence. You will soon be surprised to find that you are so busy that you can scarcely keep track of all your friends.

And read! Read the world's great classics and today's best literature. Apart from the joy you'll learn to draw from this reading, you'll find it will make you that enviable person—an intelligent young modern.

Above all, stop crying yourself to sleep at night. Crying doesn't change the condition, but it does use up a lot of valuable energy that could be used to far better advantage.

Chin up, and get busy.

Claudette Colbert.

## MINISTER'S SON IN HOLLYWOOD

The life of

**DANA ANDREWS**

becomes an open book  
to the readers of

Joseph Henry Steele

in our July issue



## I'm Waiting for My Baby

(Continued from page 55) But he wasn't quiet long. "Take care of yourself . . . as soon as I can get a furlough, I'll be home . . . it's wonderful. . . ." Just ordinary words from any ordinary husband. But words that meant the closeness in the sharing of life.

Will came home shortly after. He walked more briskly. Like all prospective fathers. His eyes sparkled. His voice had a new ring of authority.

I remember the things we talked about now when I sit here alone. First it was the question of names. Should the baby be William, Patrick, John or what? If it was a boy, that is? And if it was a girl? Should it be Mavourneen, Maureen, Patricia or what? Will decided. If the Price heir was a boy, his name would be Liam. Will loves that name—it's so Gaelic, just as he is. Yet, he wants a girl. He's always said he wants a girl. And her name will be, he says, Bronwyn, a good old Welsh name. He was asked once why he didn't name her—if she is a girl—Maureen. I'll never forget what he said as long as I live:

"There's only one Maureen in my life and there'll not be another."

It's words like that that make this moment I'm living now so important.

Well, I guess we both want a girl. I want a girl because she'll be so much fun to dress. Will's mother wants a boy. Father Laharte from my church is sure I'll have twins. "Be sure you do," he said to me one Sunday, "so you can bring the championship back to the Irish." Maybe I will have twins. It's not impossible. My father's sister had twins. There are twins on Will's side of the family. I think I'd like to carry on that tradition.

We planned the nursery too. We have only two bedrooms in our home, so we're turning the guest room into the nursery. The walls will be blue. As for the furniture, we're waiting for a while before we buy that. We hope to build an upstairs to our house when the war is over and then we can have those rooms for the children—and I do mean children.

Yes, we talked a lot. But when you're alone, you either dream or plan. I do both. Maybe I get lonely with Will away so much of the time. Maybe at times I wonder if it'll be hard. But then all I have to do is to think of the meaning of all this. And I walk into the room that will be the nursery, and I imagine Will and I are standing there looking at our baby in her crib. And then I seem to be listening to the sounds I hear in my mind . . . sounds of a baby's crying . . . a baby's gurgling. There is no loneliness or fear then.

It's hard to wait, though. To wait for a dream to become real.

**B**UT you can't sit around and dream all the time. You have to be realistic. Especially when it comes to shopping. I remember how I tried so hard to find nightshirts. Nobody had any. Finally, I had to resort to rather desperate measures. A friend of mine and I were shopping one day. She had her three-months-old baby with her. I asked her to let me take the child and then I went into a baby store. I looked very forlorn, putting on the best scene from act one.

"What a pretty child!" the salesperson said. "Yours?"

I nodded. "I'm looking desperately for nightshirts for my baby," I hurried on, pulling out all the stops. "She needs them so badly and I just can't find any."

The salesperson looked at me and then called her assistant. They went into a huddle and finally came out beaming. I beamed too. In the clerk's hands were six



## Use FRESH and stay fresher!

- See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

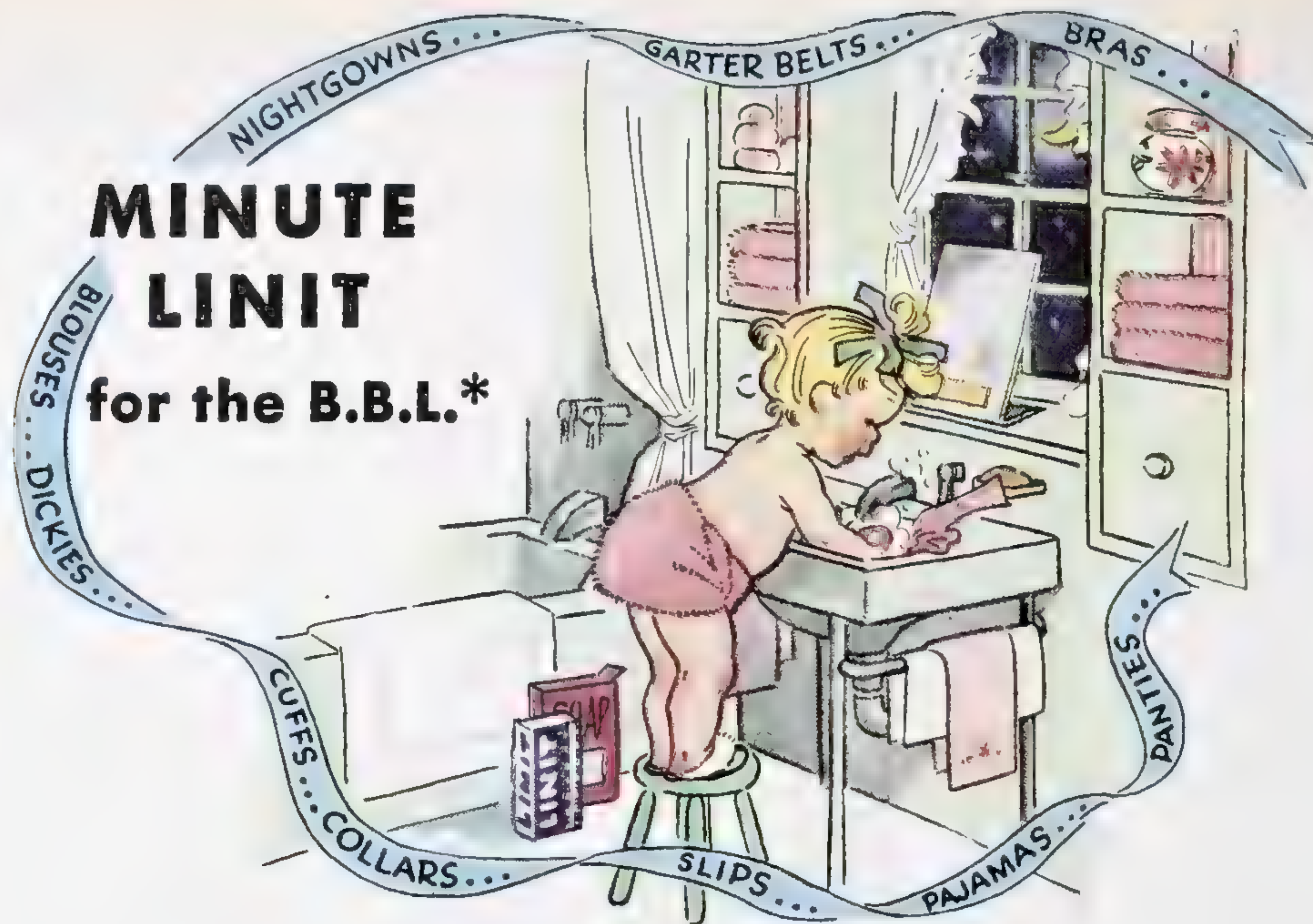
*Make your own test!* If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR







## MINUTE LINIT for the B.B.L.\*

**OFFICE GIRLS** and war workers (busy housewives, too) know **LINIT** helps them look attractive. Lingerie and fine accessories are easily "refinished" with a quick **LINIT** rinse. **LINIT** keeps dainty underthings smooth and lovely—helps them wear longer because **LINIT** penetrates and protects the fabrics.

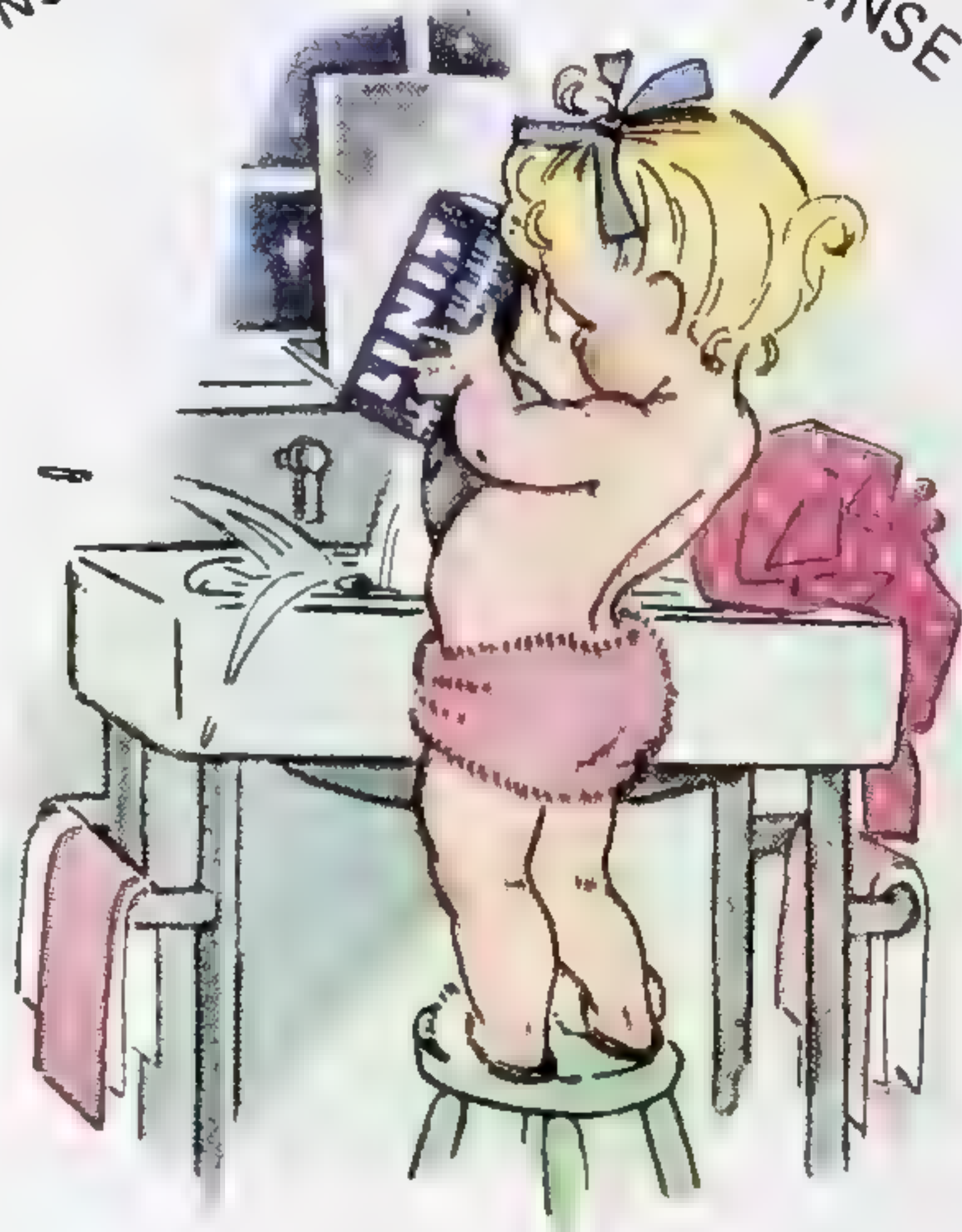
\* Busy Bathroom Laundress

DUNK IN THE BATHROOM  
WASHBOWL



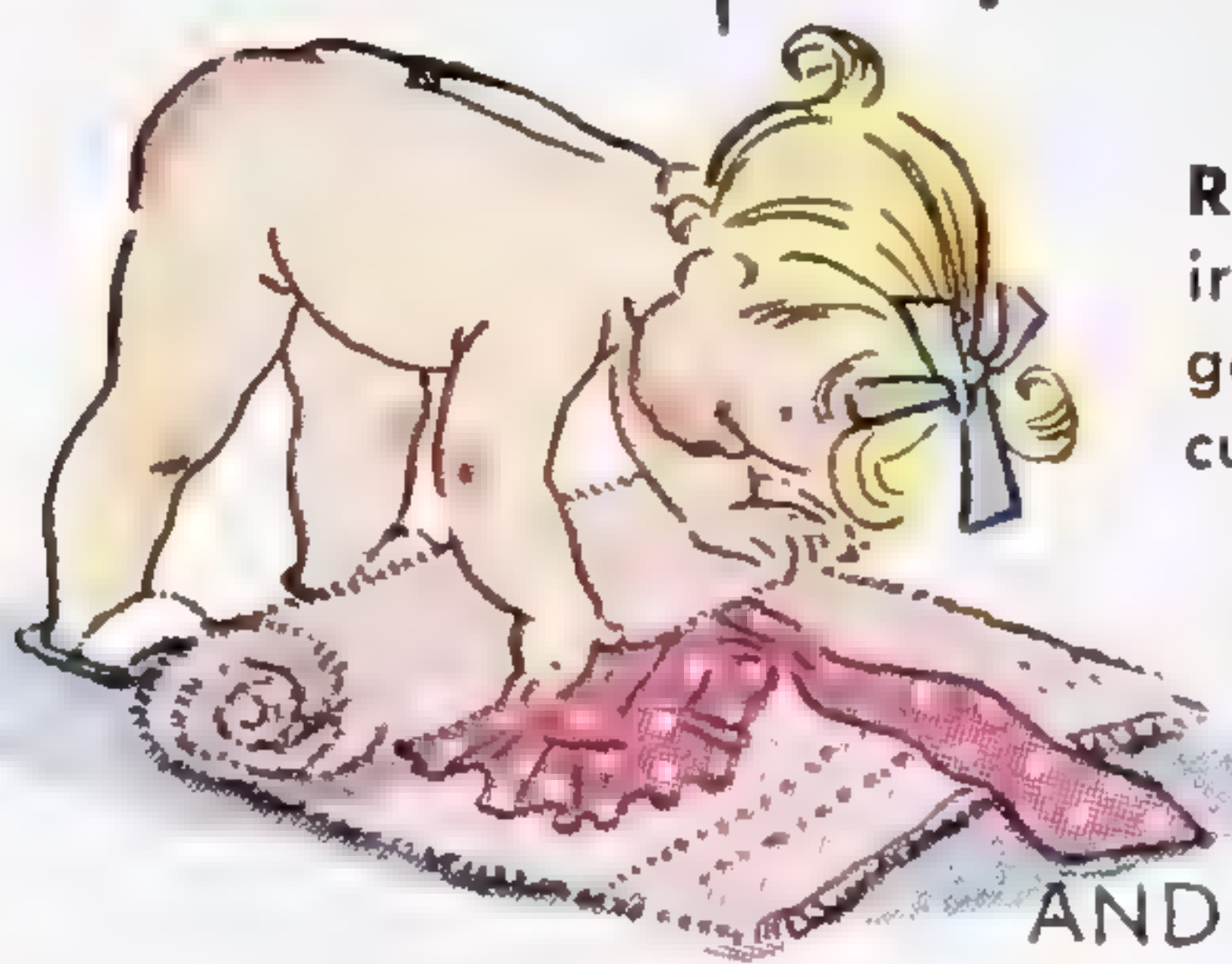
**WASH** as usual in mild soap and luke warm water. Don't rub—just squeeze suds gently through the fabric.

RINSE AND RINSE AND RINSE AND RINSE



**RINSE** very thoroughly. Be sure to remove every bit of soap. Add light **LINIT** solution to final rinse. (Directions on every **LINIT** box.)

ROLL IN A TOWEL...NOT TOO TIGHTLY



**ROLL** up in soft dry towel until ready to iron. You'll find **LINIT** makes your lingerie look crisp as celery, feel cool as a cucumber.

AND IRON

**IRON** at low heat. Iron satin on wrong side. Iron double thicknesses on both sides. **LINIT**-starched lingerie takes on new life and luxury.



nightshirts. Maybe that wasn't cricket. But you have to have nightshirts.

I'm going to buy all the necessities I can. Then when I get my shower, the guests can bring the fancy items.

I'll love my baby so very much. But I'll discipline her—or him—so he or she will be loved by other people, too.

Of course, maybe worrying about training the child is being a little like sitting on the anxious seat. With all of the people who insist upon being godmother and godfather, I shouldn't have to worry. I don't know what I'll do about that, though. I don't want to offend anyone. Guess I'll have to put all the names in a hat and draw out two.

The boys in our neighborhood love Will and he loves them. They put out a paper they call the Stone Canyon Pebble. It carries all of the gossip of the neighborhood. Will and I got our blessed event news headlined: "Will Price Increase." I'll always save that edition of the Stone Canyon Pebble.

I have other things that have gone through my mind. The day I sent a wire to my folks in Ireland telling them the news; their excited but cautiously anxious reply congratulating me, but asking me to be careful; the day I called Will's parents and said, "Hello, Grandmother and Grandfather"; the way Will's aunts sign their letters now as "Great-aunt." All of these are little but very precious carvings on a beautiful cameo.

I'm not an unusual case. Other women have babies. Yet, they feel as I do. They must feel that no woman can be truly happy until she has a child. For a healthy woman to deny herself that birthright is an admittance of her selfishness.

As the time draws near when so much will be changed, I have thought these things. And I have thought, too, of a little phobia of mine—and also of a serious problem. The phobia may seem silly but it's important to me. I have a fear that someone will give me somebody else's baby. I have made Will promise that if he's around he will examine the baby thoroughly to make sure that we get our own child. If—if he isn't here, he must see that someone else makes the examination.

If HE isn't here . . . yes, that's my serious problem. He probably won't be. But war or no war, I'd have had this baby. If Will is gone, I'll remember how I called for him that day so long ago when I was going down the corridor to the operating table. I'll remember how I needed him then and how much I'll need him now. Maybe I'll be a little afraid. To be afraid alone is not easy. But it's even harder to be brave alone. Yet, many women are having to be brave alone in these dark days. Many women will cry out for "Bill" or "Joe" or "Jim." And in the last conscious moments of their pain, their thoughts will be with Bill or Joe or Jim, just as mine will be with Will.

Still, I mustn't forget my responsibility to my husband. I must remember that this is my fight. If I have to wage it alone, wage it alone I will! If my child gets his first view of this world without his father near, it'll be my responsibility to see that nothing happens to me or to the baby. I wouldn't care to answer to Will if I failed in my job.

I'll do my part. And yet I'll not be really alone, for I shall know that no matter where Will is, our love will be the voice through which we shall speak to each other. Our love will unite us at that moment when our child is born. Then I'm sure we can both say to each other, "I'm with you—and I'm proud."

The End.



## Scrapbook on Olivia de Havilland

(Continued from page 39)

**What she wants to be doing when fifty:** She wants to look down the dinner table at a husband, around the dinner table at her children—and in the newspaper for her latest motion picture!

**How many children she wants:** A houseful of them—and if she never marries, she intends to adopt a lot. She refuses to grow old without them.

**Unhappiest moment:** When she and Jimmy Stewart decided it was time to take their romance off the fire.

**Most irritating daily task:** Dressing her hair, which is as fine as a baby's and as unruly. When unaided, she always ends up by stuffing it in a snood—when aided, it takes one hairdresser and two hours to do it right.

**Proudest achievement:** It was also her most painful achievement—changing from the shy and sheltered girl who came to Hollywood (causing everyone around her to form a "Club for the Protection of Olivia de Havilland")—to the aggressively independent young woman she is today, who makes up her own rules, chooses her own friends, and lives alone . . . and loves it!

**What bores her the most:** Big parties—and people who shirk their jobs, regardless of the job's importance.

**Pet superstition:** Walking on cracks in the sidewalk, for good luck.

**Loneliest moment:** Her first night alone in her house four years ago—after her mother had moved back to Northern California, her sister, Joan Fontaine, had married and moved away and suddenly Olivia was by herself . . . and frightened.

**Greatest virtues:** Her generosity, her devastating honesty—and her truly great ability to act.

**Greatest annoyance from the public:** The widespread theory that she and her sister, Joan Fontaine, despise each other—when the truth is that they fight sharp skirmishes with each other, but defend each other savagely to the rest of the world.

**Greatest thrill:** The time she almost died, alone and lost, on a freezing night in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

**First proposal:** From a gangly boy in high school, who gasped out "Will you marry me?" while he cranked the engine of his dying T-Type Ford.

**What she doesn't suspect about herself:** That she's the unhappiest girl in the world—when she could be the happiest!

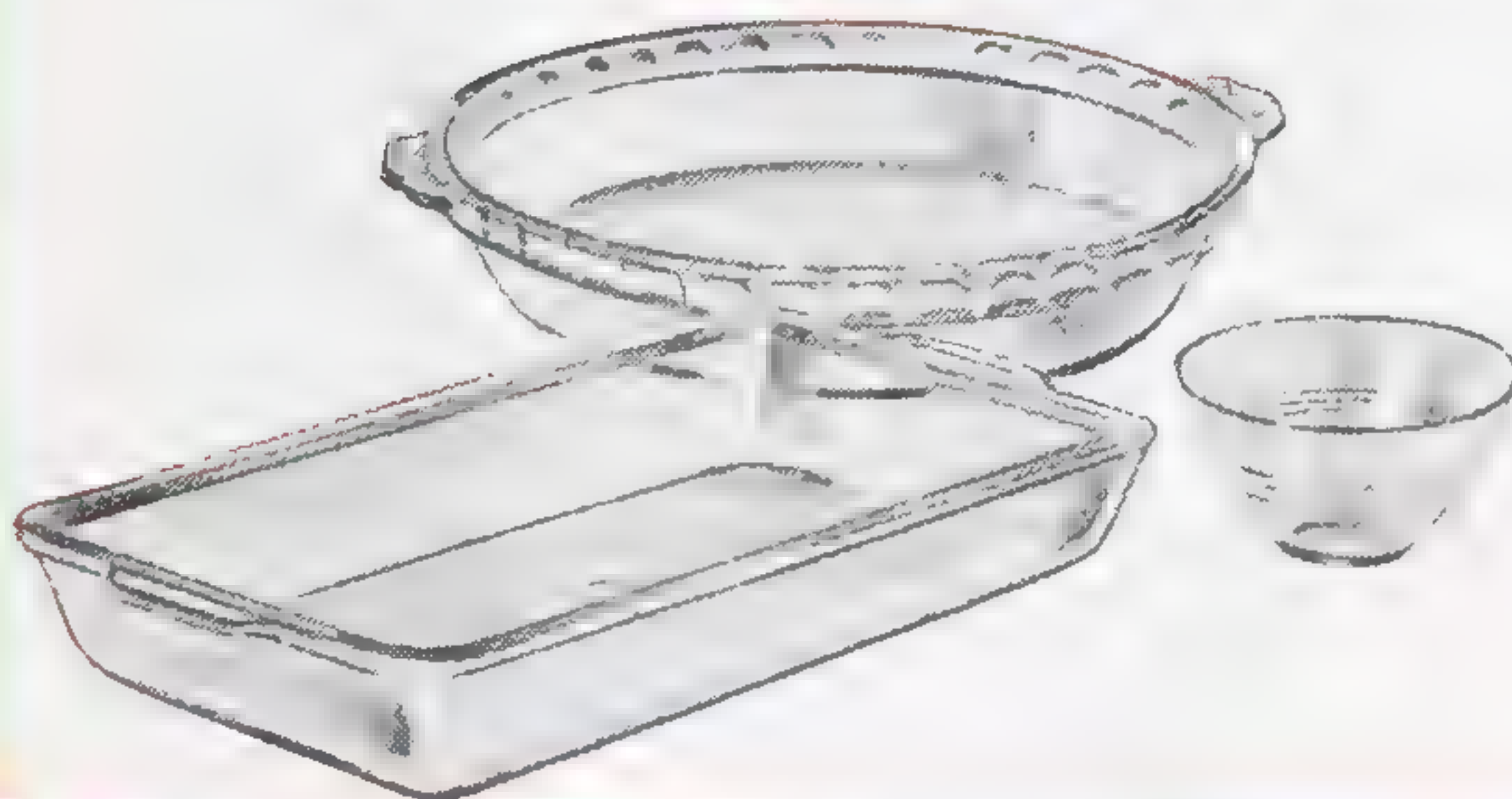
The End.

## This is a **Bride**.... Isn't she Lovely?



She's so lovely she leaves the groom breathless. He's crazy about her. What gift can you send her that she'd be crazy about?

## These are **Pyrex** dishes. Aren't they Lovely?

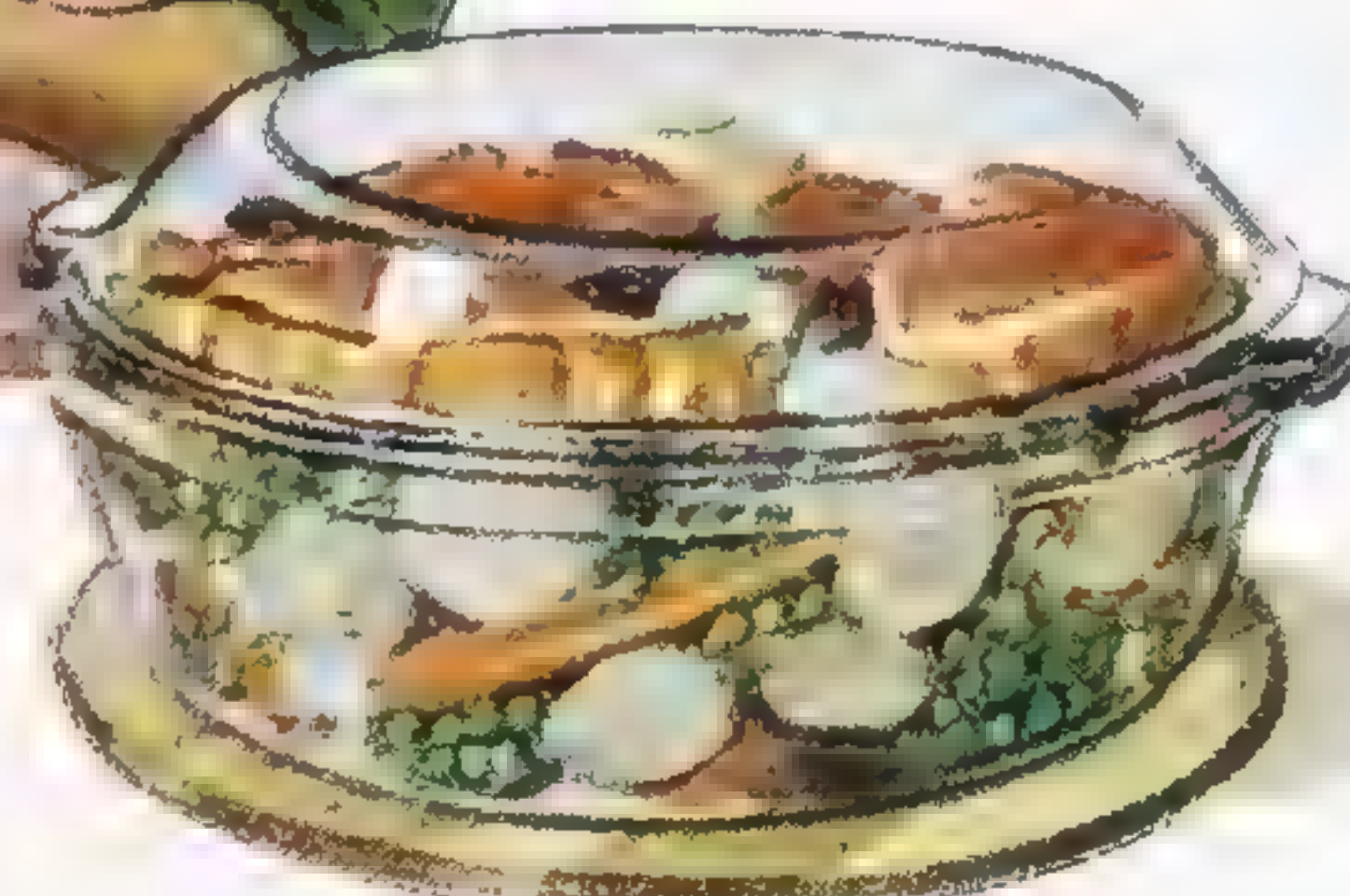


You bet they're lovely! PYREX Ware sparkles like a new diamond. It saves time and steps, too. Each dish can be used for baking, serving, and storing. She'll love it.

## This is what a bride can do with **PYREX** dishes. Isn't it wonderful?



Yes, it is wonderful. It bakes as much as 1/3 faster. She can see when food is done. PYREX Ware helps make any bride a better cook. And she can bring it right to the table! Leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same dish. With no transfer from dish to dish, she saves precious food.



**IDEA FOR IN-LAWS:** The new PYREX Cake Dish (next to the Sergeant). Note the handy glass handles. Grand for tasty layer cakes, fluffy biscuits, puddings, chops, potatoes. Give her a pair. Each only .. **35¢**

**TIP TO BEST FRIENDS:** The PYREX Double Duty Casserole (above) is a super-dandy gift. Two dishes for the price of one... a swell baking dish. And the cover does extra duty as a pie plate. 3 sizes: 1½ qt. (small-family size) only ..... **65¢**

## This is the Pyrex Trade-mark

You can find the little one pressed into the glass bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the familiar orange label both mean "A product of Corning Research in Glass." Look for them for your own protection. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.



**PRESSED  
IN GLASS**





*Do you*  
**STAND OUT**  
*in the crowd?*



 *Retain Your Natural Vitality.. Guard Youthful Energy with the aid of these 2 Tiny Capsules*

**T**HEY stand out in any crowd—alert, all-alive women and men whose friends wonder, “Where do they get all their energy and drive!”

Yet their secret is easy enough to follow. They live sensibly and for daily vitamin health protection, they take “VITAMINS Plus.” Day in and day out, this special balanced-blend of the finest quality vitamins and iron helps keep them up to par.

Just two tiny “VITAMINS Plus” capsules each day—that’s all you need take to get full protective amounts of *all* the recognized essential vitamins—and iron—you *must* have to enjoy good health!

**Why 2 capsules are recommended**

To assure full potency, “VITAMINS Plus” comes in 2 tiny capsules which separate the water-soluble vitamins and iron from the oil-soluble vitamins. This means less chance of chemical reactions that destroy strength. The capsules also prevent destructive air from reaching the vitamins.



Be sure you get the *right* vitamins and iron, and be sure you get them in the *right* form—the “VITAMINS Plus” 2-capsule form.

**The highest quality in vitamins**

First in its field, “VITAMINS Plus” is compounded to the most modern formula. As new advances are made in the science of vitamins, its master formula is improved and amplified.

Remember...you cannot feel or look your best when you lack the indispensable vitamins and iron which you can get so easily in “VITAMINS Plus.” Get the best—get “VITAMINS Plus.” Let it help *you* feel and look *your* best!

*The first in its field*

*Life Begins with*  
**VITAMINS** *Plus*



## Hi, Hody!

(Continued from page 57) aged Russian peasant in "Song Of Russia" with Bob Taylor. He was getting nowhere fast.

Seeking to cast the part of the steward in "Lifeboat," Alfred Hitchcock borrowed Metro's test of Canada Lee, returned the test and signed Lee for the role.

"All set now, except for the role of Kovac, the stoker," Hitch said in passing.

"How about Hodiak, the guy in the test with Lee?" Metro's casting director suggested.

"Send the test over again," Hitch said. "I'll take a look." One look was enough; Hodiak was in like a thief. What's more, he was in at his own studio. For Metro decided that here was a find worthy of their top glamour girl, Lana Turner, and promptly slated him to play the lead in the picture marking her return to the screen, "Marriage Is A Private Affair."

John isn't a foreigner, although his parents were. They immigrated to America from the Ukraine and settled in Pittsburgh where John was born thirty years ago. Later the entire family, including John and his sisters Ann and Mary and brother Walter Jr., moved West and settled in the Detroit suburb of Hamtramck, which was peopled exclusively with immigrants working in Detroit factories. For diversion "Pop" Hodiak, a talented amateur actor, joined the parish players and ultimately steered John into his first role at the age of eleven. Later he appeared in the Hamtramck high-school plays to such advantage as to win a scholarship in dramatics at Northwestern University. This he refused.

**H**ODY'S childhood was not one of ease. For a time the mother was the sole breadwinner, working as a sorter in a seed house while Hody and "Pop" rustled firewood to heat the house and fished in nearby waters for food. Money, as such, was scarce and to indulge his great passion for the movies (especially Westerns starring Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson) Hody would scavenge bits of lead pipe from neighborhood junk heaps, and sell them for an occasional quarter to junk dealers.

It was, however, a happy childhood. The family was loving and close-knit and Hody remembers with joy the special occasions like Christmas which was celebrated in traditional Old Country fashion with special goodies baked by the mother and always a tree which was trimmed by the entire family. At first the six Hodiaks lived in four rooms in an old two-story house which housed three other families, but later they bought a home.

"It wasn't much of a house when we got it, but eventually Pop and I rebuilt it into

a nice place," Hody says. "And we were proud about one thing: Of five buyers we were the only ones who kept up the payments and finally got title."

Mr. and Mrs. Hodiak and the two girls still live in that house while Walter Jr. is away at war. Of all the things Hody plans to do for his family, building them a new home is Number One. "With steam heat!" he adds. "We never were able to afford steam heat in the old one." The only acquisition he wants for himself from success, it's interesting to note, is a fishing lodge and enough financial security to study music.

**H**ODY goes after what he wants with dogged determination. Once he had made up his mind to be an actor, for example, he went after a job in radio.

After one audition he was told to forget the whole idea; his diction was impossibly bad. He was eighteen at the time and took a job as caddy at a Detroit country club. One of the golfers, a director of Chevrolet Motor Company, gave him a job in the stock room of the factory at \$12 a week.

After three years Hody had worked his way up to office work. Reading figures aloud all day, he discovered, did wonders for his careless diction and when he again sought radio work, he was rewarded with small parts. Gradually the roles increased; the station offered him \$35 a week and he took it.

Luck rode with Hody in his radio career. He traveled to Chicago and by 1940 he was playing a variety of leads. It was he who originated the radio character of Lil Abner. Several Hollywood talent scouts sent out feelers in his direction but he dismissed their tentative offers. "I wasn't ready," he explains. "I didn't have enough to offer." Finally, in 1942, he capitulated to Metro's offer of a screen test, signed the contract and headed for the West Coast.

Hodiak is tactful and always the gentleman, even under provocation. At a large cocktail party the other day he amazed many by saying thank you to the host and good-bye to every guest, and has been seen to hold his tongue when many a Joe Doakes would have blown up.

His temper, when it does explode, is violent. Recently a fellow golfer was beefing on the course and finally picked up his club, broke it across his knee and flung it away, narrowly missing the head of the caddy. In a flash Hody was on him.

"Don't ever do that again or I'll beat your eyes off!" he shouted. He meant it.

He has a strong sense of humor and loves a gag on himself, but will have no truck with laughs gained at the expense

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of others. When he is with close friends he loves to clown. His Ukrainian version of "Little Red Riding Hood," which he gives on rare occasions, is a masterpiece.

It irritates him when people continue to press him, after he has said "No"; and his pet peeve is a gin rummy partner who riffles back through the played cards. Defeat stimulates him and he does his best when the going is tough. He is painfully punctual about appointments and unwillingly accepts excuses for tardiness.

Generous to others, he is bowled over when they do anything for him. His friend, Watson Webb, who is a cutter at Twentieth Century-Fox, gave him a Christmas gift of a leather-bound script of "Lifeboat" which left him speechless. Yet his own gift of patio furniture to Bob Bailey, the rising young Fox actor who was his close friend in Chicago days and still is one of his few intimates, he brushed off as unimportant. There is thoughtfulness in his giving, too; he searched for days for a recording of Delius' "Appalachian" when he learned Webb had coveted it.

HE carries a cigarette lighter which never works and has a habit of tapping his cigarettes on his watch crystal. He likes to get up early and promptly and smokes too much when he is keyed up about something. At times he is prone to be too outspoken, failing to temper honesty with discretion, and frequently lets his dreams interfere with the practical thing to do. His sense of order and neatness is terrific; a crooked picture or a sloppy stack of magazines drives him crazy and he cannot rest until he has set them straight. He is patient about big things, like waiting for a break, and cantankerously impatient about little things, like waiting for the lights to be changed for a scene.

Hody admits he likes Hollywood. He likes the excitement of meeting in the flesh all the great names he has read about so long and the stimulation of contacts with people who have achieved fine goals.

The idea of his playing opposite the beautiful and glamorous Lana Turner in "Marriage Is A Private Affair" is to him nothing short of a miracle. Back in those days when he was playing in the parish productions at Hamtramck, he used to daydream that someday he might be in Hollywood.

"In the fanciest of those daydreams I would even picture myself doing a picture with Lana," he confesses. "In my mind that always represented the epitome of personal success and achievement, so why shouldn't I be bowled over now that I find myself actually doing it? The only trouble is that I'm afraid someone will pinch me and I'll wake up to find it's still a dream!"

That simplicity of manner and honesty of emotion is one of many reasons Hollywood has taken Hody to its heart.

THE END

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## The Girl in Clark Gable's Life

(Continued from page 29) arise in the not-too-distant future.

It was thus negatively, and on the down-beat, that the romance between Clark and Kay Williams was preluded.

Fate played its part in a peculiar, reiterant way. Whereas Kay begged out of the first invitation to become the dinner partner of Clark, she accepted with enthusiasm a second of almost similar character about six months later. This was after she secured her interlocutory decree of divorce, and felt free and calm again after the tempestuous days of her marriage. Fate was thus emphatically insistent that she and Gable should meet and what's happened since then has had the gossipers of Hollywood doing nip-ups.

Yes, there is a romance between the two. Kay and Clark have been an item ever since last November, and conjecture runs so rampant as to forecast that they may someday arrive at the altar. Yet with Clark's uncertain status in the war picture—there have been rumors that he may be leaving active duty which in turn have been hotly denied—it may turn out to be one of those fleeting things which are so often typical of Hollywood.

There are two attributes, however, which distinguish the duet of Clark and Kay and that make it seem utterly different, and prophetic of the future. First, it was a very persistent fate, indeed, that brought them together. Second, Kay is the first young woman either in or out of Hollywood who has had the concentrated attention of Clark for any appreciable time since the death more than two years ago of Carole Lombard.

Clark and she have been seen together almost constantly, are often glimpsed at the more secluded and quieter night spots like Dave Chasens, recently were observed at a dinner-dance at the Uplifters Club in the company of other Air Corps and Army officers, have been party guests as lady and escort on various occasions and seem to be warmly and happily devoted.

**W**ARTIME romances are perhaps the most unpredictable of all romances that have bespangled the spectacular life of moviedom. Witness, for instance, how Greer Garson and Richard Ney arrived almost at the verge of marriage once, then hesitated, and how later surprisingly they decided to proceed with the ceremony, using a license they had obtained weeks previously. Witness, too, how many feminine stars have vowed and declared they wouldn't marry until the world was at peace again, and then as drastically changed their minds and become the wife of the man in the service, whose absence had definitely to all intents and purposes made the heart grow fonder.

Clark had become a fascinating figure in the war before he met Kay Williams. He had taken part in missions of aircraft over Europe, dangerous missions that required the sort of courage Gable's friends always surmised he possessed and that he had now actually proven. He was one of the comparatively few prominent stars of Hollywood thus engaged in the battle areas. The part he had played in bombing expeditions had been officially publicized.

This had mostly occurred, oddly enough, during that interim between Kay's first chance to meet Gable and the second. This, too, had a kind of fateful significance, for it was assuredly something to capture the imagination of a young girl and provide added reasons why she might idolize him readily and speedily when destiny chose, after a curious delay, to bring them together. That Clark lived up to all her expectations goes without saying. She



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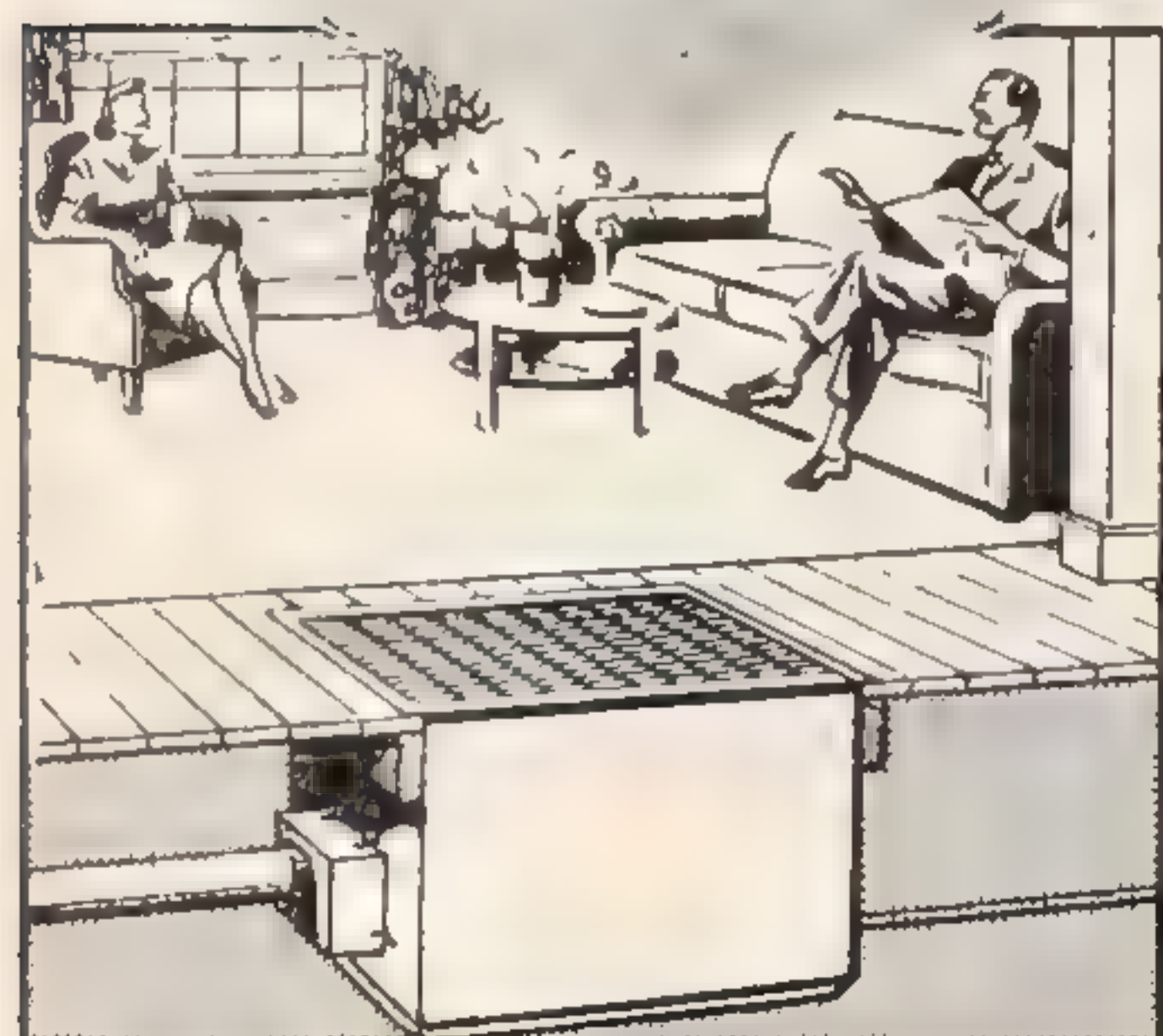
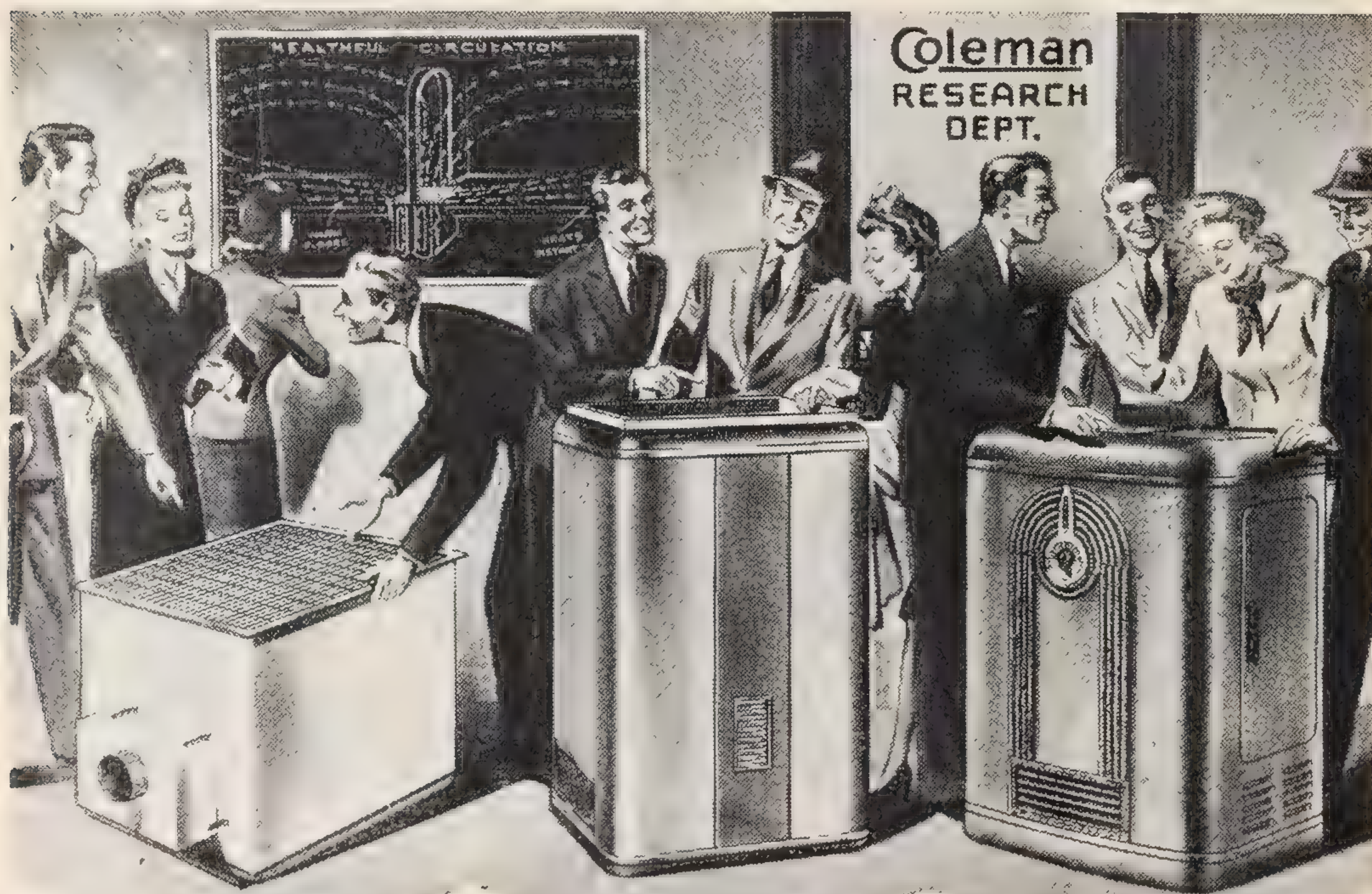
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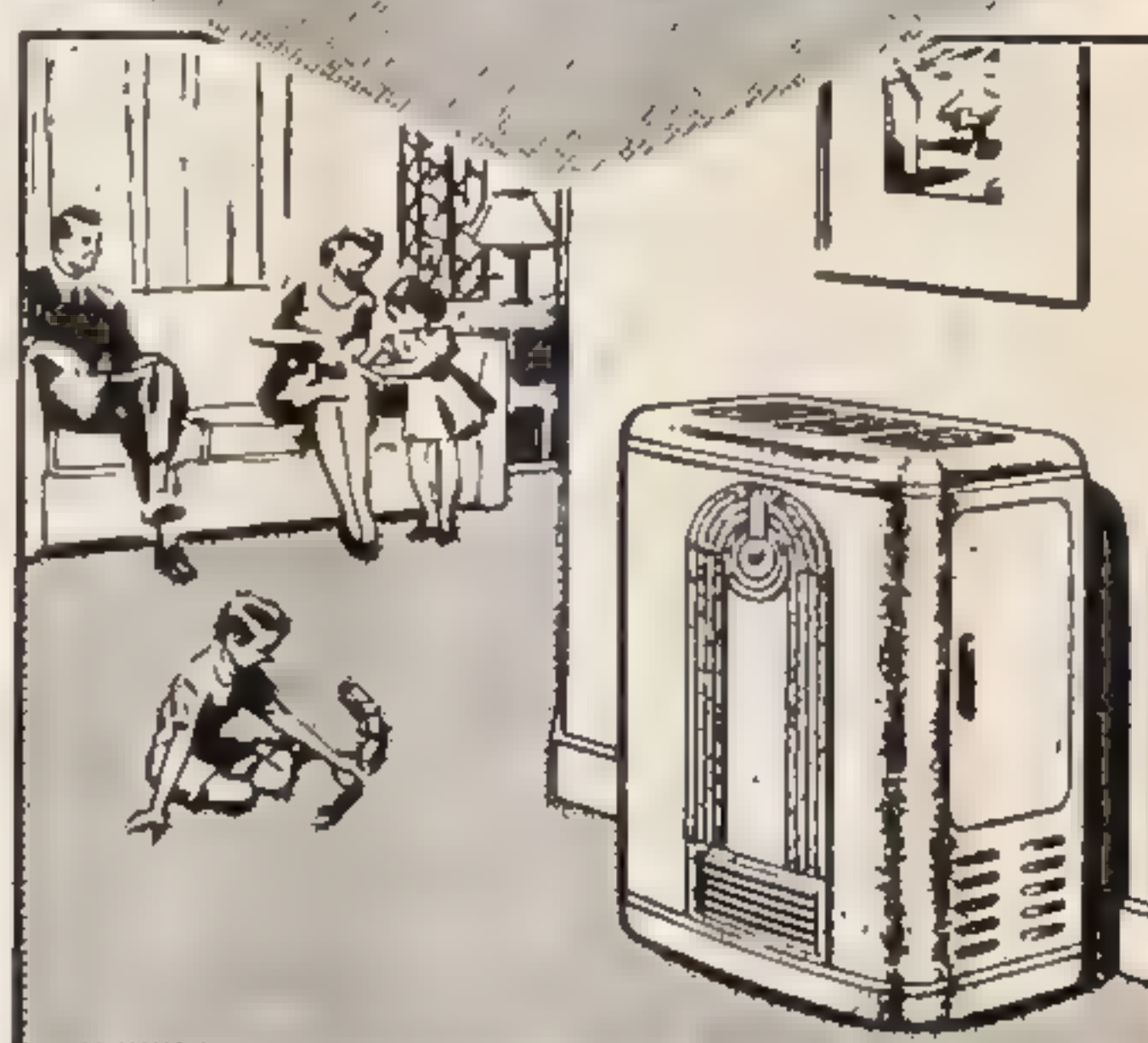
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found him to be just the "swell guy" she thought he'd be when they chatted that first evening.

There is a legend that Clark was interested in meeting Kay before their actual encounter; that he had seen her at the M-G-M studio and that she had attracted him. Maybe he even had something to do with her being extended a second invitation, but all of that seems to be a kind of "military secret," as is everything pertaining to Gable, romantic or otherwise, during his sojourns in Hollywood. At least, he will not discuss either his present life or his activities for the very good reason that he wants to safeguard the integrity of his connection with the armed forces. Above all, he neither seeks nor wants anything that may savor of publicity.

Nevertheless, there is no quieting Hollywood itself, where eyes and ears of observers are alert and impressions are quickly relayed from what are often reliable and authentic sources of information. From such sources it is learned that Clark and Kay like each other first for the oldest and best reason in the world, the basis of every fine friendship—they enjoy being together. They are *sympatico* in a joyous, natural sort of way. They derive fun out of each other's company. There are lots of laughs when they meet.

Moreover, neither places any demands, directly or by innuendo, upon the other; consequently there is never any strain upon their pleasant, merry, warm-spirited companionship. Nothing is set and definite and as a result all the nice things that happen seem to spring into being on the wings of sudden inspiration and carry the air of excitement . . . the little dinners, the completely informal meetings, or even the more formal functions they attend. These formal affairs necessarily have to have an impromptu character too, because Gable is always subject to call and nothing social can be too premeditated.

Clark disdains flubdub of any sort—so does Kay. He spent his youth in a rich, productive Pennsylvania farming community and she passed her girlhood on a farm—also in Pennsylvania. Both have fond memories of that period of their lives and enjoy discussing this, especially since Gable again dedicated himself so completely to the rural pleasures when he attained fame in California.

In a way perhaps this is the greatest tie between them—their vigorous vital love for the soil, which was their natural heritage. Only Gable, to whom this means so much, would perhaps have reawakened those impulses in the young girl, who had acquired a sophisticated veneer that concealed her native fealties and inclinations.

Once Kay said about herself, "It's probably difficult to associate a model and someone who was practically a 'resident' of El Morocco and several other New York night clubs with a gal from the farm, but that's what I am—a farm girl. I love the earth and I love a home. I can't say that I was happy in the artificial atmosphere in which I spent my time before coming to Hollywood. It was fun, of course, and I like fun and excitement. But out here I've been more contented, in spite of my unhappy marriage, because I have a home that I can call my own. It has taken me back to my freer and more normal younger years."

"I love this place where I live because of its garden as much as anything else. I love the smell of the morning dew on the grass. I love the wind that sweeps in from the sea in the late afternoon. I feel like racing to meet it when I come home from the studio. I'd rather watch a beautiful golden sunset than the best act in the best night club in the world."



When Kay talks her eyes dance and sparkle and she never strains for fancy words to express herself. She tosses things off with a gesture of the hand, a smile or a slangy phrase. She admits her "personal charm" by saying, "Every girl has to have her own bag of tricks." Above everything else she wouldn't attempt to compete with Gable's cherished memory of Carole, but would give a thoughtful, attentive and respectful ear if he ever made any reference to the woman he loved so much who was taken from him by sudden and violent death. Kay Williams, above all else, is a young woman of discretion, tact and good judgment.

Kay is smart in matters of dress, looks glamorous in evening clothes. With her light coloring, she is particularly striking in black and in pure white gowns, which, strangely enough, was also true of Carole Lombard. She has a stunning figure in such costumes and looks very chic, too, in her simple soft-tailored street suits. She seems just the type that a Gable would approve and appreciate, because there is no chi-chi about her and Gable fundamentally has always been a man of simple tastes, and reacts favorably to anything and anybody devoid of affectation.

Kay's family, also, probably intrigues Gable. While he never had brothers or sisters, he is keen for family life. His Pennsylvania-Dutch forebears have given him the heritage of strength and solidity. Home and family life spell the integration of those elements. Consequently Kay, her kid sister, her mother and brother, who is at present in the service, constitute a family group whom Clark enjoys.

The sister is a beautiful sixteen-year-old who wears bobby socks and—so we hear—one of Gable's sweaters of pre-war days. It probably was one of his favorites when he went hunting and it is doubtless her definite favorite for every day.

Despite her extreme wariness of telling about Clark, Kay says this: "Clark is a wonderful person—a fine, gallant, clean, inspiring man who makes you feel glad and happy and grateful that you're alive in the world that he lives in. Even despite this dreadful war and the sad and hopeless picture it paints, you somehow feel that the world isn't in such a forlorn state when you know a man like him."

**P**RESSED on the romance question, she counters, "Oh, shucks, I'm not in a position to talk about marriage or engagements to anyone. I haven't even got my final decree. I think the best policy right now, with all the uncertainties that exist, is to live as you best can, have fun while you can, and if you have a fine companionship or friendship make the most of it, and don't ask too many questions about the future. I've never been so happy in my life and I'm working and studying hard in the hope that Leo the Lion will roar for me sometime, too."

So far Leo has only rumbled lightly for Kay. She had small parts in "Du Barry Was A Lady," "Girl Crazy" and "Two Girls And A Sailor," but her contract at Metro has been continued and the predictions are that she will win a real break in the near future. If her animated personality is captured she's more than likely to triumph. She has a brisk breezy quality that should entitle her to victories in light comedy. Furthermore, no girl in Hollywood has more distinguishing attributes of beauty. Especially is this true of her eyes, which are a strange light blue, with what might almost be called a black-penciled outline around the iris and a sort of golden iridescence that comes and goes.

What's more, she has had the wisdom not to allow anyone to capitalize on her

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friendship with Gable. Be it said the girls who are in Kay's set have been pretty sporting about the whole thing. They don't barge up to her when she's out with the Captain; in fact, they hold back in awe. However, in the dressing rooms on the lot it's another story. They bombard her with their pleas. "Come on, Kay. Just let me touch you for luck!"

"I know," Kay laughs and winks mischievously. "You want to touch the hand that Gable touched."

Naturally there have been other women who have been jealous of Kay Williams during this Gable interlude. But whatever manifestations there are along that line they won't deter the progress of the "romance." In fact, they are very likely to give it additional impetus, because, if there is one attitude that Gable has toward women he admires, it is summed up in the word gallant.

Should there seem to be opposition to his marrying Kay Williams or anything that savored of intrigue against her, Clark might up and marry her with a suddenness that would leave everybody breathless. He can be very peremptory if he thinks that an injustice is being done anyone to whom he is devoted.

At the same time, he's probably cool-headed enough to consider that the marital state is one that is best enjoyed when the men in the service really come home to stay.

THE END

## Shirley—at the Turn of the Teens

(Continued from page 33) with that same shimmering inner glow of real beauty.

I wasn't long in finding out she has a real wit, too. When I said, "Shirley, this is the first time we have ever talked without your mother present," she said: "Maybe she thinks it's time to push me out of the nest!"

I noticed that Franz Werfel and his delightful wife were bowing and nodding. "Oh, Miss Parsons, could I meet him?" asked Shirley. "I loved 'The Song Of Bernadette'!"

So we went over to the Werfel table. This man who has known all there is to know of the pity and glory of experience bent over the hand of the little charmer. "It is such a pleasure to meet you," said Werfel, "And such an honor to meet you," replied Shirley.

She was graciousness itself.

When Shirley was the leading box-office star for four years in a row, there were the usual rumors that Mrs. Temple was "bossing" the show—that she was difficult.

If it is true that Gertrude Temple was the guiding force in her "million-dollar baby's" career—then I am going to have to admit frankly that "Mother knew best." There's not a false note in Shirley's personality.

The things she likes to talk about are exactly the things that interest all girls of her age. She loves to dance and, as for beaux—well, "there are six or seven" who are ready and willing to take her out.

"Do you jitterbug?" I asked, not exactly sure that a girl who looks like a dream-waltzing went in for this athletic branch of Terpsichore.

"I can do it," she replied not at all abashed. "But frankly," she went on confidentially, "there's not much future in it!"

I hung onto my hat as we went by that puzzling observation. "I just don't care about being thrown around through the air," she said. "Jitterbugging won't last like the waltz and the one-step and

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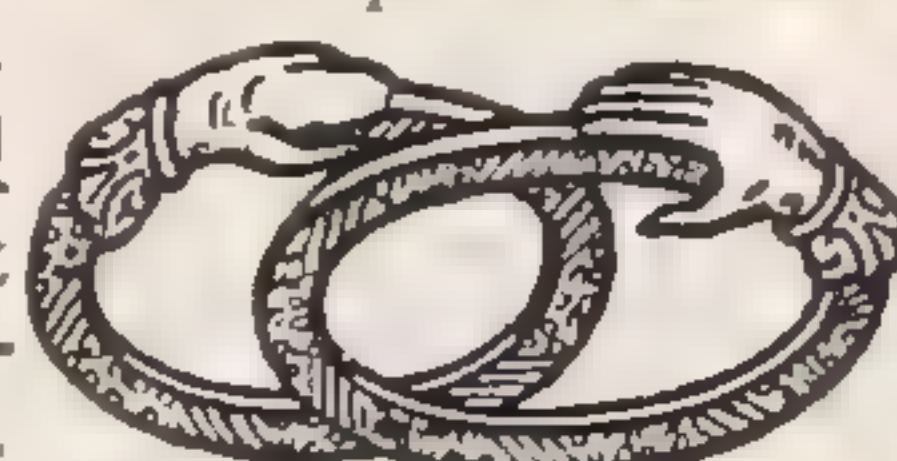
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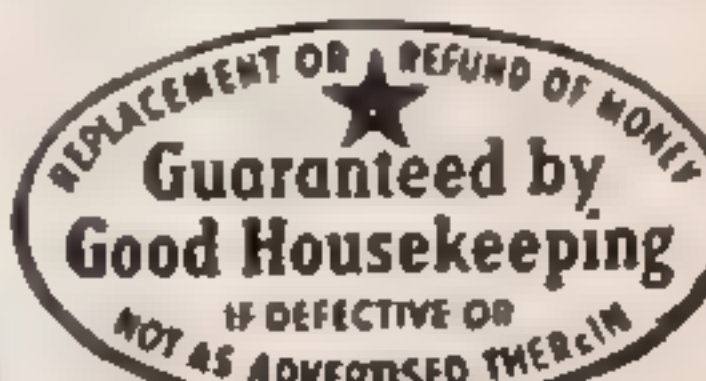
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the rhumba—all graceful dances.”

But Shirley thinks Harry James is keen! That is the word she used although it was the only time she resorted to the solid-sending, cooking-with-gas parlance.

I took a deep breath and took the plunge. “Shirley,” I asked, “do you hope to marry some day and have children?”

Maybe it was the suddenness of the question that brought on another nervous little giggle again. But when she spoke I knew it was a subject she had thought about and talked about with the girls who are her pals at the exclusive Westlake School. It is a subject that has been talked about from the beginning of time—and schools—when sixteen-year-olds get together.

“Of course I want to marry,” she said. “But not until I am much older. I was so embarrassed when someone printed that I might elope with a young actor.

“I would never elope. I wouldn’t do that to my parents and my brothers. When I marry I want an announcement party with the girls from school present. And I want the ‘showers’ and wedding invitations sent out and the veil and the wedding dress and oh,” she took a breath, “just all of it.

“And I want to have children, not one—but several.”

**B**UT, first, Shirley feels, there are so many things she must do. For one thing, finish school. “I won’t be graduated until June, 1945,” she explained.

“After I finish school I want to go to Broadway and do a musical. I want to justify all the lessons I have had.”

“Were you disappointed that David Selznick wouldn’t let you do ‘Cabbages And Kings’ on the stage, Shirley?” I asked.

“No,” she said quickly, “I have faith in Mr. Selznick and I don’t believe I am ready yet for Broadway. I’m studying hard—but it would have been a mistake for me to force things!”

“You seem so serious about your work for a girl just sixteen,” I said.

“I guess I am,” she admitted—and then that giggle cropped up—“except when I work with Monty Woolley. We are in ‘Since You Went Away’ together. Do you know him, Miss Parsons?”

I admitted I knew the iconoclastic Mr. Woolley. “He’s a scream” described Shirley. He says the funniest things in his beard without ever moving his lips!” (And he says funny things moving his lips, I thought—and what things he says!)

“He used to break me up before almost every scene,” enthused Shirley. “I felt silly—and the director told me not to giggle—but goodness, you should have heard some of the things he was saying!”

I thought—I have!

We had reached the dessert stage by now and the waiter was descending on us with a wagon filled with pies, gooey cakes, eclairs and all the other immoral foods. Edgar Bergen, at the next table, shook his finger at me.

Shirley leaned over and whispered in my ear: “Let’s wait until he leaves. I want dessert. And so do you!”

She is so slim now she doesn’t have to diet—which is more than I can say for myself! But I reminded her that when she was eleven she was plump.

“Fat, you mean,” she corrected laughing. “That was when I used to like to sit and eat candy and listen to Gang Busters and Inner Sanctum and all the horror mystery melodramas on the radio. I guess I was just a kid!”

“I guess that was it,” I replied feeling older than Mrs. Methuselah. But, suddenly, I had a cheering thought. I still like Inner Sanctum!

THE END

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## It's Like This to be Mrs. Kelly

(Continued from page 36) here. I only have my lunch hour. I'm rehearsing for the American Jubilee at present. And if I don't get a job here I can't risk that job. . . .

The week following, after Billy Rose engaged me, I was one of the chorus girls who had a crush on Gene. There always is a group of girls who think the dance instructor is "cute." I wasn't sure, however, that Gene reciprocated my feelings. I had very little self-confidence in those days. I was only sixteen. Originally I had planned to be a schoolteacher. And this was just my second job in the theater.

THE first time Gene took me out we went to a fish place. Up to that point in my life I hadn't liked fish. But I cleaned my plate. And I have liked fish ever since.

Gene is just as definite about food as he is about everything else. He dislikes all vegetables, even corn on the cob. I give him vegetables, of course. But I don't bother if he doesn't eat them. Peas and spinach—unless the latter is creamed—he detests. String beans he finds tolerable. He insists salad is greens enough; but he never eats much salad either. He likes plenty of bread and tea on the side. All Irish like tea, I suppose. Champagne he hates. Beer he adores.

It was not until Geney signed a contract and was about to depart for California that I really knew he loved me; that the interest and enthusiasm he had for other girls was different from the feeling he had for me. I should have known, of course, that Gene always will admire pretty girls very much and intelligent women even more. For that's the way he is. He has a gift for people.

He told me he couldn't go to California without me. So we were married in Philadelphia where he was rehearsing the dances for "Best Foot Forward." We came to New York for a few days to see the show open. Then we drove to New Orleans, boarded a freighter with our car, landed at Vera Cruz, drove to Mexico City for a month, headed leisurely up through Arizona, then north to San Francisco for a week and then down to Los Angeles.

Gene didn't want me to have a baby right away. He thought I was so young I should have a little fun first. However, when we knew Kerry was on the way we were delighted; especially when she turned out to be a girl. We both wanted a girl. Gene, who taught dancing school for years, thought girls were nicer and more affectionate. He likes children very much anyway and has a nice, easy manner with them. Whenever we go to Pittsburgh, where he had his school, the children who were his pupils come to see us. And every Sunday in California, the neighborhood kids gather in our yard for kick ball.

At first Gene was handier than I with Kerry. For in the beginning I was afraid to be alone with her. I'll never forget the day in the hospital, when she was five days old, that she had hiccoughs. I began pushing buttons and yelling for help.

My mother, however, tells me Gene was none too capable the day Kerry was born. Mother telephoned him at the studio where he was working in a big number for "Du Barry Was A Lady." Unable to locate any studio executive he simply told everybody on the set where he was bound—and departed. It didn't concern him that Tommy Dorsey and his big orchestra were on the payroll that day. Kerry wasn't born until four-thirty in the afternoon, but Gene never left the hospital except to run downstairs to a drugstore for cokes. And although he rarely smokes he chain-smoked all day. Also, according to Mother,



every time a nurse came into the waiting room he jumped up. This must have kept him very busy indeed, because my doctor delivered three babies that afternoon.

WHEN Gene and I arrived in Hollywood I had no wish for a career. But now that Kerry is one and a half I think I would like to go to work again. Gene thinks I should. He likes women to do whatever they are able to do, to have babies and a career also, to enjoy the fullest life possible.

I have tried to keep active. I take ballet lessons every day and study Russian at U. C. L. A. I need a head start or I'll never be able to keep up with Gene when he begins to study. For Gene is a natural linguist. I remember how quickly he was able to speak Spanish when we studied together before we were married.

He's really very adept, very facile, very capable. Usually he isn't too interested in the house. But every now and then when he is between pictures he takes a spree and tears around doing everything. He has to do something to use up his energy—he has so much it's frightening.

In the years Gene and I have been married we never have been really angry with each other. We both think it is silly and stupid to lose control of ourselves and say things we don't mean. There is, I think, only one thing about me that bothers Gene—the fact that I never learned to keep things neat. When I was home I was the youngest and usually everything was done for me. When I married Gene I was unaccustomed to keeping things tidy. Fortunately he has been patient.

With Mamie's help I now keep house pretty well. Mamie and we are very happy together. Originally she was supposed to keep the house clean and prepare our meals. I was supposed to take care of Kerry. But since Mamie had the complete

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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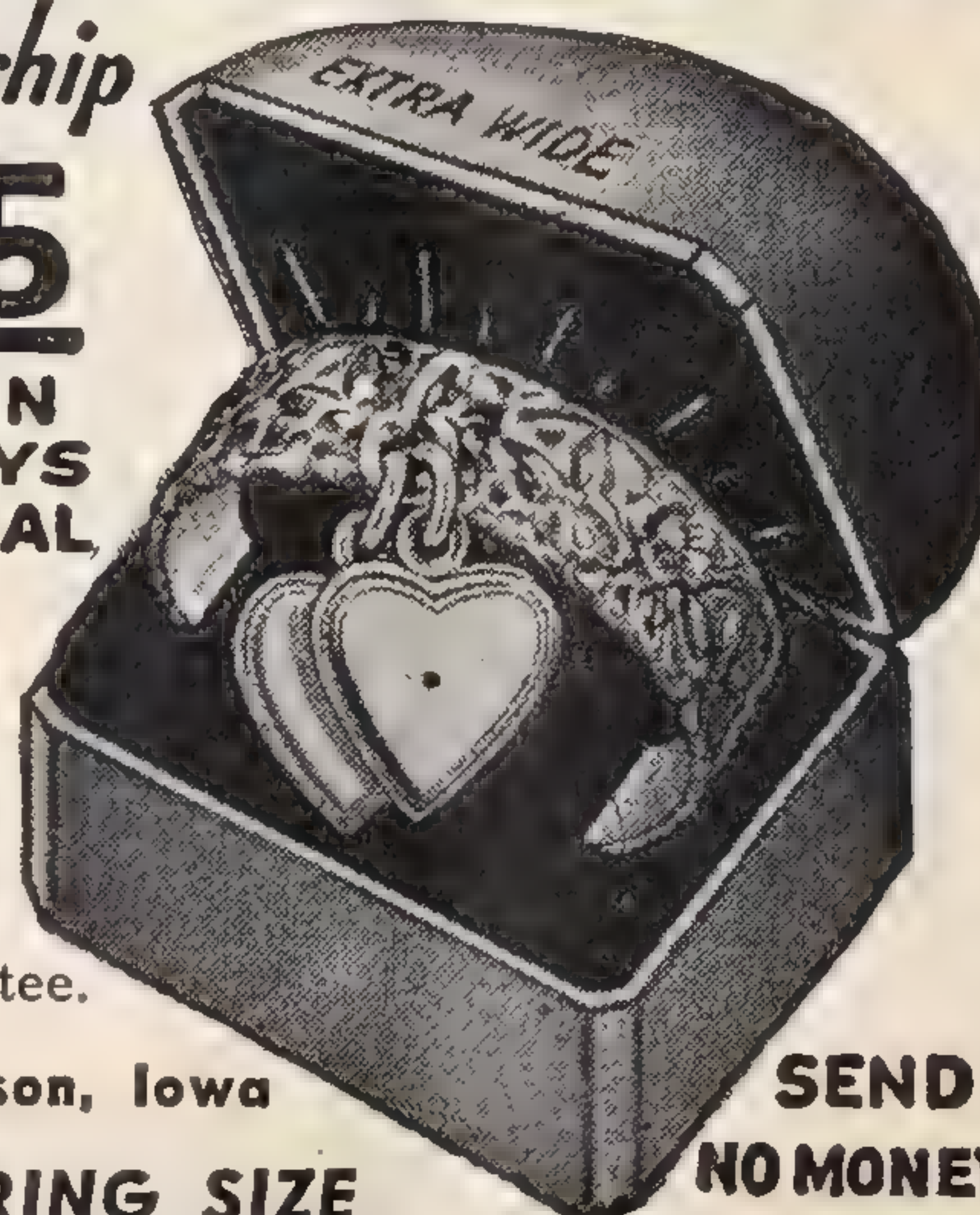
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care of Kerry while Gene and I spent a week up at Big Bear, she loves Kerry so much that she takes her downstairs to breakfast before we are up and urges me to go out so she can give Kerry her lunch.

I am always beginning a new budget book and abandoning it. Gene and I don't do anything too sensibly. We don't, for instance, have a separate account in which we save money for Kerry's college, or anything else. All Gene's money goes into one account and we both draw checks against it. We aren't fools with our money. We both know what it is to go without. When I earned forty dollars a week, I thought it a fortune. Gene has lived on his unemployment insurance once or twice and, at the end of summer in Maine, his money gone, has existed on clams and potatoes.

However, neither Gene nor I believe in cheating today for tomorrow. Occasionally when we have been very extravagant—the way we were during our recent trip to New York when Kerry stayed over in New Jersey with my mother for a week while Gene and I did the town—Gene will grin at me and say, "It's a good thing we have those War Bonds, anyway!"

**HOSPITALITY** is one thing we wouldn't dream of economizing on. Unless we go to a friend's house on Saturday night we have a party. When Gene isn't working we have friends in two or three times a week too. When we owe many people entertainment we have a buffet. Ten or twelve is a perfect number of guests for games. But if forty people come that is all right too.

Gene and I are fortunate in liking the same people. Gene, however, is more violent in his dislike of social climbers and those who are mean and deliberately hurt others, than I. He doesn't believe it is smart to say cutting things irrespective of how clever and witty you may be.

My husband isn't an Irishman given to black moods. He is more likely to be riotously gay—for no reason at all... He loathes waking up but once he is awake he isn't grouchy... He practically never shaves unless he is going out. I know a lot of women fuss if their husbands don't shave but I think that's silly. After Gene has gone two or three days without shaving and grown a little beard, I think he looks wonderful—as he did in "The Cross Of Lorraine."

He's very impulsive. He is as likely as not to call, as he opens the front door at night, "Bettina, let's run up to San Francisco over the week end!"

So far Gene hasn't forgotten an anniversary; but we have only had two. He never has given me a diamond bracelet or anything like that because until this year neither of us had any interest in jewelry. Then, suddenly, I decided I needed a string of pearls—not real—to wear with the sweaters and skirts I wear most of the time. So Gene and I went out and bought pearls. Then, when my birthday came around Gene went to the same shop and the same salesgirl and discovered I had been admiring pearl earrings. So he bought them for me. I never had worn earrings before in my life. But I love them.

When Gene has the time he is very clever about women's clothes. His outstanding gift to me was a purple suede suit and a copper suede dress. Both fitted perfectly and were wholly his choice. I would have been afraid the copper color would be too much with my hair, but it isn't. It's wonderful.

To make this a complete and rounded portrait of Gene I should, I know, mention some of his faults. He must have faults, of course. But I can't for the life of me conjure up a single one!

THE END



## Hollywood Mothers

(Continued from page 41) all the while the purpose of this and the purpose of that.

"Your boy is going to be an engineer," I said to Barbara, when I joined her on the terrace. "He wants to be a soldier," she said, smiling. "However, I hope with all my heart there won't be another war when he has grown and he may concentrate upon his second wish—to be a writer."

Another mother I greatly admire is Margaret Sullavan. Maggie is one of the most shy, retiring, modest stars I have ever known. Everywhere she goes she is liked for her modesty. There is no exhibitionism about her. And she is training her three children, Brooke aged seven, Bridget, aged five, and William Leland, aged two, to grow in the same natural way.

Bridget with her little tow pigtailed and her habit of sticking out her small chin is adored by her older sister and her parents. She fascinates them with her great propensity for knowing exactly what she wants and going after it.

When Maggie opened on Broadway in "The Voice Of The Turtle," the producer, Alfred de Liagre, Jr., built her a very special suite of dressing room, kitchen and dining room so she might rest at the theater between matinee and evening performances. Looking at her little dining room Maggie said promptly, "I don't need that! That shall be Bridget's playroom."

On matinee days Bridget's governess brings her directly to the theater from the park. Sometimes little friends join her for tea parties. However, neither Bridget nor her friends ever have the slightest notion they actually are playing on the stage, behind the scenes.

Maggie shortly leaves "The Voice Of The Turtle," in spite of the fact that she has played consistently to standing room only. She wants time to rest before her fourth child is born.

Another young mother I like and admire very much is Gene Tierney, married to Count Oleg Cassini. Gene is a most charming actress, as she last proved in "Heaven Can Wait." She made Hollywood wait, too, while she had her baby. Producers and directors sat around for months waiting for Gene to return to the studios.

Early this spring when Gene toured a dozen big cities selling War Bonds her baby went right along with her. Returning to Washington she found there wasn't a hotel room to be had. This didn't, however, daunt Gene. She picked up the telephone and asked for Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau.

"Mr. Secretary," she said to him, "I have just sold eight million dollars in Bonds. Can you get me a room that will be comfortable for me and my baby?"

Within three hours she had her room.

**C**ONSTANCE BENNETT is another mother who never ceases to amaze me. I knew Constance in Paris when she was being wooed by Phillip Plant. I found her very beautiful and attractive and was most interested in her as one of the three daughters of Richard Bennett, one of our greatest actors. However, I thought then that Constance was a little blonde who would go the way of all flesh. Finally she married Phillip Plant. But soon enough, unable to keep up with his wild Broadway night-clubbing, she divorced him. Always, however, she has been the most devoted mother to young Peter, fifteen now, a cadet in military school, the living image of his father whom I knew quite well.

During all Constance's stormy career on the screen, when for a time she earned \$35,000 a week, she kept her head and ap-

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*"Well, the Army hasn't changed you any."*

parently her heart. Then she married the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudraye, Gloria Swanson's former husband.

Again, during her life with the Marquis, her first concern was to see that young Peter was properly reared, protected and guarded. And it was following her divorce from the Marquis that she adopted Linda, who is five now.

I WAS, in a way, responsible for Constance's falling in love with Gilbert Roland. It was in 1932 when I first went to Hollywood to act as technical advisor for David O. Selznick who was producing Somerset Maugham's "Our Betters." I knew Maugham very well (and was supposed to know society very well.)

Constance played the cold, calculating Lady Grayston. I had to find a charming young man to play the character of the gigolo. Gilbert Roland came in. I said to Mr. Selznick, "That's the man. We will have him." And that is how they met.

They didn't like each other at all. Constance couldn't stand Gilbert and he, in turn, didn't like her. We had been about twelve weeks in production before they decided otherwise. Whereupon Constance, as you know, divorced the Marquis and married Gilbert Roland. And a year later they had a little blonde girl, Jill, who is now two.

"Unfortunately," Constance says, "Jill looks like me, not Gilbert. I hope, however, she will have Gilbert's brain; for he is extremely intelligent."

She is now embarking upon a career as a star-producer for PRC Studios. This will be a real test for her brilliant abilities, for although Constance will not be the first woman to be a producer, the indications are now that she will be the first woman with the exception of Mary Pick-

ford to get her picture before the public as a star-producer.

Joan Bennett is another wonderful mother. Joan, completely modern, has had a child by each of her three husbands. By John Fox she had Diana. By Gene Markey she had Melinda. By Walter Wanger she had Stephanie.

Stephanie is the most beautiful baby I have ever seen in my life. She has enormous blue eyes and every little feature is so exquisite that you cannot bear to think she will grow up.

I saw Stephanie when she was ten weeks old and even then she posed by resting her lovely little head against her perfect tiny hand. The occasion was an alfresco luncheon given by Joan and Walter for many charming people; among them the William Goetzes, the Darryl Zanucks, Sandra and Gary Cooper, Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, the Jack Warners, Bob Benchley and Lieutenant Commander Joel Pressman and Claudette Colbert.

At the proper moment Stephanie was brought down. Melinda came with her and her nurse. For Melinda it undoubtedly was a bewildering experience, for this was the first time in her life that she was not the center of attraction. Everyone rushed to the baby. Everyone except Mrs. McLean. She was dying to see Stephanie but, having grandchildren of her own, she understands little girls. So she turned to Melinda. "You're the kind of a little girl I like," she announced. "I much prefer little girls like you to tiny babies!"

She and Melinda at once became bosom friends, of course. And later that afternoon we searched the shops of Los Angeles so Mrs. McLean might find just the right present for Melinda—a beautiful baby doll with a trunkful of clothes.

There is also my friend, Louella Parsons.

Louella has worked long and unceasingly—first to become and then to remain one of the most important women in Hollywood. She isn't a star but she enjoys a star's prestige. No woman in all the world, however, is more fanatical about her family or more devoted to her child. Harriet Parsons is, today, a writer, director and producer at the RKO Studios. This is due to her great ability and her fine capacity for work, true. But it also is the result of the enormous devotion and guidance and love Louella has given her always.

Mary Pickford, as you know, adopted first a boy and then a baby girl. She, who always wanted babies, lives for these children and constantly plans how she will bring them up. A month or two ago when Mary came to see me before leaving for California I asked, "Why do you go back so soon?" "Don't you realize," Mary asked, "that I've been *six weeks away from my family*? And both Ronald, seven now, and Roxanne are at such interesting ages that every day I am apart from them I miss something."

JOAN CRAWFORD, once Mary's daughter-in-law—when Mary was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and Joan was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Junior—is another incredibly devoted and capable mother. Last winter when Joan was living in a big apartment on East End Avenue here in New York I saw her often. Every time she talked of her children I knew a sense of unreality. It is so incredible that this girl who won cups for doing the Charleston in her early days in Hollywood, who found her fame in "Dancing Daughters," who for years has been something of a femme fatale, should be so utterly maternal.

"I am going to see that my children have the best possible education," Joan



told me. "At college I want them to matriculate in the special field they particularly care about. My little girl Christina is interested in science. That, I must say, is a bit beyond me. However, I shall see to it that even though she does not rival Madame Curie she is able to do the best job within her capacity."

The wives of the producers are equally devoted to family. It is a rare treat to watch Virginia Zanuck, a little thing, mother her brood. Darrylin, twelve, is the oldest. Then comes Susan, lovely image of her mother. Youngest is Dickie who idolizes his father and imitates his every gesture.

Not long ago, wishing to give presents to the young Zanucks, I sought to learn what they would like. Susan was easy. She adores storybook dolls, preferring the Oriental types, the Circassian dancers and harem girls.

"How about a St. Christopher medal?" I asked Dickie. He tore open his shirt to show me he wore one. "Do you have to unlock any doors?" I asked him. He took a key ring—minus any key—from his pocket. "Not yet," he admitted. "But when I get older my father says I will have my own house key." "What about a knife?" I suggested. He produced a large, bone-handled Scout knife. I thought a fine gold knife in order and gave him one.

I called Darrylin on the telephone to ask what she would like. "I would dearly love some rocks," she told me. "Rocks?" I said. "Rocks," she said. Mystified I called her mother. "Darrylin is terribly interested in geology," Virginia explained, "and greatly admires quartz. The shelves in her room are crowded with old shoe boxes filled with 'rocks' of all shapes and colors and sizes." That decided me to get a special specimen case for Darrylin and fill its little black drawers with all manner

of the quartz stone she loves so well.

The problem child of the world is Jack Warner's nine-year-old Barbara. Barbara is a love child really. When Jack and Ann were married and had Barbara they adored each other beyond belief. Barbara has great beautiful eyes and wonderful manners. She speaks French almost like a native. When she was younger she recited little French poems and sang little French songs—most charmingly. Besides, inheriting her father's gorgeous sense of humor, Barbara—without being a clown—has a flair for low comedy which is funnier still in a child of the beautiful, exotic Ann.

Barbara amuses Ann very much. Recently, en route to New York from Washington, Ann saw Barbara winking broadly at a soldier across the aisle.

"Barbara!" she exclaimed. "You mustn't! Ladies don't do things like that!"

"But, Mother," protested Barbara, "you yourself told me to do unto others as they did unto me!"

During their stop-over in New York Barbara's governess took her to be fitted for little tailleurs to wear to school. Ann arrived at the shop and found Barbara loudly demanding striped fabrics for her suits. "You cannot have stripes," Ann told her. "Why, may I ask, do you want them?" Barbara grinned. "I want to be a zoot suit riot!"

**A**MONG the happy Hollywood mothers there is no one happier caring for her child than the ravishingly beautiful Hedy Lamarr. For more than a year after her divorce from Gene Markey Hedy lived like a recluse so no gossip or publicity would prejudice the authorities who were to decide if she would be permitted to adopt little Jamie finally and absolutely.

I knew Hedy first when she was the important wife of the more important Fritz

Mandl—munitions king of Austria. Hedy was very young and inexperienced to be hostess for a man of Mandl's fabulous wealth, and she looked with amazement at the way great ladies of position and title fawned upon her husband. And it wasn't difficult to read scorn in her young eyes when she looked upon the dukes and the archdukes who were his sycophants.

Among these was the Archduke Maximilian of Hapsburg, as I can testify. For one night I, with a delegation, called at the Swiss chalet which Mandl had built on the rocks at Cap Antibes. It was our purpose to request Mandl to stop turning the residue of his drains into the lovely blue Mediterranean where we bathed daily.

The door was opened by an elderly man who held a fierce dog. I saw it was no more and no less than His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Maximilian of Hapsburg whom the ruthless Mandl employed as overseer or night watchman.

Hedy left Mandl and fled to Hollywood. She never belonged in the environment she knew as his wife. I hope in John Loder, who has a fine son of his own by his first wife, and her adopted son, Jamie, and the child she and John are talking of adopting together, Hedy, at last, has found her real happiness.

Hollywood's darlings lead complicated and, considering the variety of roles into which they throw themselves, abnormal lives. Perhaps they cling to the idea of a family because they need children as an anchor in their ever-changing world. Whatever the explanation, it is a wonderful thing that these glamour girls insist, one way or another, upon being mothers. They are able to do wonderful things for their children. Their babies, natural and adopted, may very well be the privileged children of the next generation.

THE END

# Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS

## PROVED FAR LESS IRRITATING TO THE NOSE AND THROAT!

**WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!**

—Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . proving this finer cigarette is less irritating—safer—for the nose and throat!

# CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS



Finer flavor—less irritating—America's **FINEST** Cigarette



**PEBECO PETE SAYS:**

*"Here's how to save in wartime style  
And wear a better, brighter smile!"*

1. Note this! Pebeco Tooth Powder gives you 60% more than the average of 6 other leading tooth powders!

2. Contains no gritty abrasives. Doesn't scratch tooth enamel.

3. Keeps teeth glistening clean. No other dentifrice cleans and polishes teeth better!

4. Has clean, peppery taste. Makes mouth feel wholesome—fresh. Get Pebeco Powder today!

**GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢**

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste... clean, refreshing flavor... 10¢ and 50¢

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



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ucts Corp.

**REVOLUTION over 20 Years Ago!  
LEADERSHIP, TODAY... for  
BRASSIERES by MAIDEN FORM**



Inspired vision brought about Maiden Form's creation of the first "uplift" brassiere, in 1923. Now millions of women recognize Maiden Form's genius in designing brassieres correctly styled for different bosom-types—brassieres which fit better and wear better because into their making go such fine materials and such exact craftsmanship.

Dealers receive new Maiden Form stock at regular intervals. If you don't at first find your style, look again. Send for free Conservation and Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16, N. Y.



**Save Those Tears!**

(Continued from page 47) to make everything come right immediately. If I couldn't get everything I wanted while I was still very young, then I was sure I never should. Now I'm sorry—not that I cared so much but that I cared in the way I did."

She had arrived in Hollywood with a pretty rigid set of old New England ideas. Hollywood didn't live or think in her way at all. She was appalled when she was asked to pose in shorts for publicity pictures. She was affronted at some of the things she was asked to do for scenes. And she was dismayed at appraisals she heard of her own talent and looks, crushed at snatches of catty gossip. She constantly felt misunderstood and unappreciated.

Then just as she was beginning to have confidence in herself, a vicious attack upon her appeared in the newspaper column syndicated all over the country.

"I WAS still hurt and puzzled," she recalls, "when my own mother didn't appear really to listen to the misfortune that had happened to me. She kept walking about and gazing out the window. 'The birds are after that peach tree again,' she said absently. 'But they always seem to pick on the ripest fruit. I guess maybe that's the way it is in life. You have to count for something before you're picked on.'"

"Suddenly my hurt began to fall into pattern. Now after all this time I know it was very important for me to care a great deal about criticism. If I hadn't cared—I wouldn't have found out about things."

But the best thing that came of it, she knows now, was that she learned how to

use the hurt and the experience. She learned not to waste time weeping over something she couldn't help. She learned not to waste tears.

Those early bruises seem small now, in comparison with things that have happened to Bette since. But she knows that you can face the big ones if you have learned to cope with the small disasters.

"It takes guts to face a new life, a new job, new living conditions at any time," she says. "Thousands of girls have married soldiers, have been uprooted from their families and have gone to live in strange places, among strange people... and with new responsibilities. Lots of these girls are having their first babies... among strangers. Many of them will face greater changes and greater responsibilities later on, but I know—because I know some of these girls—that they'll know how to meet the bigger things later because they are doing such a good job of meeting the smaller things now."

Bette went on to tell of a friend of hers who lost her husband and her only son suddenly and very close together. "Everyone was so good to me at the time," she confided to Bette later. "They told me I was brave and wonderful. Then, after the funerals were over and I tried to piece my life together, no one seemed to pay much attention. There were those dreadful little days, marching one after the other. I hadn't learned how to deal with those."

Bette knows all about that—the sheer steeling of nerves that will carry you through the initial shock of sudden grief. She has been through it. "The important



thing," she thinks, "is not to let your own bitterness and grief and dismay poison the lives of people around you."

And she went on, "I've never forgotten Mrs. Joe E. Brown, making sandwiches at the Hollywood Canteen three days after her boy had been killed in an airplane crash. There has never been a braver man than Joe E. Brown, himself, when he set out immediately to brighten the lives of service men in far places, at whatever cost to himself, in memory of his boy. Those people knew how to fill the 'little days' and make them count."

Probably the most important "little days" Bette ever had to face, in her fortitude training, were the days after she came home from England, several years ago. She had gone there to try to break her contract with Warner Brothers. "I risked my whole future," she says now. "I lost. Having lost, the only thing I could do was to come back and do the best job I could under the circumstances against which I had fought. It all worked out beautifully for me . . . as it turned out."

But before it "all worked out beautifully," Bette was faced with a succession of "little days"—days of swallowed pride, of making the best of what seemed a bad bargain. She couldn't have avoided being aware of the smiles behind her back, the smug remarks about actresses who "take themselves too seriously." But she didn't waste time and she didn't waste tears. She got on with her job.

Now she says, "I'd have lost valuable time and energy if I'd stopped to feel sorry for myself . . . or to feel bitter. And—I might not have been strong enough to stand up under things that came later if I hadn't had that discipline."

She thinks that one of the things we all fear most is change. Thought of a new job, a new boss, moving to a new city or into

a new house gives some of us the jitters. Actually the thing that will help us is to practice adjusting ourselves to new sets of conditions. The new job or life in the new town may turn out to be joyful experiences, once you've had a try at them.

"I think . . . if you have a fuss with your family or a row with your boss . . . you can learn to analyze your woe and learn to judge how much of this you must accept and how much you must fight against. You can learn to judge whether it is important enough to weep over."

Some things, she knows, you must *not* accept. When she was thirteen she was horribly burned about the face and everyone thought she would be disfigured for life. Her mother refused to accept this. She and Bette must fight it. They did fight it . . . and they won their battle.

That old battle helped when a dog bit her nose nearly off. It is not known that for a long time doctors thought that Bette would lose the sight of one eye . . . and that the other might be impaired.

"Any person who is in the public eye must feel bitter sometimes at things that are said about him . . . in and out of print. When I catch myself feeling that I have been unfairly dealt with, I remind myself of the perspective which a man like President Roosevelt must have to meet an infinitely greater amount of real and false criticism. And I know that's all he can do . . . and all the humblest of us can do about these things is to face them, analyze them as best we can, decide what is right for us . . . and then go ahead. If you are alert and receptive, you may learn something useful from your critics and from your bitter experiences!"

But . . . "Save those tears," Bette advises. "We can't afford to waste them now!"

THE END

## HE likes LOVELY HAIR



## keep it lovely for Him!

When your "Johnny" comes marching home, look your prettiest! Let this old American beauty secret *add* loveliness to your favorite coiffure—keep your hair gorgeously soft and radiant. Now you have ALL THREE famous Glover's preparations—use them separately or together! Ask at any Drug Store—or mail coupon today!

**TRIAL SIZE** includes: **GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE**—recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. . . **GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo**—leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable! **GLOVER'S Imperial Hair Dress**—Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! A delightful "oil treatment" for easy "finger tip" application at home. Each in hermetically-sealed bottle and special carton with complete instructions and **FREE** booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Apply, with massage, for **DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.**

## ★ GLOVER'S ★

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 556, New York 1, N.Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised. I enclose 25c.

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# 3 Main Deodorant Troubles-

WHICH IS YOURS?



## "ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing.

## TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are out-moded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

## CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora stays smooth as a fine face cream, and creamy to the last... a pleasure to use.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection*. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins  
Bridgeport, Conn.



# YODORA deodorant cream



## Who Is Bernadette?

(Continued from page 34) know who Jennifer Jones was and I don't suppose you did. But I was much interested because I had read "The Song of Bernadette" and I was glad they were going to make the picture. I longed very much to see Bernadette. I wanted to know for sure that Bernadette had seen the Lady of Lourdes and to be comforted by the knowledge that motherhood exists triumphant everywhere in the universe.

When I saw my first still picture of Jennifer Jones I thought—Yes, she is Bernadette, as I visualized her when I was reading the book. It will be a wonderful moment when it all comes to life for me.

And it was. It lifted me; it lifted everyone in that theater, it restored our souls and strengthened our faith, in these days when faith is being so severely tested.

So when I read in the papers that Bernadette was going to Reno to get a divorce—I stopped and rubbed my eyes. No, it said Jennifer Jones was going to Reno to get a divorce from Private Hargrove. But Private Hargrove was that clean-cut, typical American doughboy; he was the Infantry that we're depending upon to mop up this war in the end. No, he wasn't; he was Bob Walker.

All of that went through my head like a montage shot in a movie. I saw Bernadette standing in a tawdry divorce court in Reno saying, "My husband and I are incompatible . . ."

Then I thought—but she ought not to do this to us!

I tried then to take myself in hand. Don't be ridiculous, I said to myself. The girl has a life of her own. This is the United States of America in 1944. Actually, she's Jennifer Jones and she was born in Oklahoma. She's been married for five years to that endearing lad who plays Private Hargrove, she has two darling little boys, she studied for the stage for years and so did he, she's just an actress and a good one for didn't she win the Academy Award? She didn't see the Lady at Lourdes because she was never there, she wasn't even born then. She's just a human being, with her own troubles and problems and suffering. It was a very happy marriage for a long time, why, they were just babies when they got married and so much in love. Something very bitter and terrible must have happened to split them up now, just when of all times so far as their careers are concerned they should not. But you can't expect her to behave differently just because she was lucky enough to play in a picture called "The Song Of Bernadette," now can you? How do you know whether she could wait to get a divorce until it didn't hurt so many people? You don't know whether it's his fault or hers. Everybody must have tried to persuade them not to do this thing. People can't be expected to live up to the roles they play on the screen, you ought to know that.

But—it wasn't any use. My heart was heavy.

PLAINLY, of course, it would be unjust to expect a young actress of our times to dedicate her life to the spirit of a girl who lived long ago in France. We couldn't expect the story of Oberammergau to be repeated in her. I remembered that when they gave the Passion Play in that village year after year, the Christus was selected for his own faith and so long as he played it he dedicated himself to following in his own life the teachings of Jesus. Those who journeyed to see the play have told me that it was an experience equalled nowhere else and many of them were changed for the rest of their days by something they beheld in the German hills.

**B**eech-Nut  
SPEARMINT  
GUM today has  
the same delight-  
ful flavor you have  
always known.  
Because now, as  
always, its good-  
ness is assured by  
this company's  
familiar Beech-  
Nut oval label  
on the package,  
the famous hall-  
mark of fine  
quality and ex-  
ceptional flavor.

Also BEECH-NUT  
PEPPERMINT GUM  
and BEECHIES,  
the delicious candy-  
coated gum: Pepper-  
mint, Spearmint,  
Pepsin.



## This Year We're Doing a Whale of a Lot of HOME CANNING

"WE'RE putting up shelves of delicious home-canned foods. Capturing each at its flavor peak—preparing it just the way our family prefers.

"Last year the Ball Blue Book was my 'bible' for many weeks and thanks to it everything turned out splendidly. Your book is a God-send to home canners."

(FROM A CUSTOMER'S LETTER.)

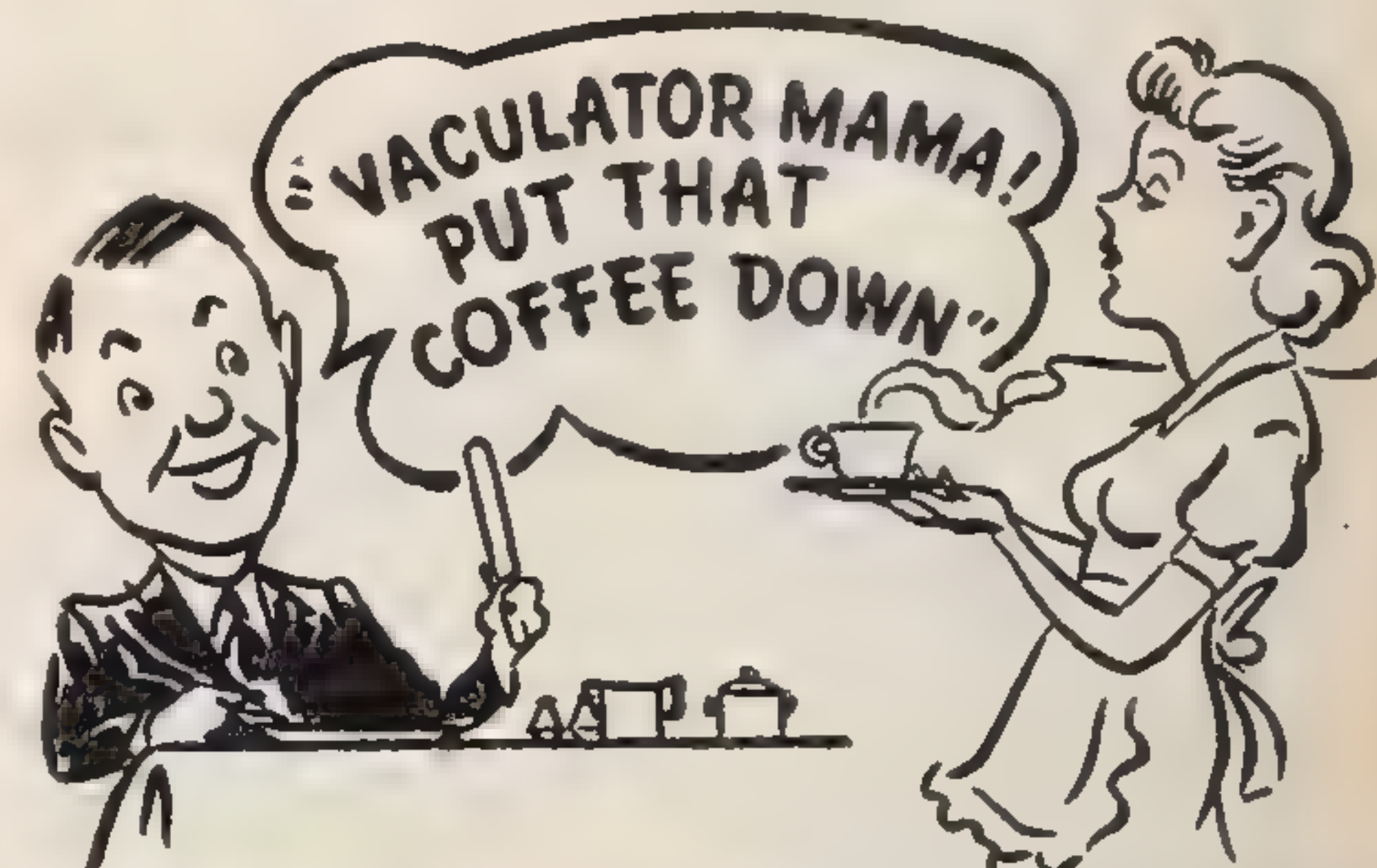


Can the Ball way! Do as millions of women have for more than 60 years. Home canning gives you nourishing foods, balanced diet, and saves ration points and money.

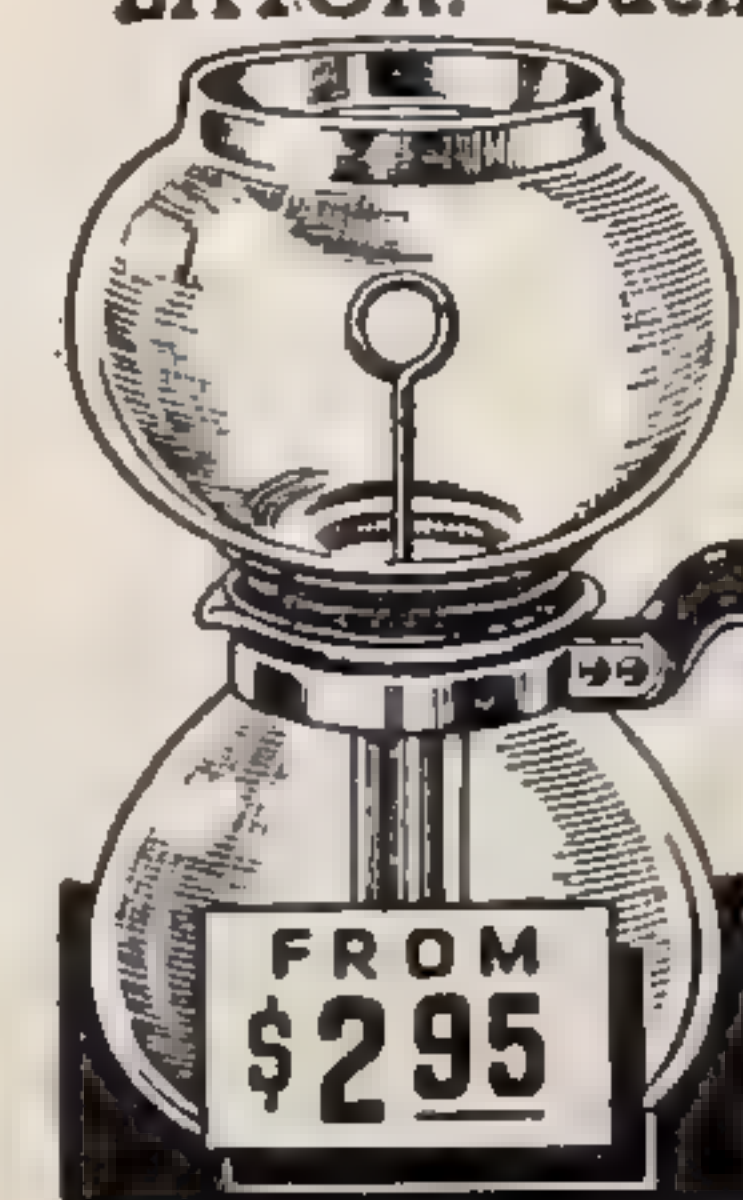
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Muncie, Indiana

**Ball**  
BLUE  
BOOK

Can with care! Follow instructions found in each box of jars. For complete canning methods and recipes send 10c for a new the famous BALL BLUE Book.



"I promise to be good—if you'll continue makin' coffee in that handy, dandy VACULATOR. Such rich, fragrant flavor sure starts the day off right! Invigoratin', tastetivatin'—VACULATED coffee keeps me coming back for more!" You'll find VACULATOR at better stores everywhere.



HILL-SHAW CO. - CHICAGO, U.S.A.

FROM  
\$2.95

**"VACULATOR"**  
GLASS COFFEE MAKER  
made with PYREX brand GLASS



But no such restrictions as were placed upon the Christus were put upon Jennifer Jones.

So I did come at last to see this girl face to face with her dramatic decision.

On one side—her private life with the heartache and hurt pride of this failure of her marriage, just as she found all her dreams coming true, the private sadness of parting from the father of her two sons, after years of sacrifice and struggle together. Something in it that forced her to Reno beyond any possibility of compromise or waiting.

On the other side—just, "She is Bernadette."

I think we may be sure that both she and her young husband were torn to pieces as they stood at that crossroad.

Whether she was right or wrong in her decision to go through at once with a divorce, I do not know. Each of us has his own standard as to how much a girl like Jennifer Jones owes to the audiences who jam theaters to see her play that sacred role. In the thirty years I've written Hollywood history I've never known a case just like this. You may think we have no right to ask great personal sacrifice as payment for all Bernadette has given Jennifer Jones of worldly things alone. Or you may feel that Jennifer Jones should have waited and endured before she tagged the words Reno and divorce onto "The Song of Bernadette."

An older woman, a great actress, steeped in the responsibilities of her tradition, might have weathered the test. But because of the role they chose a young newcomer, and thereby took a serious chance.

ONE thing I do know.

You see, I kept thinking of the people who had not seen "The Song Of Bernadette" before they knew about Jennifer Jones and her divorce. In my own heart was a sadness because I had not thought of her as an actress but only as Bernadette. Then when the news of her troubles, the sorrow that divorce must always be when there are children, came splashing across the newspapers—it seemed to say that none of it was true. Maybe there hadn't been any miracles at Lourdes at all, maybe it was all just a motion picture. Bernadette was just Jennifer Jones who had been lucky to get the part, had played it well, and then hiked off to Reno to get a divorce. Maybe the Academy Award for the best acting of the year was just that and I had believed in something that was—make-believe after all.

So, with all that in my mind, I went to see "The Song Of Bernadette" again.

The one thing I know now is that Bernadette is truly there.

It doesn't make any difference about Jennifer Jones. It doesn't make any difference whether she got six divorces—except to Jennifer Jones herself and how we feel about her and whether or not we can forgive her, which I expect we can. She's very young and everybody makes mistakes.

And it's easier, knowing nothing can touch Bernadette. Perhaps the little French girl who first saw the miracle in the Grotto at Lourdes, where so many have since been healed and helped, perhaps she took a hand herself. Perhaps she came back to play herself inside the cloak of one Jennifer Jones, to perform before our unknowing eyes another miracle. I don't know about these things.

But—the girl on the screen is Bernadette. Through her eyes you see what she saw and are comforted. Bernadette is bigger than anybody today, just as she was so many years ago when they threw mud at her and refused to believe her.

She herself is Bernadette.

THE END

# Blatz Beer

Fast Becoming  
AMERICA'S NEW  
FAVORITE

Buy War Bonds



Milwaukee's Most  
Exquisite Beer

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • In Our 93rd Year



**SOFT but HUSKY!**

When a cold goes to your nose, Sitroux Tissues come to your rescue. Swell for "blowouts" — because they treat your nose tenderly — never irritate. Yet they're strong enough for the biggest "blow-hards." You'll also save tissues — because Sitroux is more absorbent.

**SITROUX**  
TISSUES

SAY  
SIT-TRUE

*Hey, put me back  
in circulation!*



WHENEVER you go shopping, won't you carry us empty soft drink and beer bottles, together with our cases, back to your regular dealer?

Because of war restrictions bottlers can't get all of us they need. Every one of us *must* do double-duty.

So please keep us working. Return us as fast as we're empty. You'll help both your dealer and bottler—and besides you'll get back your bottle deposit.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY  
Makers of DURAGLAS Beer and Beverage Bottles



**Stop!**  
**DON'T CUT CUTICLE!**

NEGLECTED CUTICLE

**NEW SAFER WAY**

**Keeps cuticle trim without cutting**

It's often painful, and *can* be dangerous to cut cuticle. Be smart! Take a tip from professional manicurists. Use Trimal like they do—with a manicure stick wrapped in cotton. Watch dead, loose cuticle soften—wipe it away with a towel! You'll be amazed and delighted! Trimal, America's finest cuticle remover, comes in 10c and 25c sizes, stick and cotton included. Ask for it now at drug, department or 10c stores. Trimal Laboratories, Los Angeles, Calif.

**Use TRIMAL**

AND HAVE LOVELY NAILS LIKE THIS

WELL MANICURED CUTICLE

**EYES TIRED?**

**TWO DROPS**

**QUICK RELIEF**

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES

**SOOTHES • CLEANSSES • REFRESHES**

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

## Speak for Yourself

(Continued on page 24) of the celluloid on which they are made.

Greer Garson may be England's "Mrs. Miniver" and Poland's "Madame Curie" but she is America's Way Of Life!

Mrs. L. K. Strader,  
Detroit, Mich.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**An Orchid . . .**

**A**N orchid to Hollywood for its recent picture "Thousands Cheer." Here for the first time in my experience I saw a beautiful colored actress presented in a dignified, lady-like manner. That actress was gorgeous Lena Horne. When she first began to sing the audience was so quiet you could hear a pin fall.

In the past, the Negro had always been assigned the usual prototype role—ignorant, shuffling, child-like, blasé, unattractive. But here was one that was so different. As Lena Horne finished singing "Honeysuckle Rose," the audience actually applauded.

During the present crisis and in the new world to come, it is especially significant that people of all races learn to know and respect each other. Hollywood, by presenting such pictures as "Thousands Cheer," can help afford that opportunity.

Deotis Hardeman,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**A Good Idea**

**H**AVING just come home from seeing the picture "Where Are Your Children?" I felt I had to write and tell you my feelings. It is rated as a four-star picture, but I would give it the Academy Award for this year. Never have I seen such a picture that could touch me so.

It would be a very good idea for this picture to be shown in high schools to the students to encourage them to start entertainment centers, just as were planned in this picture. Now in our city they have started such centers and are trying in every way to have them in every section of the state, so as to keep our sons and daughters off the street and out of taverns.

Mrs. Doris Beaver,  
Baltimore 17, Md.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Prospective Papa!**

**N**O longer can I jeer at Hollywood for its one-horse entertainment. No longer can I curse it as simple and childish when before my very eyes a child has been responsible for a magnificently-portrayed adult performance. And that would be Margaret O'Brien in "Lost Angel." I keep asking myself, "How is it possible for such a young child to find such sincerity and be so versatile with it? How was it possible to photograph it?"

Since these questions are—for me—unanswerable, I shall merely have to wait patiently to see her again. Can lightning strike twice—can such wonders re-occur?

I have but one regret at having seen the picture: I am a young soldier, and this is indeed the wrong time to awaken my paternal instinct!

Pfc. William L. Hurst,  
Walla Walla, Wash.

## HONORABLE MENTION

**R**ECENTLY I saw the movie "My Kingdom For A Cook," starring Charles Coburn; and I'm convinced that this picture did not get enough publicity.

Charles Coburn's grand portrayal not

*Your Birthstone\*  
tells the Month*

\*JUNE

PEARL

*Don't let your Hands  
tell Your Years*

June—traditional month of brides and romance. Hands must be memorable—caressingly soft and smooth as orange blossoms. Use Sofskin, the rich, velvety, wonder-working cream to make hands lovelier, more romantic. You'll like its swift, dependable action, non-greasy quality, delicate scent. Your beauty salon or favorite cosmetic counter will give you a courtesy application.

**SOFSKIN**  
*for lovely hands  
and skin*



*in the Black and Gold Jars*

35¢, 60¢, \$1.00 Sizes

**SOFSKIN COMPANY, FINDLAY, OHIO**

**CORNS** REMOVED WITH **CASTOR OIL PREPARATION**

Say goodbye to corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain and dries up the pestiest corns or callus. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, benzocaine, and salicylic acid. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails.

**NOXACORN**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein

*Why be  
a hide-out?  
use  
**Hide-it!***

**SEE HOW BLEMISHES VANISH FROM SIGHT!**

Don't let a blotchy skin wreck your good looks. **HIDE-IT** safely veils pimples, unsightly birthmarks, small scars, etc.

**IDEAL FOR POWDER BASE**

Five **HIDE-IT** shades. Light, Medium, Rachelle, Brunette, Suntan. Large jar, \$1 at Drug and Department Stores. Purse size at 10c counters.

**CLARK-MILLNER SALES CO.**  
308 W. Erie St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein



only made the picture a colorful diversion from the usual war theme but convinced me that I'd like to see more pictures featuring this amusing actor.

T. Deile,  
Jersey City 6, N. J.

**H**ELMUT DANTINE is again a Nazi prisoner! This Austrian-born film star who escaped Nazi tyranny in his native land is again under Nazi influence, this time through contract to Warner Bros. In all his pictures he is hostage to a Nazi plot.

Through his brilliant portrayals of German officers, Dantine has exhibited enough genuine talent to arouse appraisal as Academy Award material from the critics *if he can escape being typed*. If Warners will let him out of character once he will come through with a satisfactory answer.

Nihla Leigh,  
Akron 5, O.

**I** AM writing this letter as a brief thank-you note to the many cooperative motion picture stars. Recently our school held a bazaar at which autographed pictures of stars were given to the person who bought the highest amount in War Bonds. I was appointed head of the committee to get these pictures and autographs.

As I am allowed only two hundred words, I can not name all the stars who were so gracious to us. My special thanks go to Allan Jones, Jerry Lester and Carole Landis, who allowed us to go up to their dressing rooms and talk to them. I would also like to thank Lana Turner, Stephen Crane, Charlie Barnet, Paulette Goddard, Ginny Simms, Vaughn Monroe, Sammy Kaye, Robert Paige and the M-G-M Publicity Department for their help.

Joyce Robidoux,  
Brooklyn 27, N. Y.



The famous face of Jimmy Cagney, with our boys in England under USO Camp Shows, didn't get him by this Yankee guard. He had to be officially identified

*It's fun... it's young... it's meant for You!*



*frolie*

...by **CHERAMY**, perfumer



*When he comes home on leave  
let *frolie* tell him of your happiness.  
It's a perfume made for joy  
and moonlight... an exhilarating  
sparkling fragrance to be worn with  
a light heart... and to be treasured  
to the last devastating drop.*

Perfume, 6.50; 3.50; debutante size, 1.10  
Toilet Water, 1.75; Dusting Powder, 1.00;  
Talcum Powder, 50¢



## And Now Good-by

(Continued from page 27) "My wife Joan," but in most places to Brian's being presented as, "You know my husband, don't you, Brian Aherne?"

All men are fairly vain, but with actors vanity is the very core of their being. Wound that vanity and they begin to hate you. Here was Brian Aherne, who had been such a catch, who had known the flattering devotion of so many beautiful ladies, suddenly being Joan Fontaine's husband. He didn't like it at all and you can hardly blame him.

Yet Joan was the perfect wife all the time. Her house was perfectly run. The furnishings were very masculine and heavy but she left them just as Brian had bought them, all save her own room. She refurnished that. It still wasn't too gay or too ruffly, but redoing it cost much more than she told Brian it had cost. It was a harmless little deception since it was her own earnings she spent and yet, womanlike, she probably was a little blue that Brian hadn't seen through her small trick, that he hadn't fully appreciated the values that went into it. Joan had exactly the meals Brian wanted served at his chosen hours. She told everyone, even right after "Suspicion," that she was going to give up her career because she knew Brian wanted her to. She didn't have parties at home, because Brian didn't like them, and they didn't go out to parties very much either, and for the same reason. Just as she thought of his wishes first in the big things, she honored them in the small ones, as for example, not wearing polish on her nails because Brian disliked it.

Maybe it would all have been flawless if Joan had been, like Brian, approaching her forties, or if she had been what she pretended to be, a gay, dependent darling.

She wasn't anything of the sort. She was a beautiful young woman in her early twenties, with a sensitive, subtle brain, a fine talent and underneath it all, a great honesty, the honesty that marks the artist. She was so clear-eyed and honest about acting that she knew, with the critics, that she was a better performer than her husband. Not that she ever told him that, but she knew it, just the same.

At home, she and Brian began quarreling. It shook her nerves, which are highly strung nerves at best. She began getting the reputation of being temperamental. She wasn't nearly so much so as she was reported to be. She had few close friends, for she had been a lonely child and she couldn't be hail-fellow-well-met to save her. Her intelligence, her almost uncanny insight into people and their motives, drove the typical Hollywood gang away from her.

Her reported feud with Arturo de Cordova, during the making of "Frenchmen's Creek," was a perfect example of it. Joan herself does not know that she was not actually fighting with Arturo but fighting another woman, Lupe Velez. Lupe wanted her Arturo to get publicity and she also wanted to take Joan down, down a peg or two. So evenings, while she was in Hollywood and by long-distance phone while she was in Mexico, Lupe would tell Arturo just what to do and say to get in Miss Fontaine's hair but good. Joan would snap back and Arturo would rush to the telephone to find out what he should do next. The quarrel went on until international relationships were literally threatened. Arturo got scared. Lupe became quiet. And Joan suffered a badly blackened reputation for unco-operativeness, which she did not deserve. Nobody stopped to remember that reporters could find no



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evidence of a quarrel between her and Orson Welles during the making of "Jane Eyre" or with Tyrone Power during "This Above All." Ty didn't like her, but he respected her as an artist.

Out of the turgid atmosphere of "Frenchman's Creek" one man rose to defend her, Mitchell Leisen, its director. Mitch said, "She's wretched and I think she must be unhappy at home. She comes in day after day looking as though she had cried all night long."

Hollywood began buzzing with Aherne separation rumors after that but they were denied. The Ahernes always made their rare appearances together. Just after Christmas, 1943, Joan again announced that she was retiring. She refused to do "Double Furlough" which Selznick was holding up for her. She said again that Brian wanted her to retire.

Probably Brian did want her to retire. He often pointed out that he made more than enough for them both to live on, and that actually Joan cared little for wealth. It would have been a test of Joan's love and a tribute to Brian if she had renounced her creativeness, hidden her analytical brain, lived more quietly in her twenties than most women do in their forties.

Ah, yes, those things are a test of love all right. But they are also a test of the selfishness of the person who demands such things of love. Women have faced the choice before, though modern women face it oftener than their grandmothers did, because they have more choice.

Joan chose her freedom, and it depends upon the kind of person you are—and perhaps which sex you are—whether or not you say she chose selfishly, or went in for self-preservation. This is certain: Like the lady and the actress she is, she did it with great charm.

She has been out in the night clubs lately, three evenings in a row. She wasn't out with the wolf pack. She wasn't dressed with a new conspicuousness. She was out with the escorts of Hollywood who are listed among the nice people.

Here is a prediction: Don't expect her to fall in love too quickly again, but watch for those great performances she is about to give.

THE END



Greer Garson joins the Ahernes, who look gay for the last time together on Academy Award night



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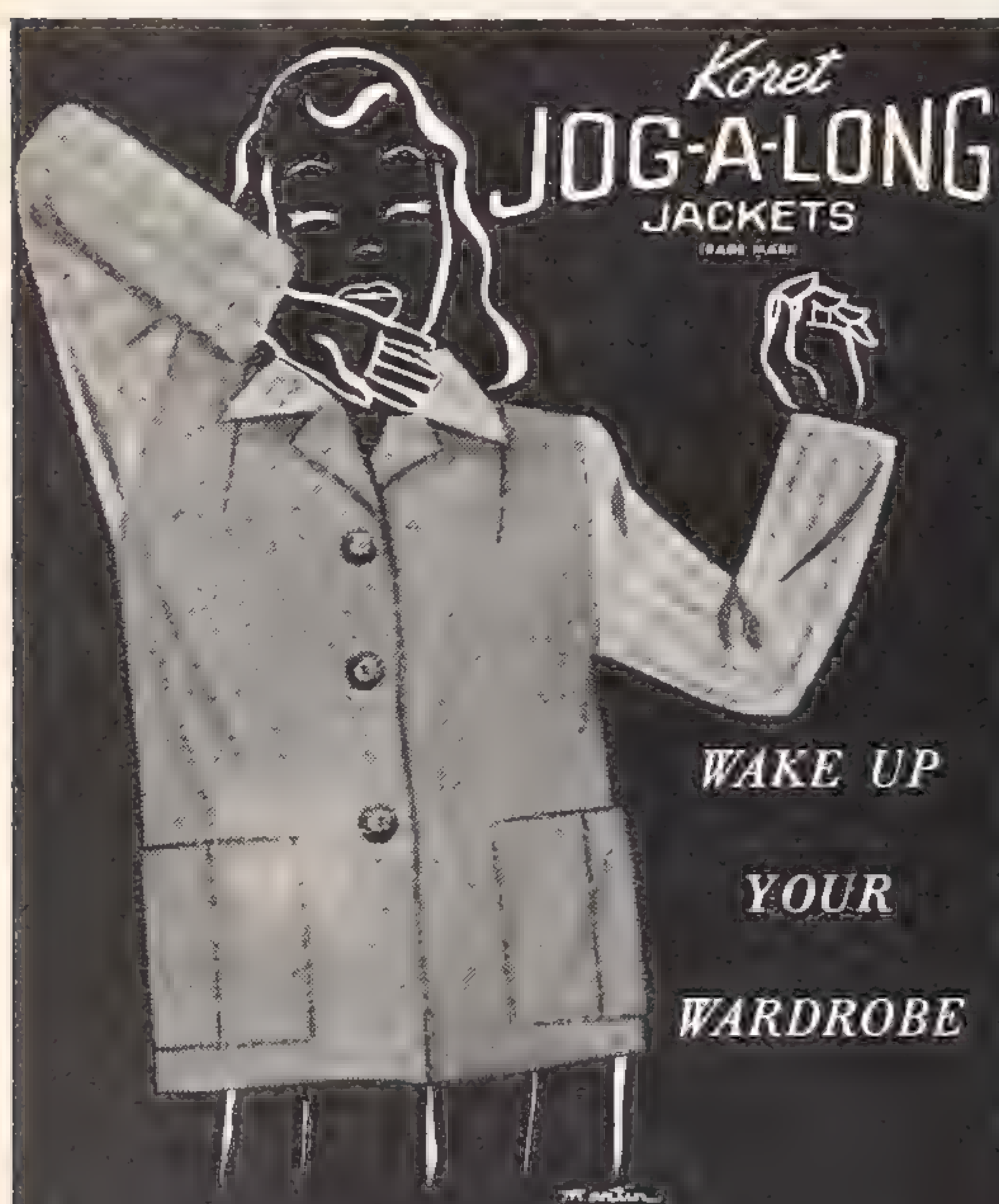
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## GOLDEN GLINT



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FEATURED BY LEADING STORES.

## I Was Just Thinking

(Continued from page 45) Sa-ay, look, kid, you haven't written Dad for a week. He's such a good Swede... remember when the going was tough and the meals were scarce on Broadway, how he used to write, "Why don't you come home and cut all that silly stuff out?" He only said it because he was worried about you. "Come on home—where you at least know you can eat—" he'd say. And nowadays, he's so glad you made it, he keeps scrapbooks of your clippings—scrapbooks, actually!

**W**ONDER why people always think you're Irish—with a name like Johnson and a big Swede for a Dad? Maybe it's the red hair—or because you're sentimental... It would be swell if Dad would move out here to the coast, it's a grand place to live—but that's what he thinks about Rhode Island...

You don't ever want to go back home—at least, not for a long time... you've got too wonderful a picture of everything as it was when you left it. The Newport beaches can't be the same, now—there wouldn't be all those gay, shouting summer tourists coloring up the sands... No more International Yacht Races—and the tennis matches must be over, too. Still, what you wouldn't give to smell clams steaming again on the hot rocks... And it might be nice to sit again in that little old movie show you used to beat it off to every night after school—now that you know a lot of the swell people who make those movies—and they are swell...

Remember how you felt the first day you saw Hollywood... You'd heard about those big Hollywood receptions, and were wondering how you'd act, you dope. There wasn't any reception, of course... but there was that little car you bought, the first you ever owned—gee, you sure burned the pavement back and forth to Laguna Beach, and San Francisco, and all around. Your first invitation to a movie star's house—Ginger Rogers', no less... Brother, were you thrilled when she was so nice to you!

Then, there was the night of your farewell party at Chasen's... a party of one, given by you, for you. Lucille Ball came in with Desi Arnaz, you'd met Lucille once in Chicago and she remembered. "How are you doing?" she called. "Great," you said, "I'm all packed up and headed back to New York." She started making motions to a fellow at a near-by table. The man was Bill Grady, talent finder for M-G-M—"You can't let Van go, Billy," Lucille said. "He's good—I know he is!"

Funny how, when things begin picking up, you appreciate it most in the small ways. Sleeping in a wide bed—two twin beds, tied together, with the mattresses goin' crosswise—but someday you'll have a big one all in one piece...

And the good service at restaurants—with the waitress saying, "Hello, Mr. Johnson" and bringing you a menu before you've grown cobwebs. And buying that Capehart you wanted—secondhand and a bit broken down, but you like to play all those hundreds of old records you love, at night before you go to bed. Ever think you'd be in movies someday—out where the night life's supposed to be wild—and going to bed most nights before nine-thirty? Look, dope, why don't you just say did you ever think you'd be in movies—period?

**F**AN mail—maybe that's the swellest recompense of all. The letters from girls. The letters from the service men—like that from a bunch of fellows on a carrier in the Pacific. They saw you in a "Doctor



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STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELIER—LONGER

Gillespie" and they want to thank you. You didn't do a thing except let Marilyn Maxwell chase you all over the divan and under the drapes and across the rug, and they're grateful!

Saw Mary Martin, today—still a peach right off the tree. If Mary hadn't had faith in you, back in those days when you were one-eighth of the "Eight Men" singing in the Rainbow Room, and she was the toast of New York, you wouldn't have had the nerve to audition for "Too Many Girls"—and you'd have missed that job in the chorus at \$40 a week. And then George Abbott wouldn't have given you a chance to understudy Eddie Bracken and Desi Arnaz and Dick Kollmar. Gee, you sure made a quick recovery that night you were sick from something you ate in the Automat, and had about decided you couldn't work when they phoned to say you'd have to go on for Kollmar.

And that's how Abbott happened to give you some good spots in "Pal Joey"—singing and dancing with June Havoc. And if "Pal Joey" hadn't eventually folded and left you broke, you wouldn't be in Hollywood today.

And you wouldn't be going around with that sneaking hope that maybe sometime you could do a musical with Judy—wouldn't a chance to do "Oklahoma" with her be something?

Anyhow, it's funny how people and things, good breaks and bad ones, all work out into a kind of pattern—and so far, the pattern's been pretty wonderful.

You've really had nothing but luck, you lug—and don't you think for someone who's still pretty new and small in this business, you're thinking too much—and too loud?

Keep on wearing your mind inside out like this, and someone's apt to call it Ham-let's Soliloquy!

THE END

## The Truth About the Stars' I. Q.'s

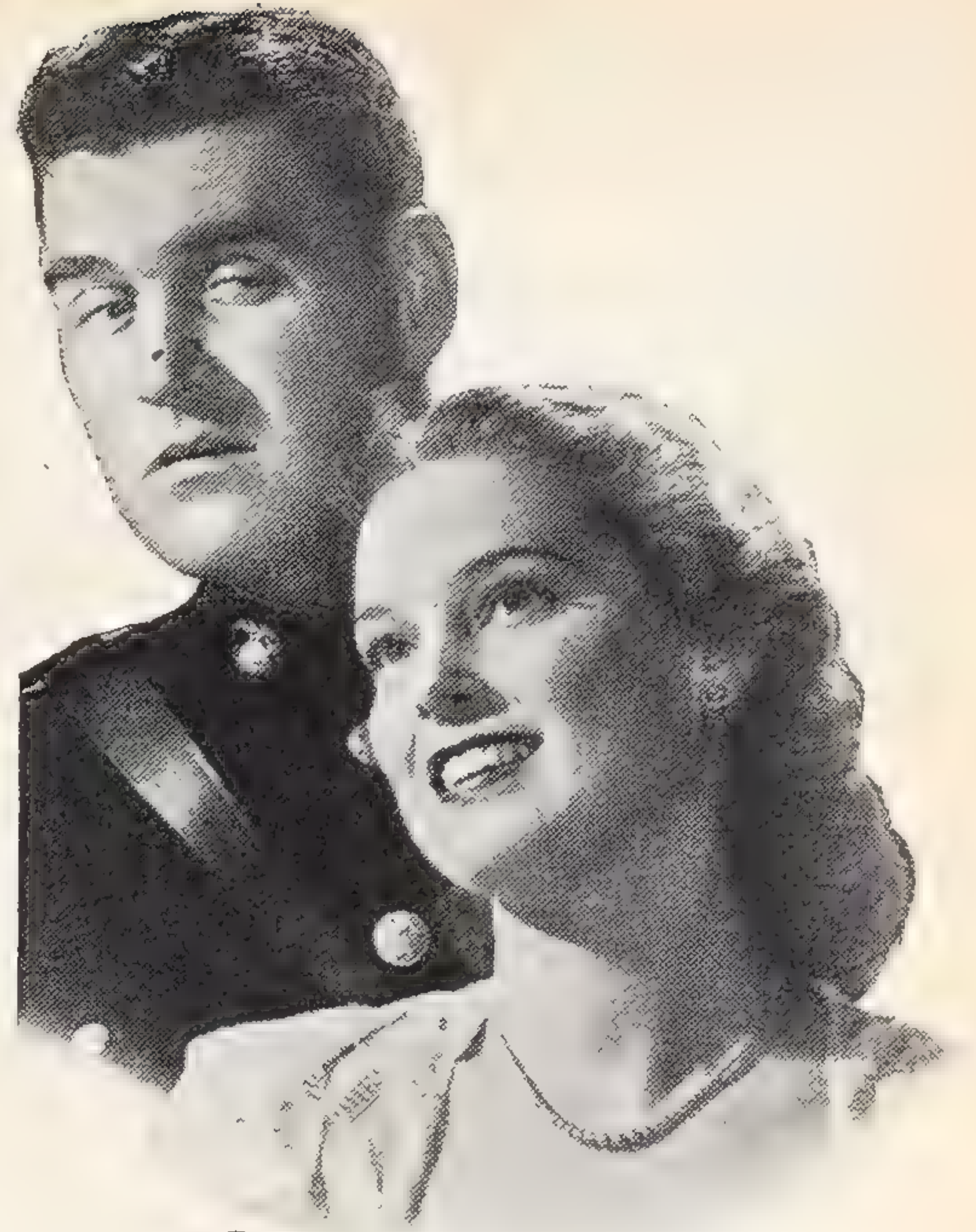
(Continued from page 62) seclusion. But mark these words, she will get back on that even keel. She's too intelligent not to.

Charles Boyer has the I.Q. of a normally bright Frenchman. Charles has capitalized for a long time on his sleepy voice and dreamy eyes. But realizing that his handsome-lover roles have perhaps a year or so to go—at most—he has already staked his future as a producer with "Flesh And Fantasy" and as a villain in "Gaslight." Charles carries his shrewdness into his home. He likes to know where the money goes and keeps the books.

Plenty smart are Paulette Goddard, Connie Bennett and Sonja Henie. All have the beans of business executives.

The skating lass earns as much money a year as her boss Darryl Zanuck. And the Bennett wizard has invested her film earnings to the point where she receives a nonworking income of six figures.

But while Connie and Sonja have a background of education and family that should endow them with savoir faire and social grace, Miss Goddard is in the self-made category. 'Tis said of Paulette that every minute of her time is devoted to self-gain and self-improvement. There's a local joke that Paulette can't even take a walk without coming back with something—if it's only a dog. The Goddard self-education is amazing when you consider that when she first landed in Hollywood she was very young, very (phony) blonde and a dizzy thing who "loved pretty things"—especially the kind that sparkle—and has she a bunch of spark-



## Are you careful about SCALP ODOR?

Some women never think of the possibility of scalp odor. They do not realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that oily hair absorbs unpleasant odors. To be sure, make this test: check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up." Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure, medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You never need worry about a "nasal close-up"!





# SPRAIN?

**PAIN!**



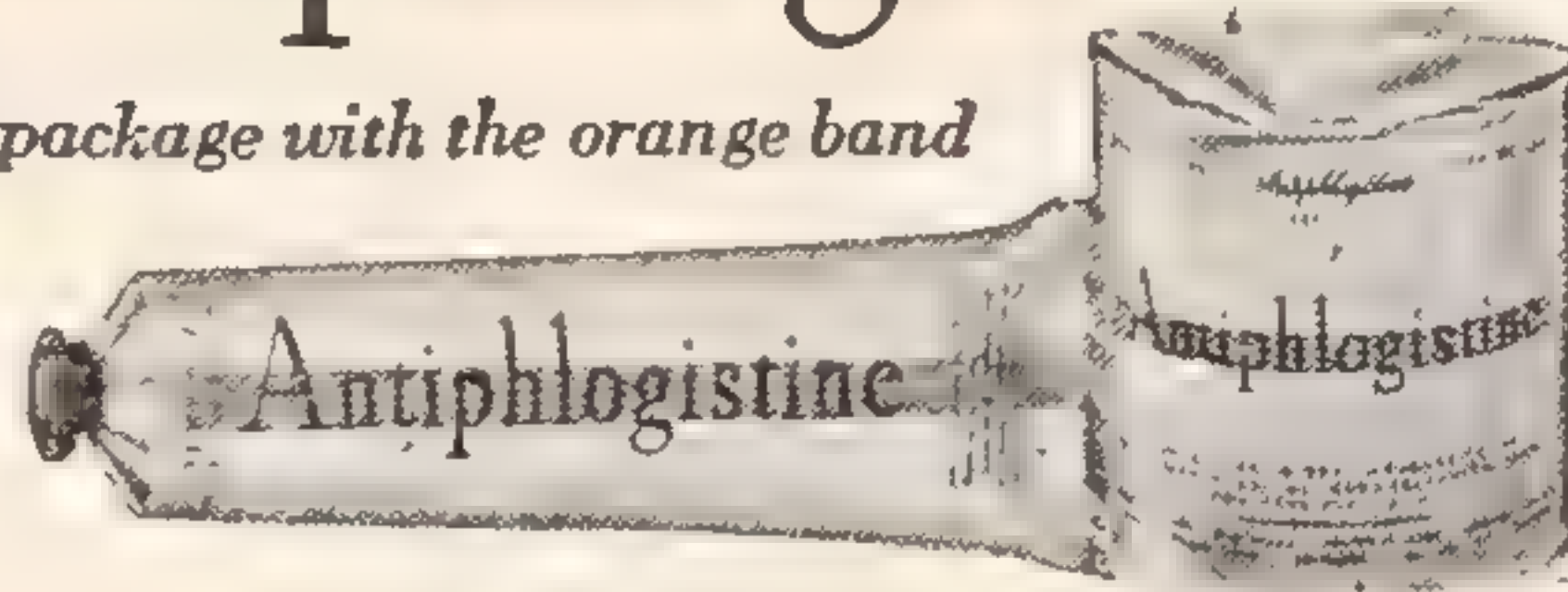
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## RESINOL

OINTMENT and SOAP

lers! As hostess of the Chaplin ménage she met people from every walk of life—to the very highest, including George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. And she has talked to them on their own ground.

In the well-read, well-bred class there are Greer Garson, Ingrid Bergman, Miriam Hopkins, Andrea Leeds, Olivia de Havilland and Loretta Young. Miss Bergman may be cleverer than we know—she rarely says much, but that little is voiced with such poise and charm it gives an impression of erudition. Miriam, on the other hand, can usually be heard in the next block giving out with her opinions. Olivia's switch from ingenue to sophisticate was accompanied by a certain amount of strong language. But she does read a lot and now knows a lot and if she weren't a good actress she should be a writer.

Hedy Lamarr is another film star with definite leanings toward authorship. Her desk contains many essays and short stories. She has an intense interest in music—all kinds, from boogie-woogie to Bach. It was music that drew her to Reg Gardiner. Her all-absorbing passion, however, is Hedy herself and this obscures for the average person her genuinely high I.Q.

PEOPLE here used to think of Virginia Bruce as dumb—not only because of her blonde loveliness but because she is so seemingly unconcerned with what is going on around her. But Virginia does plenty of thinking in her own quiet way. When Will Rogers Jr. ran for office last year, Virginia and her husband, the late J. Walter Ruben, went out and stumped for him. And Virginia's speeches were so good that the Democratic Committee of Hollywood begged her to run for the State Legislature. She refused. As she put it, "It would seem kind of silly to get up among the law-makers and say, 'You'll have to excuse me next week, boys—I've got to go down to Hollywood and make a picture!'"

The cute "dumb dora" group of Hollywood includes Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Judy Garland, Lana Turner, Ann Sothorn, Dorothy Lamour and Rita Hayworth.

Miss Lamour, who is proud that she spent what should have been high-school days running an elevator in Chicago, is only lacking in I.Q. up to a point. She pouts and uses baby talk, but she is quite smart in the matter of her career. She pretended to dislike her sarong epics, but she knew they were good business. She's an nice gal and unlike her dumber colleagues is able to run a house satisfactorily, which is quite useful in these servantless days.

Constance Moore is bright, and well informed, although not the book-worm type. She also has a grand sense of humor and a certain sophisticated "flair" that should take her a long way. So has pert and purty Angela Greene. Were those Hollywood wolves stunned and refreshingly surprised to discover that Angela is not only beautiful but can talk intelligently too!

Definitely on the nice but dull side, interested in little but their family circle, their ranches, their golf, their horses and alfalfa, are Bob Young, Alan Marshal, Herbert Marshall, Joan Bennett, Irene Dunne and most of the famed film comics. Although quite a few of these might have a high I.Q. You can have a good I.Q. and still not have much book-larnin'.

All in all, the good folk who expect to find Hollywood a place of California sunshine in the skies above and black ignorance in the stars below would be in for a lively shock!

THE END

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## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 16)

ber of a theatrical family who have always been allergic to the men in Donald's family, and the attempts of Helen Broderick and Helen Vinson to keep the youngsters apart form the basis of the story. Peggy Ryan, Patric Knowles, and Arthur Treacher are all mixed up in the thing, but Donald himself is the whole show. (May.)

✓✓COVER GIRL—Columbia: Rita Hayworth has never looked lovelier than in this gay, gorgeous musical comedy, and Gene Kelly's dancing is superb. Rita, who works in Kelly's small night club, wins a cover girl contest, and the attendant publicity carries her away from Kelly to Lee Bowman, Broadway producer. With Eve Arden, Phil Silvers, Otto Kruger, and the Cover Girls. (May.)

CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE—RKO: Simone Simon, the cat lady, is playmate to a little girl, Ann Carter, who's entranced with the idea of a woman turning into a cat. Naturally Ann's parents, Kent Smith and Jane Randolph, are horrified at the idea. The previous picture "Cat People" was a far, far better story than this little hocus-pocus. (May.)

✓✓DESERT SONG, THE—Warners: Prewar Nazis get all mixed up in the melodious, tuneful and romantic Romberg musical of yesterday. Dennis Morgan is the American piano player in Morocco who's completely unsuspected by French Colonel Bruce Cabot of being the Red Shadow who leads the Riffs in their struggle for freedom. Irene Manning is the French singer in a local cafe. (March.)

✓✓DESTINATION TOKYO—Warners: This picture of a submarine and its men is one of the best of the war films. Cary Grant plays the captain whose mission is to maneuver his sub inside Tokyo Bay in order to land three men on the shore. Dane Clark impresses as the Greek-American, John Garfield is splendid and newcomers William Prince and Bob Hutton will go right to the top. (March.)

✓✓FIGHTING SEABEES, THE—Republic: A rip-roaring job on how our valiant Seabees came into being as a fighting branch of the Navy, with John Wayne as a hotheaded, hard-fisted engineer who learns his lesson from well-disciplined naval officer Dennis O'Keefe. Both men give likeable performances. (April.)

✓GHOST SHIP, THE—RKO: Richard Dix goes mad in this, but his plunge into mental derangement is slow, thus allowing the suspense and drama to mount high. Russell Wade, a young officer aboard the ship, suspects Dix when a crew member is killed, reports his suspicions at the first port, then finds himself once again aboard the captain's ship where things really get going. (March.)

✓✓GOING MY WAY—Paramount: A charming, heart-warming picture, with Bing Crosby as the young priest who loves baseball and song-writing. He's sent to the rundown parish of Barry Fitzgerald to help straighten out its affairs, and Bing does a fine job. Rise Stevens sings magnificently, Fitzgerald is a joy to behold, and Bing turns in a fine, sincere performance. (May.)

✓✓GUNG HO!—Universal: A fitting, dramatic tribute to the Marines is this story of Carlson's raiders of Makin Island. The story opens with the call for volunteers, shows their terrific combat training and finally the actual landing and battle for the island. Randolph Scott is the perfect choice for their leader. (March.)

✓✓GUY NAMED JOE, A—M-G-M: Fantasy, comedy, romance and drama, with Spencer Tracy as Joe, a fighter pilot killed in action who returns to earth to aid in the training of young pilots. Complications arise when Tracy learns that Van Johnson is falling in love with Irene Dunne, the girl he loved on earth. Tracy is magnificent and Barry Nelson and Lionel Barrymore are outstanding. (March.)

✓✓HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—Republic: A swell out-West feature is this interesting story of how horses are trained for cavalry use. Roy Rogers is a roving cowhand who persuades Ruth Terry, late of Broadway, not to sell her ranch and aids her in putting it on a paying basis. "Big Boy" Williams is swell as Rogers' pal. (March.)

✓✓HAPPY LAND—20th Century-Fox: This story of a small-town druggist, played superbly by Don Ameche who cannot reconcile himself to the loss of his boy in the war, comes as a message of peace and comfort. Frances Dee is Don's wife, Harry Carey his father who returns to him, and Richard Crane plays the son. Ann Rutherford is the girl he left behind. (April.)

✓✓HEAVENLY BODY, THE—M-G-M: Astronomer William Powell discovers to his horror that his lovely wife, Hedy Lamarr, has taken up astrology and believes her astrologer, Fay Bainter, so thoroughly that she's ready to renounce Powell for James Craig, the new love promised by the stars. Since Craig is all for this idea, Powell has an awful time keeping Hedy away from him. (March.)

HENRY ALDRICH—BOY SCOUT—Paramount: Jimmy Lydon as Henry transforms the spoiled son of a friend of his father's into a human being by exposing him to the Boy Scouts and their Good Deed a Day slogan. Charles Smith is good, as usual, as

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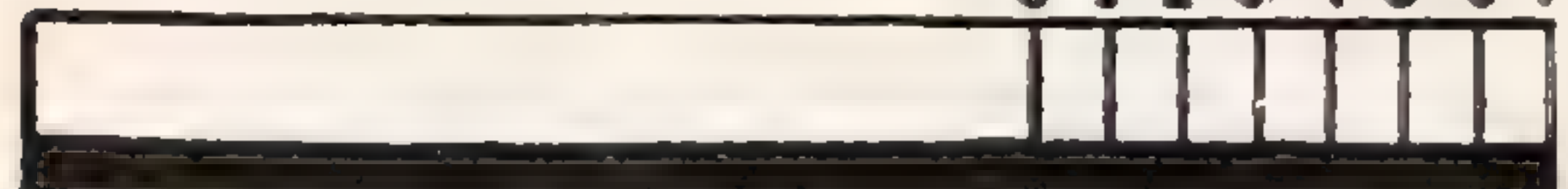
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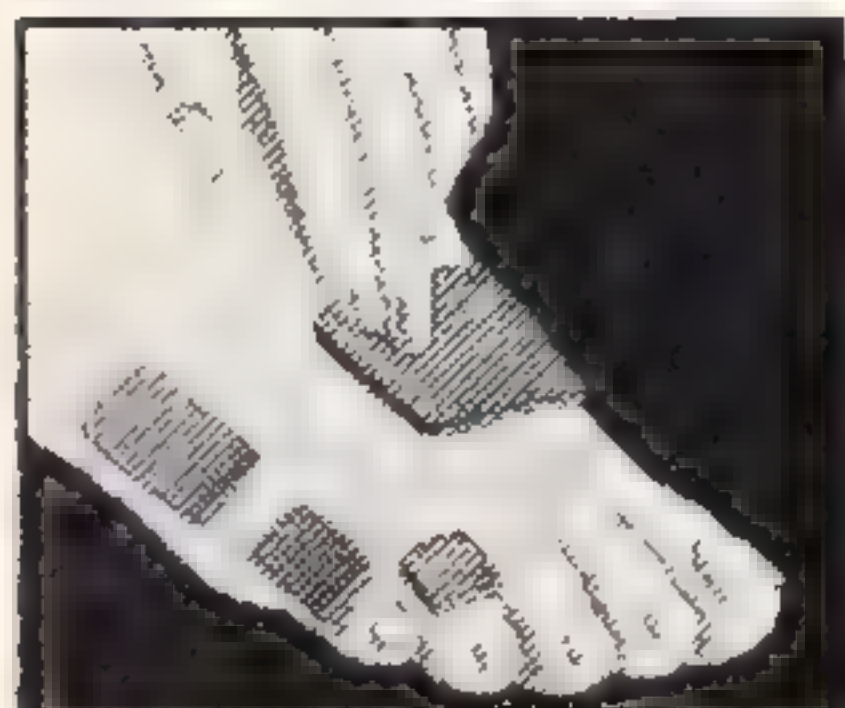
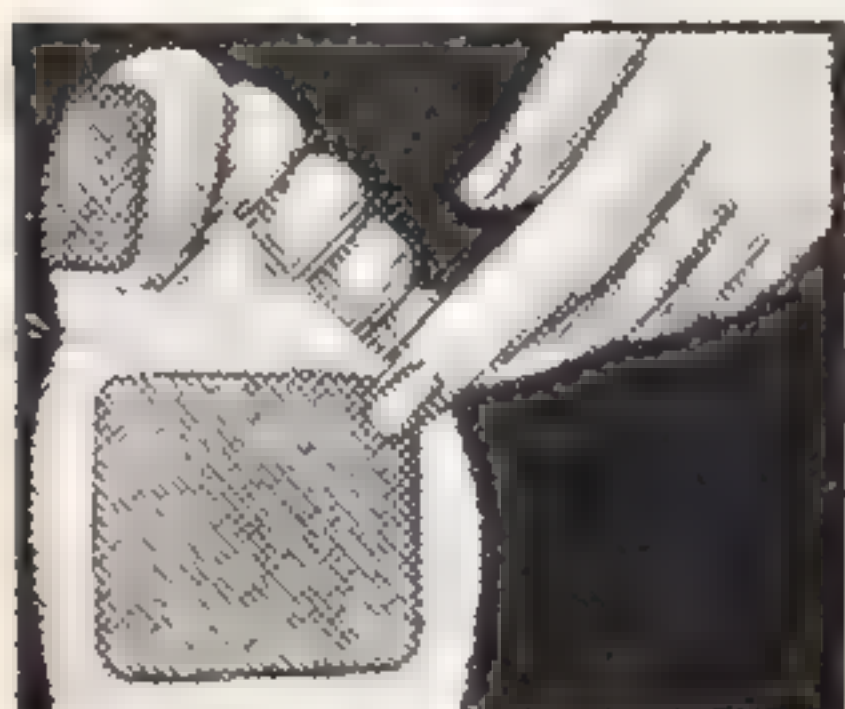
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Dizzy, Henry's pal. (April.)

✓**HIGHER AND HIGHER**—RKO: Frank Sinatra's first picture is far from a classic, but he saves the day by his complete naturalness and by some very good songs. The story has Jack Haley, the butler of impoverished Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of having scullery maid Michele Morgan pose as Errol's debutante daughter, so she can trap a rich man and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

**HOT RHYTHM**—Monogram: A cute little budget musical with Robert Lowery and Sidney Miller as song writers who try to help singer Dona Drake land a job with an orchestra. Irene Ryan is the wacky secretary who takes credit for the recording Dona makes, and from then on all sorts of complications arise. Tim Ryan is the studio boss. (May.)

**HOOR BEFORE THE DAWN, THE**—Paramount: Franchot Tone deadpans his way through his role of an English conscientious objector who marries Veronica Lake and later discovers that she's a German spy who's married him in order to stay in England and keep on spying. Binnie Barnes and John Sutton strive bravely to make this good entertainment, but it turns out to be dull and unexciting. (May.)

**IMPOSTOR, THE**—Universal: Despite the talents of Jean Gabin, Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, Ellen Drew, and Peter Van Eyck, this turns out to be a bore. The story has convict Gabin escaping from a bombed out prison in France, working his way to a French seaport, and taking a freighter to Dakar, where he eventually becomes regenerated through loyalty to the Free French. (May.)

✓**IN OUR TIME**—Warners: The performances of Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid lift this story into a fairly engrossing tale. The first half which tells of their meeting is charming, but after their marriage that brings on a flood of social and family problems, it goes into the usual fare of war and its effect on the various lives of the characters involved. (May.)

✓**IT HAPPENED TOMORROW**—Pressburger-U.A.: Dick Powell has never given a better performance than as the reporter who through the supernatural powers of a departed friend is able to predict tomorrow's news today. The success and havoc it brings into his life provides sheer entertainment, and the love story between Dick and Linda Darnell is especially tender and real. With Jack Oakie. (April.)

✓**JANE EYRE**—20th Century-Fox: The best love story to be told from the screen since "Love Affair" has Orson Welles as the headstrong, impetuous Rochester. Welles is wonderful. Joan Fontaine as the timid, retiring governess to his child, Margaret O'Brien, is the perfect foil for him. Peggy Ann Garner as the child Jane, Edith Barrett as the housekeeper and Henry Daniel are all excellent. (Dec.)

✓**KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY**—PCA-U.A.: The stage play has been lifted bodily to the screen and the results are pleasing but puzzling, although Nelson Eddy's arresting presence and his voice keep the whole business intact. Charles Coburn as Governor Peter Stuyvesant has been more happily cast in the past, but the idea behind the tale is fun and the music's swell. With Constance Dowling. (May.)

✓**LADY IN THE DARK**—Paramount: Technicolor triumph with the story taking second place to the rainbow riot of sets, clothes and accessories. Ginger Rogers is the editor of a swank fashion magazine who goes to a psychiatrist to solve her dreams and moods of depression. The solving carries her off into dream fantasies which are arrestingly lovely. With Ray Milland, Jon Hall and Mischa Auer. (April.)

✓**LADY, LET'S DANCE!**—Monogram: The story is ridiculous, but blonde newcomer Belita skates divinely, acts delightfully and looks well while doing both. The ice comics, Frick and Frack, handsome James Ellison, musical Henry Busse and Walter Catlett share the story with her but it's Belita whose talent you'll enjoy. (April.)

✓**LIFEBOAT**—20th Century-Fox: An exciting story which takes place entirely amid the cramped quarters of a lifeboat, with Tallulah Bankhead giving a magnificent performance as the hard-boiled writer and photographer. John Hodiak, tycoon Henry Hull, William Bendix, Canada Lee, Mary Anderson and Hume Cronyn are among its occupants, along with Nazi Walter Slezak, who tries to take command. (April.)

✓**LODGER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Sheer, unadulterated horror with Laird Cregar as Jack The Ripper who terrorized London many years ago. His passion for killing finally turns to Merle Oberon, niece of the family with whom he has come to lodge. Miss Oberon, George Sanders, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Sara Allgood are excellent and Cregar is a mountain of cold terror. (April.)

**MEN ON HER MIND**—P. R. C.: Edward Norris, Ted North and Alan Edwards are all in love with Mary Beth Hughes, and on the night of her triumph as a radio star they all propose marriage to her. The reasons for her final choice are explained in long flashback sequences of her childhood in an orphanage. (May.)

**MILLION DOLLAR KID**—Monogram: The Dead End Kids, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, and Gabriel Dell are still around, and here the hoodlums run around with rich boy Johnny Duncan, and in the course of their misdeeds they save the kid's father from a



slugging, exposé a phoney French officer, and teach the lad himself the danger of traipsing about in bad company. (May)

✓✓**NEGRO SOLDIER, THE**—U. S. War Department: Don't miss this excellent picture made by the War Department under Frank Capra's banner. It shows a Negro congregation listening to the minister who takes as his text the Negro soldier, and shows the part they have played in every war since the Revolution. The picture has a quiet humor and much dignity and makes you proud of being an American. (May)

✓**NONE SHALL ESCAPE**—Columbia: The first cry for post-war retribution and swift punishment for our enemies, and it's a strong cry coming from the little peoples of the world. Henry Travers is the kindly Polish priest who tells of the cruelties of the Nazis on trial; Marsha Hunt is wonderful in her testimonial scenes; and Alexander Knox, as the Nazi who is permitted to speak, registers strongly. (April.)

**O, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE**—Republic: A show troupe barges into a town where the women folk are dead set against them and buy the city hall in which to put on their show. Frank Albertson heads the traveling troupe, Lorna Gray is the mayor's daughter; Roy Acuff's Smoky Mountain Boys, the Tennessee Ramblers and Isabel Randolph are the performers. (March.)

✓**PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES**—Warners: Fine performances enliven this long-drawn-out story told in innumerable flashbacks. Humphrey Bogart, Helmut Dantine, Philip Dorn, Peter Lorre, and George Tobias escape from Devil's Island to fight for the Free French, and their experiences en route to Marseilles form the bulk of the picture. With Sidney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, and Victor Francen. (May.)

✓**PHANTOM LADY**—Universal: The life of Alan Curtis depends upon locating one strange woman whom he took to the theater the night his wife was murdered, as this woman alone can provide him with an alibi. But when Ella Raines, his secretary, Thomas Gomez, police inspector, and Franchot Tone, his friend, try to find her, all avenues that lead to her detection seem to be blocked. (April.)

**PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA**—Republic: Ruth Terry, owner of a Las Vegas gambling casino, treks East to settle matters with a bunch of Eastern thugs who try to take over the casino. Robert Livingston is the lad who loses his heart to Ruth, Wally Vernon is supposed to be comical and Ruth puts over a song with a zing. (March.)

✓✓**PURPLE HEART, THE**—20th Century-Fox: A movie shocking to the senses, and one that rocks us into the bitter realization of the true character of our yellow enemy. From the moment our boys, American fliers captured in Japan, walk into the Japanese civil court for trial, the story takes on strength, force and power, due in part to the magnificent performances of Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, and the rest of the cast and to the superb direction and story construction. (May.)

**RATIONING**—M-G-M: Wally Beery, proprietor of a smalltown store, goes to Washington to try to get in the Army, but instead is promised an important post at home, which turns out to be head of the meat division of the rationing board in his district. With Marjorie Main to heckle and torment him. (April.)

**RIDERS OF THE DEADLINE**—United Artists: Hopalong Cassidy, played for the fiftieth time by William Boyd, pretends to grow weary of lawfulness and forsakes the Rangers to join up with the gangsters in order to ferret out the head man and instigator of all the cussedness. With Boyd as usual are his pals Andy Clyde and Jimmy Rogers. (April.)

✓✓**SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE**—M-G-M: The best seller is amusingly translated to the screen with Robert Walker in the title role and doing a bang-up job as the rookie who never seems to be able to get off his garbage-pail-cleaning detail. Keenan Wynn, his chiseling pal, and Donna Reed, his girl, are both so good; as is Robert Benchley. At last you'll see the funny side of camp life. (May.)

**SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SPIDER WOMAN**—Universal: Basil Rathbone as Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Watson are here again, solving the case of the many suicides by setting a trap for the woman responsible for the self-destruction urge. Huge spiders and Hitler's face lend a creepy, crawling air to the affair and Gale Sondergaard stalks around too. (April.)

**SHE'S FOR ME**—Universal: Young lawyer David Bruce sends for Grace McDonald, a night-club singer and dancer, to vamp his pal George Dolenz, flip tax expert of the firm, away from Lois Collier, the boss's niece. Of course, Bruce ends up with Gracie, whose singing and dancing you'll enjoy. (March.)

✓✓✓**SONG OF BERNADETTE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This is the moving and spiritual story of Bernadette, the peasant girl who glimpsed a holy vision in the village of Lourdes, and the miracles that resulted from that vision. Jennifer Jones as Bernadette gives a beautifully sincere and completely

moving performance. Charles Bickford is outstanding. (March.)

✓✓**SONG OF RUSSIA**—M-G-M: The thrilling music of Peter Tchaikovsky provides a magnificent background for the love story of an American musical conductor, Robert Taylor, caught in the German invasion of Russia, and Susan Peters, the Russian peasant girl he married. Theirs is a beautiful story, well told, well acted and well mounted. Robert Benchley is Taylor's manager. (April.)

✓✓**STANDING ROOM ONLY**—Paramount: Secretary Paulette Goddard and her boss Fred MacMurray solve the housing situation in Washington, where they've gone on business, by becoming maid and butler to Roland Young. From then on it's a panic, especially since Fred doesn't know he's supposed to be the butler. Edward Arnold, Anne Revere, and Clarence Kolb are all mixed up in it too. (April.)

✓✓**SULLIVANS, THE**—20th Century-Fox: The true story of the five Sullivan boys who went down on the ill-fated U.S.S. *Juneau* is told simply, honestly and with so much heart-warming appeal that it becomes a great American classic. Thomas Mitchell and Selena Royle as their parents are superb and each of the five boys who play the brothers are excellent. Their story will live in your hearts. (April.)

**SULTAN'S DAUGHTER, THE**—Monogram: Charlie Butterworth is a Sultan and Ann Corio his daughter, who owns valuable oil property coveted by the Nazis. One thing leads to another in this little number; Tim Ryan does his best; and Irene Ryan acts funny. (April.)

**SWING TIME FOR JOHNNY**—Universal: The Andrews Sisters are turning out shell casings on the swing shift of a factory, but they really do more singing than work. Harriet Hilliard sings, too; Peter Cookson is the young manufacturer and Tim Ryan the ever-present crooked promoter. (April.)

**TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY**—RKO: Tarzan, played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, sets out to find a badly needed fever remedy that grows in a certain locale. En route, he meets up with Nancy Kelly and both fall into the hands of Nazi agent Otto Kruger. As if that isn't enough trouble, Tarzan has to wrestle with a lot of prehistoric monsters. (March.)

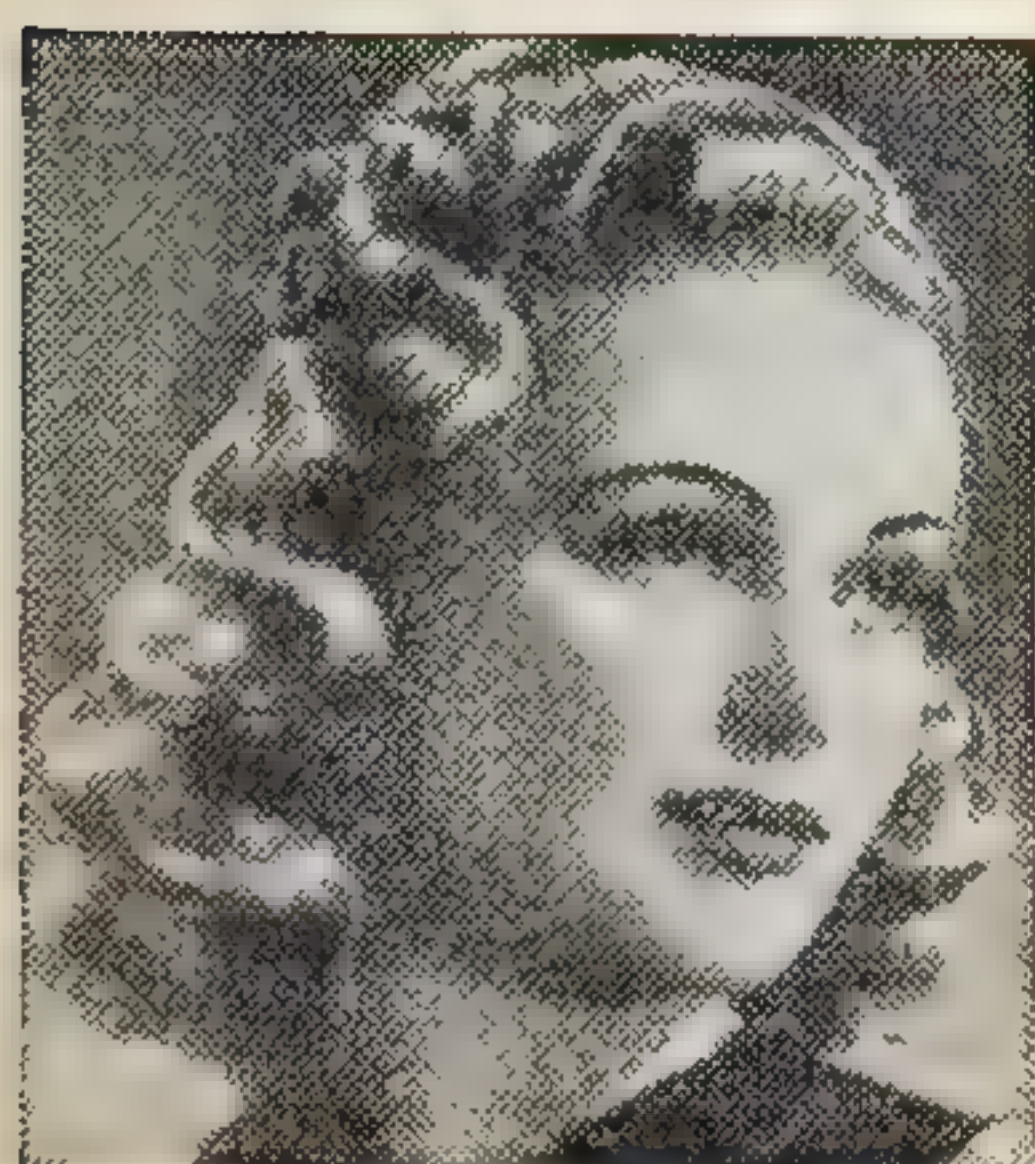
✓✓**TENDER COMRADE**—RKO: A poignant story of women who work in a defense plant and await their soldier-husbands' return, with Ginger Rogers as the leader of four war wives who pool their resources and live together. Ruth Hussey is the hard-boiled member of the group. (March.)

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**THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER—**  
Columbia: The same old story about a heel who's transformed by Army experience. This time it's Tom Neal who's just too cocky for his own good and his rivalry with war-veteran Bruce Bennett for the attentions of Evelyn Keyes keeps the story going. (March.)

**THREE RUSSIAN GIRLS—U. A.:** Anna Sten comes back to the screen in a drama showing the bravery of nurses at the Russian front. Miss Sten gives a fine performance as the head volunteer nurse. Kent Smith plays the American flier recuperating from wounds and Mimi Forsythe and Kathy Frye are outstanding. (March.)

**TIMBER QUEEN—Paramount:** When Richard Arlen returns from the wars, he finds the widow of his pal has been gyped out of her timber land. So he takes to the tall timber and gets himself all mixed up with villains and fights, and log jams. With Mary Beth Hughes and June Havoc. (April.)

**UNINVITED, THE—Paramount:** Here's a thriller to chill the blood, with Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey as the brother and sister who buy a spirit-infested house. Newcomer Gail Russell shows promise as the object of the evil spirit's wrath and Donald Crisp is her grandfather. Suspense and chills. (March.)

**UP IN ARMS—Goldwyn-RKO:** When dynamo Danny Kaye goes into action, the screen fairly sparkles with life, but without him the story is the old one of the hypochondriac drafted into the Army who loses his girl, Constance Dowling, to his pal, Dana Andrews. Dinah Shore, as the girl who loves him, sings, but it's Danny's picture. (April.)

**VOICE IN THE WIND—Ripley and Monter-U. A.:** This film has some interesting, fresh touches, but the outstanding thing about it is the superb acting of Francis Lederer as the Czech concert pianist who is separated from his wife, Sigrid Gurie, in their escape from the Nazis. It's a different, unusual picture. (April.)

**VOODOO MAN, THE—Monogram:** Poor Bela Lugosi is a mad doctor again, who attempts to bring back his young wife, Ellen Hall, a zombie, to real life by capturing young girls and, by voodoo, transferring their will and spirits to the zombie wife. Wanda McKay and Louise Currie are his pretty victims. (May.)

**WEEKEND PASS—Universal:** Noah Beery, Jr., shipyard worker, is given a weekend pass and dreams of a soft bed and a hot tub. Instead along comes Martha O'Driscoll running away from a grandfather who insists she become a WAVE when she wants to be a WAC. Poor Beery is dragged into the fracas time after time, never quite getting back to his bed and his bath. (May.)

**WEST SIDE KID, THE—Republic:** Henry Hull is too unhappy with his willful daughter, Dale Evans, and his indifferent wife, Nana Bryant, to want to live. So he hires killer-gangster Donald Barry to complete the job, but instead Barry tries to bring harmony in the household. (March.)

**WHAT A MAN!—Monogram:** Johnny Downs is a good little boy, rapidly headed nowhere until he finds hiding within his home a girl who he thinks is a gangster's moll, Wanda McKay. Wanda completely renovates him, helps him become office manager, a man on his own, and eventually her husband. (March.)

**WHAT A WOMAN!—Columbia:** Rosalind Russell is a super-powered woman agent in search of the perfect male type to play the lead in the movie version of a best-seller. She finally signs up the book's author, Willard Parker, and then comes the hilarious process of making him a good actor. (March.)

**WOMAN OF THE TOWN, THE—U. E. Sherman:** Albert Dekker plays the noted newspaperman "Bat" Masterson, who rose from sheriff of old Dodge City to an important figure in the newspaper world. It's a good story well told. (March.)

**YOU CAN'T RATION LOVE—Paramount:** Cods start a system of rationing males by placing point values on the hard-to-get beaux. Bill Edwards is way up in points, but singer Johnnie Johnston is very low until Betty Rhodes develops him into a wow. Marie Wilson and Johnnie "Scat" Davis try for a few laughs and get them. (May.)

Loretta Young

tells you how to

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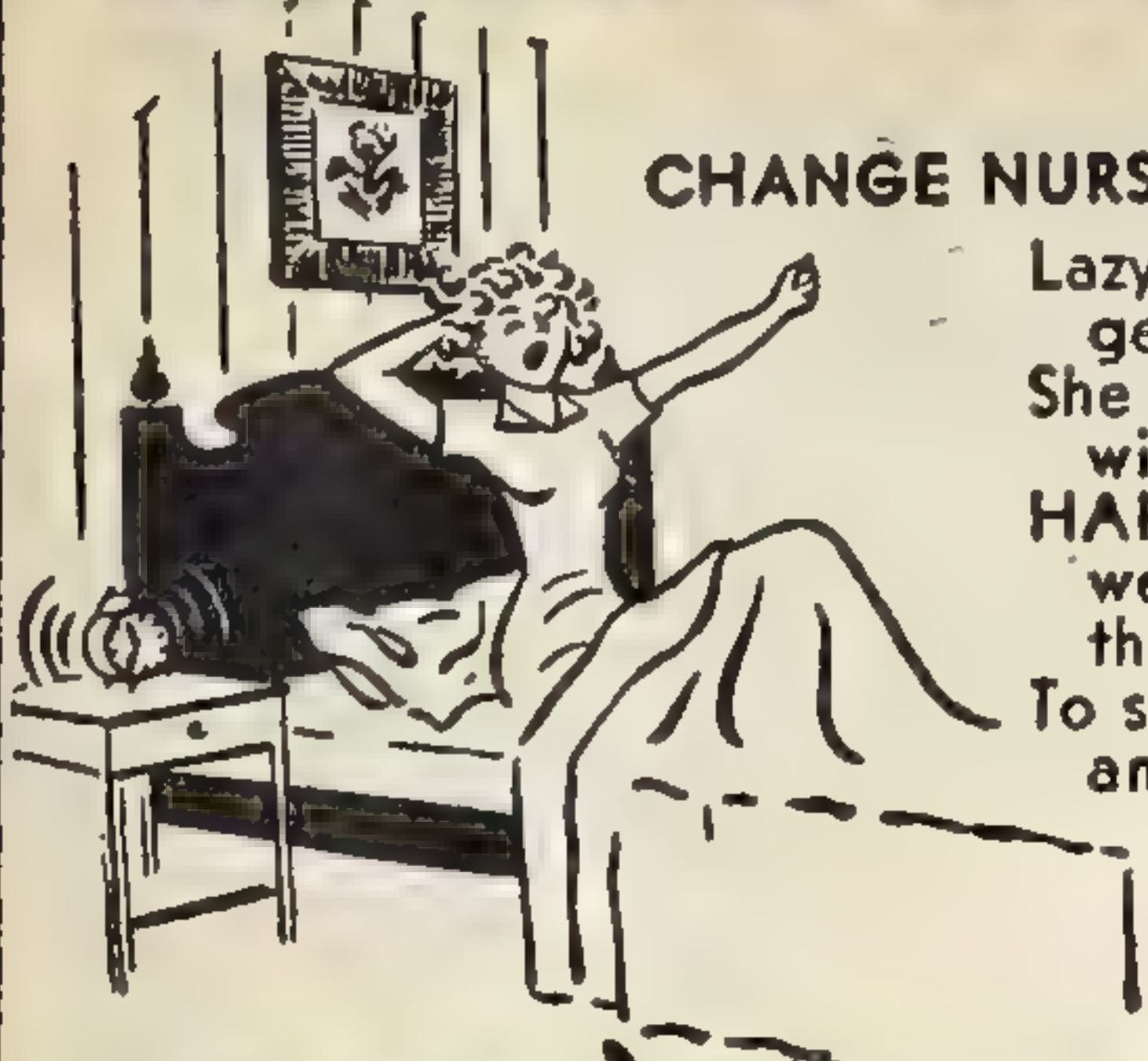


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TIMES

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By makers of ROYLEDGE Paper Shelving

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 23)

### The Whistler (Darmour-Columbia)

RICHARD DIX, believing he has let his wife die, decides to have himself rubbed out—as we say in politer gangster circles. Contact through a friend is then made with a professional murderer, J. Carrol Naish, to do the job sight unseen. And then guess what happens? Dix discovers his wife is still alive and he very much wants to remain in the same condition, but he can't get to the murderer to tell him so, the two being strangers and the go-between getting himself killed off in the meantime.

So there he is and there you are on the edge of your seat, waiting to see what happens—as if you didn't know all along.

Gloria Stuart is pretty and cozy as Dix's secretary and both Dix and Naish are very nifty.

Your Reviewer Says: Is this the man who killed Cock Robin?

### The Chinese Cat (Monogram)

CHARLIE CHAN, the Chinese detective, is back among us, or among the murderers we should say, and doing business with the same old affability that brooks no good for baddies.

This time Chan has forty-eight hours in which to solve a murder which the police have given up as hopeless. And as a Chinese Skelton might say, "he dood it," through the key to the mystery—a Chinese statuette of a black cat.

Joan Woodbury, Benson Fong, Ian Keith, Mantan Moreland, and Weldon Heyburn are Chan's cohorts in the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Why won't people stop killing other people?

### Hi, Good Lookin' (Universal)

A LITTLE girl back home, see, wants to crash the movies, so a guy who pretends to be a Hollywood producer says come on out, see, and he'll put her over. Just like that. So she comes, see, but he's only one of those guides through a radio station and has little or no pull at all. But, anyway, to cut a long and unnecessary story short he does manage to get her on a late broadcast and she clicks. But, brother, what a chance she took. You needn't take one, however, for we're telling you in advance it ain't worth it.

The people in it are nice people, however, such as Harriet Hilliard, Eddie Quillan, Betty Kean, Fuzzy Knight, Roscoe Karns, and Vivian Austin.

As usual, Universal throws in a lot of specialty numbers, among them the bands of Ozzie Nelson and Jack Teagarden, the Delta Rhythm Boys and the Tip, Tap Toe dancers.

Your Reviewer Says: Even if you twisted our arm, we wouldn't say it was good.

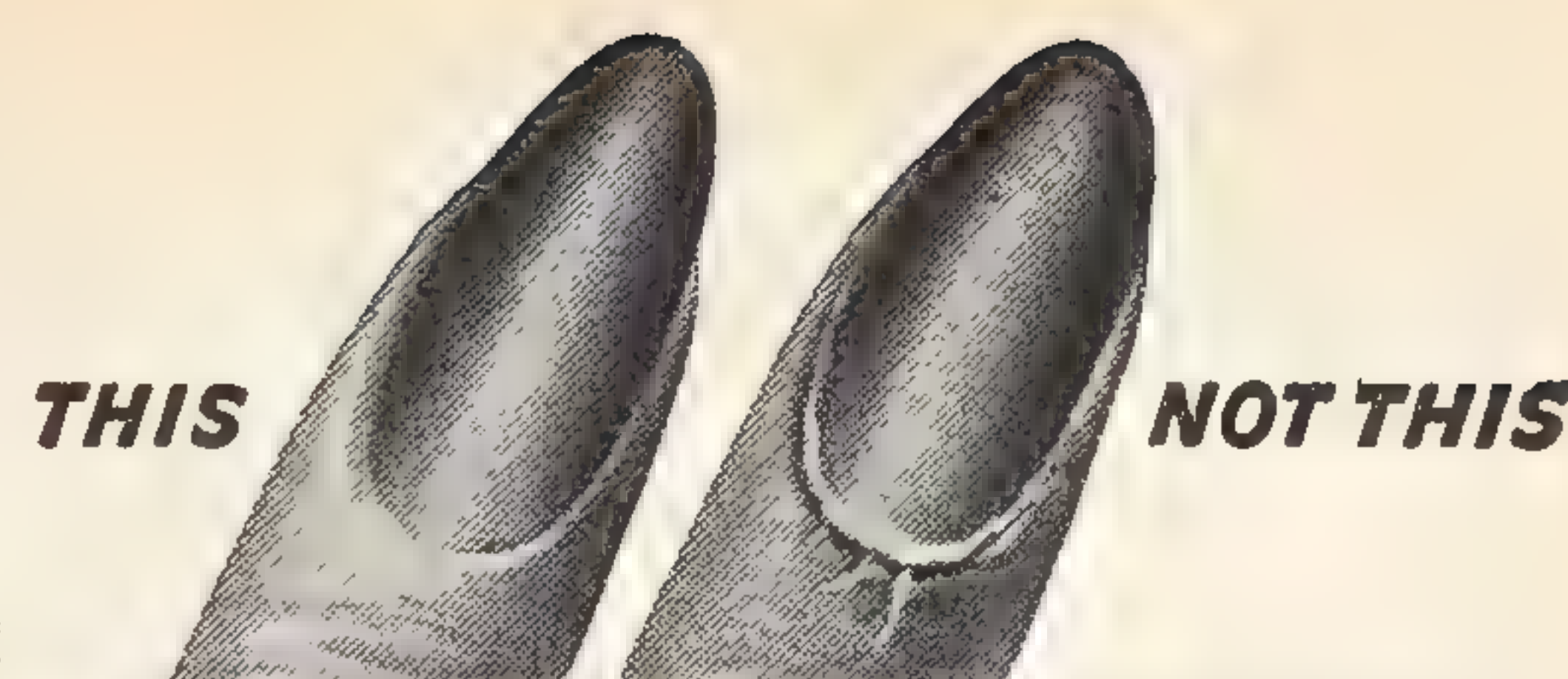
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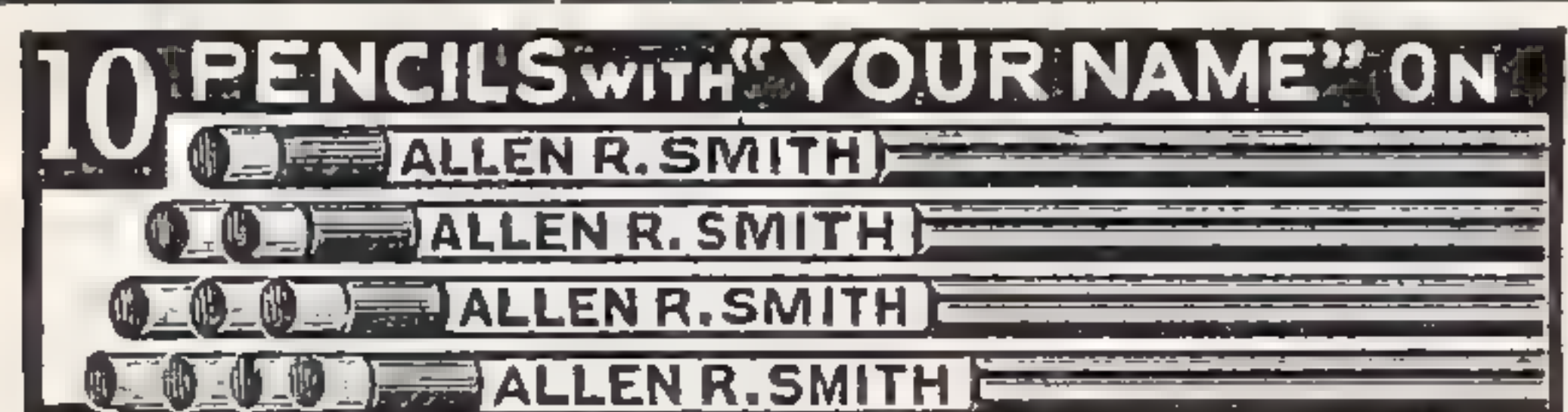


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## The Cowboy And The Senorita (Republic)

HERE'S a case of a Western story with too much plot complication and a surfeit of material crammed down its weary throat. Too much of a good thing is too much, brother.

The plot is one of those buried treasure things with cryptic messages on a certain bracelet lost by a girl trying to locate the treasure at the bottom of an old mine. Because Roy Rogers and Guinn Williams find the bracelet, villain John Hubbard accuses them of kidnapping the missing girl and almost succeeds in buying the mine before the boys uncover the plot. And even after they uncover it we still couldn't make head nor tail of it.

In between all this nonsense are endless musical numbers by all members of the cast and to finish us off, a useless, extravaganza number has been added long after the story is over.

The people—we liked. Roy Rogers sings delightfully and certainly deserves better. Let's all stand up and holler 'til he gets a story worthy of his talents. Mary Lee and Dale Evans are the girls, both pretty and talented singers. But we do wish Republic would stick to the "they went 'thataway'" type of Western and leave the musicals to others.

Your Reviewer Says: Bury this out on the lone prairie.

### ✓ Her Primitive Man (Universal)

THIS makes practically no sense at all, but the general air of insanity won't stop you from laughing at its nonsensical antics.

Robert Paige is an author who has sold the idea for a book about jungle head-hunters to Publisher Robert Benchley. But he gets his reasearch material from the lurid and highly imaginary tales of bartender Edward Everett Horton. When amateur anthropologist Louise Allbritton learns about the book, she exposes it as a fraud, and gets the idea of bringing a genuine head hunter back to civilization to get his reactions to society. So of course Paige manages to pose as the primitive man, and a lot of double talk and comedy results from the experiment.

Both Miss Allbritton and Paige display a nice sense of comedy timing, and Benchley of course is so funny in his every scene. Horton also scores as the bartender who interprets Paige's "native" double-talk, and Nydia Westman is good in her efforts to intrigue the primitive man.

Your Reviewer Says: A lot of fun and nonsense.

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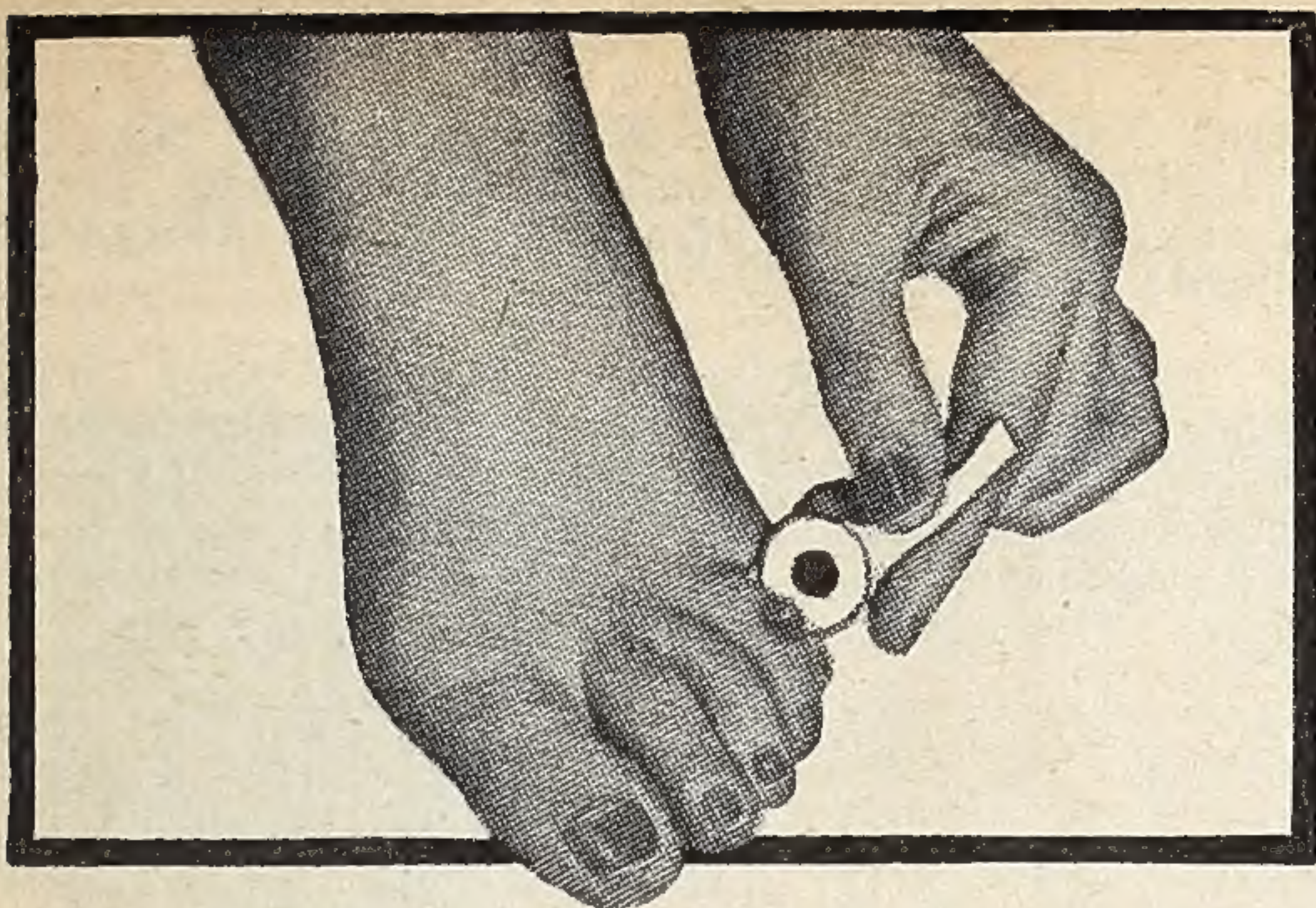
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## Casts of Current Pictures

**CHINESE CAT, THE**—Monogram: Charlie Chan, Sidney Toler; Tommy Chan, Benson Fong; Birmingham, Mantan Moreland; Harvey Dennis, Weldon Heyburn; Leah Manning, Joan Woodbury; Tom Manning, Sam Flint; Deacon, Cy Kendall; Catlen, Anthony Warde; Salos, Dewey Robinson; Carl and Kurt, John Davidson.

**COWBOY AND THE SENORITA, THE**—Republic: Roy, Roy Rogers; Chip Williams, Mary Lee; Ysobel Martinez, Dale Evans; Craig Allen, John Hubbard; Teddy Bear, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Fuzzy, Fuzzy Knight; Lulubelle, Dorothy Christy; Judge Loomis, Lucien Littlefield; Ferguson, Hal Taliaferro; Sheriff, Jack Kirk; Specialty Dancers, Tito and Corinne Valdez.

**DAYS OF GLORY**—RKO: Nina, Toumanova; Vladimir, Gregory Peck; Sasha, Alan Reed; Yelena, Maria Palmer; Semyon, Lowell Gilmore; Fedor, Hugo Haas; Mitya, Glenn Vernon; Olga, Dena Penn; Dimitri, Igor Dolgoruki; Petrov, Edward Durst; Johann Straub, Lou Crosby.

**DETECTIVE KITTY O'DAY**—Monogram: Kitty, Jean Parker; Johnny, Peter Cookson; Miles, Tim Ryan; Georgia, Veda Ann Borg; Mike, Ed Gargan; Anton, Douglas Fowley; Jeffers, Herbert Heyes; Cab Driver, Pat Gleason; Charles, Olaf Hytten.

**FALCON OUT WEST, THE**—RKO: Tom Lawrence, Tom Conway; Vanessa, Carole Gallagher; Marion Caldwell, Barbara Hale; Mrs. Irwin, Joan Barclay; Inspector Donovan, Cliff Clark; Bates, Ed Gargan; Jim Caldwell, Minor Watson; Dusty Lawson, Lee Trent; Tex Irwin, Lyle Talbot; Stephen Haden, Don Douglas; Miss Mayfield, Rosemary La Planche; Mary, Rita Corday; Cissy, Mary Halsey; Gloria, Barbara Lynn.

**FOLLOW THE BOYS**—Universal: Tony West, George Raft; Gloria Vance, Vera Zorina; Nick West, Charlie Grapewin; Kitty West, Grace McDonald; Louie Fairweather, Charles Butterworth; Walter Bruce, George Macready; Annie, Elizabeth Patterson; William Barrett, Theodore Von Eltz; Dr. Henderson, Regis Toomey; Laura, Ramsay Ames; Martha O'Driscoll and Marie Rosenbloom, Themselves; Junie, Spooks; and Hollywood guest stars.

**FLUR JILLS AND A JEEP**—Twentieth Century-Fox: Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye, Mitzi Mayfair and Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra, Themselves; Ted Warren, John Harvey; Eddie, Phil Silvers; Lieut. Dick Ryan, Dick Haymes; Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda and George Jessel, Themselves; Captain Lloyd, Lester Matthews; Captain Stewart, Glenn Langan; General, Paul Harvey; Colonel Hartley, Miles Mander; Lady Carlton-Smith, Winifred Harris; Nurse Captain, Mary Servoss; Soldier, B. S. Pully.

**HAT CHECK HONEY**—Universal: Susan Brent, Grace McDonald; Happy Dan Briggs, Leon Errol; Tim Martel, Walter Catlett; Mona Mallory, Ramsay Ames; Danny Briggs, Jr., Richard Davis; Jimmy Cash, Himself; David Courtland, Millburn Stone; John Lynn, Emmett Vogan; J. J. Worthington, Russel Hicks; Alan Dane, Lee Bennett; and Freddy Slack and His Orchestra; Harry Owens and His Royal Hawaiians; Ted Weems and His Orchestra.

**HER PRIMITIVE MAN**—Universal: Peter Matthews, Robert Paige; Sheila Winthrop, Louise Allbritton; Martin Osborne, Robert Benchley; Orrin, Edward Everett Horton; Mrs. Winthrop, Helen Broderick; Uncle Hubert, Ernest Truex; Aunt Penelope, Nydia Westman; Gerald, Louis Jean Heydt; Jonathan, Oscar O'Shea; Marcia, Stephanie Bachelor; Aunt Martha, Sylvia Field; Caleb, Ian Wolfe; Maid, Beatrice Roberts; Butler, Herbert Evans.

**HI, GOOD LOOKIN'**—Universal: Kelly Clark, Harriet Harbord; King Castle, Kirby Grant; Archie, Roscoe Karns; Eaton, Milburn Stone; Peggy, Betty Kean; Dynamo, Eddie Quillan; Dickson, Frank Fenton; Peggy, Mary O'Brien; Tess, Marie Harmon; Phyllis, Vivian Austin; Joe Smedley, Fuzzy Knight; Homer, Robert Keane; Mabel, Elizabeth Dow; Messenger Boy, Sidney Miller; and Ozzie Nelson's and Jack Teagarden's orchestras, the Delta Rhythm Boys and Tip, Tap and Toe.

**LADIES COURAGEOUS**—Universal: Roberta Harper, Loretta Young; Virgie Alford, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Col. Brennan, Richard Fraser; Jerry Vail, Anne Gwynne; Nadine Shannon, Diana Barrymore; Wilhelmina Van Kronk, Evelyn Ankers; Frank Garrison, David Bruce; Mary Frances, June Vincent; Jill Romilly, Lois Collier; Tommy Harper, Phillip Terry; Brig. Gen. Wade, Samuel S. Hinds; Lieut. Snapper Walgreen, Frank Jenks; Lieut. Alex Anderson, Kane Richmond; Genevieve, Marie Harmon; Bee Jay, Janet Shaw; Emily Templeton, Dorothy Moore; Ann Templeton, Gwen Crawford; Nancy Edwards, Eleanor Lawson; Connie Foley, Betty Brodel; Rosemary Keene, Mary O'Brien; Jane Todd, June Millarde.

**LADY AND THE MONSTER, THE**—Republic: Janice Farrell, Vera Hruba Ralston; Prof. Franz Mueller, Erich Von Stroheim; Patrick Cory, Richard Arlen; Mrs. Fame, Mary Nash; Eugene Fuller, Sidney Blackmer; Chloe Donovan, Helen Vinson; Grimes, Charles Kane; Mary Lou, Juanita Quigley; Dr. Martin, Harry Hayden; The Husky Man, Jack Kirk; Antonio Triana and Lola Montes.

**MONSTER MAKER, THE**—P.R.C.—Markoff, J.



*For Sparkling*  
**MORNING FRESHNESS**  
*Try This Tonight*

IF YOU wake up tired and listless—if your freshness and "sparkle" are slipping away in the stress of these strenuous times—you should know this!

Thousands are drinking a cup of Ovaltine night and morning—for radiant morning freshness and vigorous days.

For Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate designed to do two important things.

First, taken warm at bedtime, it fosters sound sleep, without drugs. Second, it helps to build you up while you sleep. According to experts, two glasses daily, made with milk as directed, supply all the extra vitamins and minerals you need for utmost vitality—provided you just eat 3 average-good meals a day, including citrus fruit or tomatoes. In addition Ovaltine also provides the basic food elements absolutely necessary to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells, and for vitality and endurance.

So why not turn to Ovaltine tonight, for better sleep and for morning freshness?

**OVALTINE**



## I HATE GRAY HAIR

You know telltale gray hair kills romance, causes a hundred little heartbreaks, yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—quickly, or as gradually as you wish. Pronounced harmless by medical authorities. No skin test needed.

Buy a bottle today on a money-back guarantee. Or, if you'd rather try it first, mail coupon below for free sample.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 18 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown ☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

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# YES...IT'S THE SAME GIRL!

## BEFORE

Mary McGinty of Brooklyn, N. Y. started her Powers training, she was self-conscious about her weight, lacked grace and assurance. Hair style, dress and make-up lacked distinction.

## AFTER

Powers individualized instruction worked a "miracle." A lovely new figure (25 lbs. lost without starvation diet), correct hair-do, make-up and style sense have made her poised, glamorous!

Read what the  
**JOHN ROBERT POWERS**  
Home Course did for this  
girl—how it can make **YOU**  
lovelier, happier!

**T**ODAY, because of her Powers Training, Mary McGinty looks different—is different. She's gained poise and vitality she never dreamed of before Mr. Powers and his expert instructors showed her a fascinating, easy-to-follow way to greater loveliness.

Right at home you can reach your beauty goal! Powers instruction planned individually for you helps you to a model figure, inspired styling and make-up, voice improvement, new grace and charm. And all at such modest cost you'll be amazed!



**John Robert Powers**, noted beauty authority. At his famous school on Park Ave. "just average girls" are transformed into beauties. Now the exclusive advantages of his training are available right in your own home.



Before Mary McGinty learned how to do her hair, how to use make-up to bring out her most attractive features.



Her Photo-Revise (an exclusive Powers feature) showed her how to realize her own best possibilities. See photo above.

## You will enjoy 60 "just for you" beauty secrets. Here are a few:

**YOUR FIGURE**—Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. No faddish, starvation diets—no strenuous exercises. **YOUR FACE**—Photo-Revise drawn by an expert over your own picture shows you make-up secrets to bring out your beauty high-lights, the ideal hair-do to emphasize your best features. **YOUR STYLE**—Shows you how to be "best-dressed" yet save dollars on your wardrobe. Your color chart. Drama in accessories for **YOU**. **YOUR GROOMING**—Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. Easy short-cuts to good grooming. **YOUR GRACE**—How to walk and stand for beauty—as a Powers Girl. How to acquire poise. **YOU**—The man's viewpoint. Mr. Powers gives the formula for charm and magnetism.

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now*

Write John Robert Powers for your free confidential questionnaire, illustrated booklet, "The Powers Way," and full details of the famous Powers training.

Carrol Naish; Lawrence, Ralph Morgan; Maxine, Tala Birell; Patricia, Wanda McKay; Blake, Terry Frost; Giant, Glenn Strange; Butler, Alexander Pollard; By Himself.

**MY BEST GAL**—Republic: Kitty O'Hara, Jane Withers; Danny O'Hara, her grandfather, Frank Craven; Johnny McCloud, Jimmy Lydon; Charlie, Fortunio Bonanova; Ralph Hodges, George Cleveland; Giant, Glenn Strange; Butler, Alexander Pollard; Dr. Adams, Sam Flint; Aces, By Himself.

**NINE GIRLS**—Columbia: Miss Thornton, Ann Harding; Mary, Evelyn Keyes; Jane, Jinx Falkenburg; Alice, Nina Foch; Butch, Jeff Donnell; Bert, Leslie Brooks; Eve, Lynn Merrick; Paula, Anita Louise; Shirley, Marsha Mae Jones; Tennessee, Shirley Mills; Mr. Canfield, Lester Matthews; Photographer, Grady Sutton; Brooks, Willard Robertson; Walt, William Demarest.

**SHINE ON HARVEST MOON**—Warners: Nora Bayes, Ann Sheridan; Jack Norworth, Dennis Morgan; The Great Georgetti, Jack Carson; Blanche Mallory, Irene Manning; Poppa Karl, S. Z. Sakall; Margie, Marie Wilson; Dan Costello, Robert Shayne; Police Sergeant, Bob Murphy; Dance Team, The Four Step Bros; Dance Team, The Ashburns; Tim Donovan, William Davidson; A Drunk, Will Stanton; William Fowler, James Bush; Harry Miller, Joseph Crehan; Soubrette, Betty Bryson; Dancer, Don Kramer; Dancer, George Rogers; Juggler, Harry Chas. Johnson; Acrobat, Walter Pietilla.

**UP IN MABEL'S ROOM**—U.A.: Geraldine Ainsworth, Marjorie Reynolds; Gary Ainsworth, Dennis O'Keefe; Mabel Essington, Gail Patrick; Boris, Mischa Auer; Martha, Charlotte Greenwood; Arthur Weldon, Lee Bowman; Jimmy Larchmont, John Hubbard; Alicia Larchmont, Binnie Barnes; Priscilla, Janet Lambert; Johnny, Fred Kohler Jr.

**WHISTLER, THE**—Darmour-Columbia: Earl Conrad, Richard Dix; The Killer, J. Carrol Naish; Alice Walker, Gloria Stuart; Gorman, Alan Dinehart; Lefty Vigran, Don Costello; Toni Vigran, Joan Woodbury; Bartender, Cy Kendall; The Thief, Trevor Bardette; Charles McNear, Robert E. Keane; Briggs, Clancy Cooper; Bill Tomley, George Lloyd; Flophouse Clerk, Byron Foulger; Jennings, Charles Coleman; Dock Watchman, Robert Homans.

**WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER, THE**—M-G-M: Susan Ashwood, Irene Dunne; Sir John Ashwood, Alan Marshal; John Ashwood II (as a boy), Roddy McDowall; Hiram Porter Dunn, Frank Morgan; Sam Bennett, Van Johnson; Colonel, C. Aubrey Smith; Nanny, Dame May Whitty; Lady Jean Ashwood, Gladys Cooper; John Ashwood II (as a young man), Peter Lawford; Reggie, John Warburton; Rosamund, Jill Edmond; Gwennie, Brenda Forbes.

## The Fashions Shown on Page 66 Are Available in the Following Stores

### Wedding Gown and Veil:

Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Company  
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company  
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Company  
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins & Company  
Oakland, Calif.—Goldman's  
St. Paul, Minn.—The Golden Rule  
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium

### "Going Away" Dress

Boston, Mass.—Jordan, Marsh Company  
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Company  
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue Company  
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Company  
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Company  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller & Company  
Rochester, N. Y.—B. Forman Company

### "Going Away" Hat

Buffalo, N. Y.—Adum, Meldrun & Anderson Company  
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Company  
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Company  
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson & Company  
Los Angeles, Calif.—Myer Siegel & Company  
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company  
New York, N. Y.—Tailored Woman, Inc.  
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Company  
Providence, R. I.—Callendar-McAuslan & Troup Company  
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium  
San Antonio, Tex.—Joske Bros. Company  
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Company  
Seattle, Wash.—Best's Apparel, Inc.  
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.



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ORIGINAL color harmony shades to accent the appeal of your lips...glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*...one dollar

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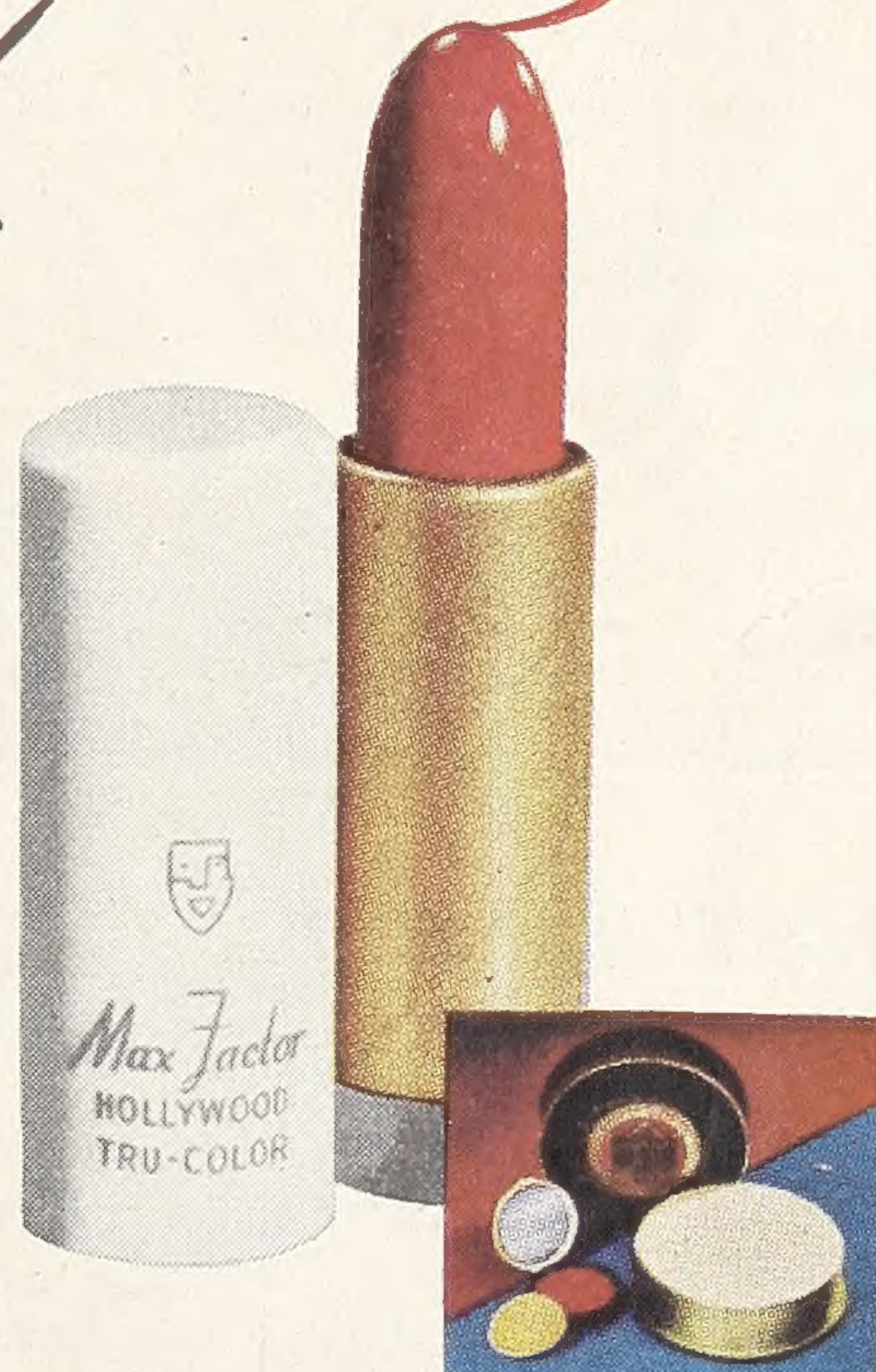
BRUNETTE



BROWNETTE



REDHEAD



# *Max Factor - Hollywood*

Complete your make-up  
IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH  
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD  
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE





# *Never a bitter note*

**T**hat famous flavor found only in Schlitz is as free from bitterness as a songbird's lighthearted melody. For Schlitz is brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, bringing you all of the delicate hop flavor and none of the bitterness



JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

*... none of  
the bitterness*



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